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august

1982

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Hit "Nine"!

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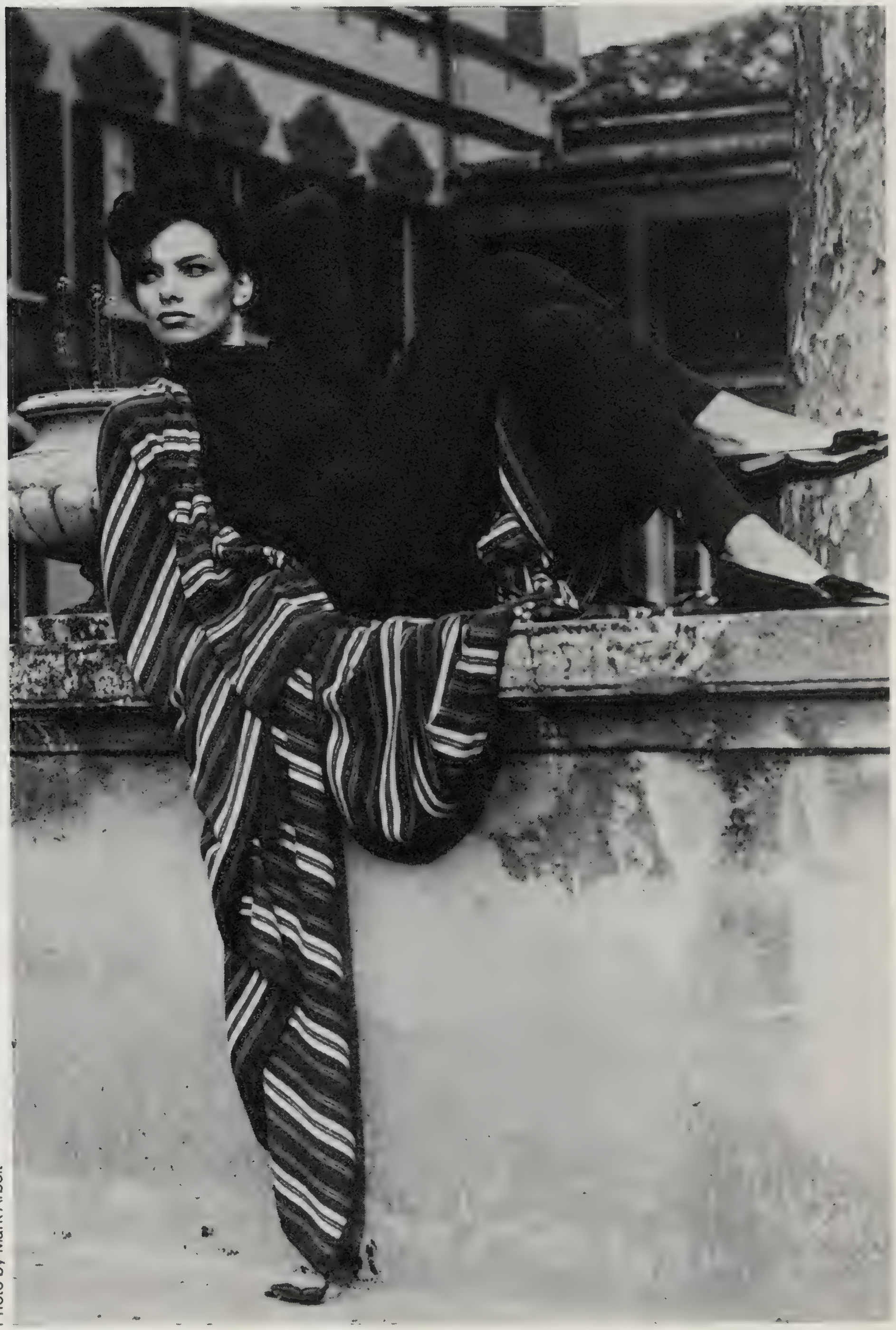

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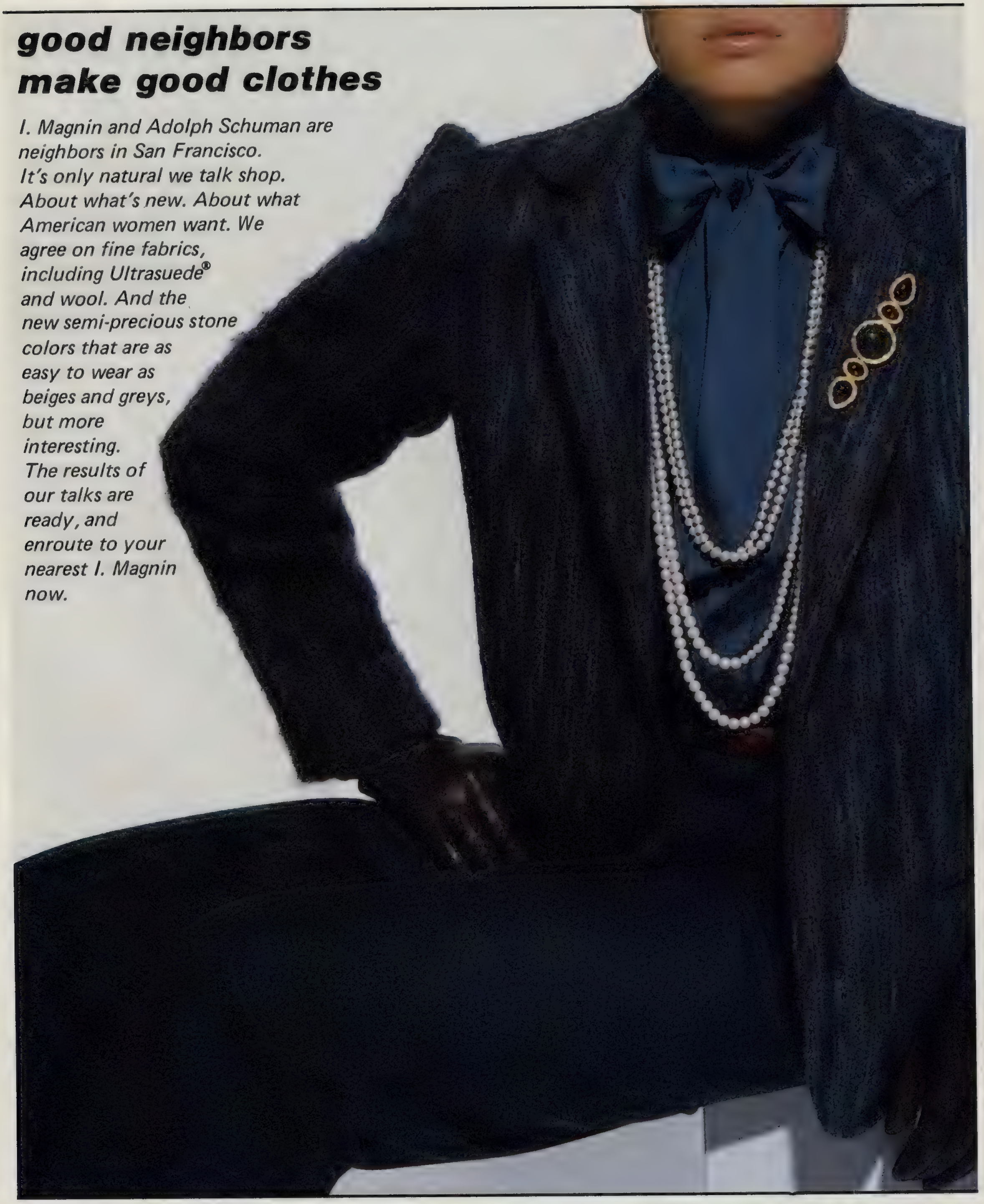

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Your Letters

Nonsmoker airs a complaint

Re: "Smoke In Your Bloodstream" (Vogue Health, May, 1982). Your statement, "Besides well-documented lung damage, heavy smokers may contract polycythemia, a grim blood condition that results from lowered levels of oxygen," is incomplete and misleading.

Studies in the past several years in Japan have shown that many non-smoking wives of heavy smokers have died of lung cancer because both husband and wife breathe the same air filled with the poisons and carcinogens emitted from the lit end of a cigarette. For example, page 214 of *The Health Consequence Of Smoking*—Cancer—a report of the Surgeon General, 1982, lists sidestream smoke (from the lit end of the cigarette) as thirty-nine times as strong as mainstream smoke (from the puffing end) for 2-Naphthylamine, and thirty-one times as strong as mainstream smoke for 4-Amino-biphenyl.

My mother was a non-smoker who died of Polycythemia vera on November 1, 1960. For most of her life she shared the air she needed to breathe in with her father, an extremely heavy smoker of those roll-your-own-cigarettes. . . .

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Rebecca Liff
Ottawa Ontario

TV: from gay to gray

I found it very interesting that Gloria Emerson felt the way she did about *Love, Sidney* after having read her remarks in Vogue (April, 1982). I agree completely. . . . I typed the original story for Marilyn Cantor Baker who wrote the story that the movie *Sidney Shorr* was taken from. *(Continued on page 174)*

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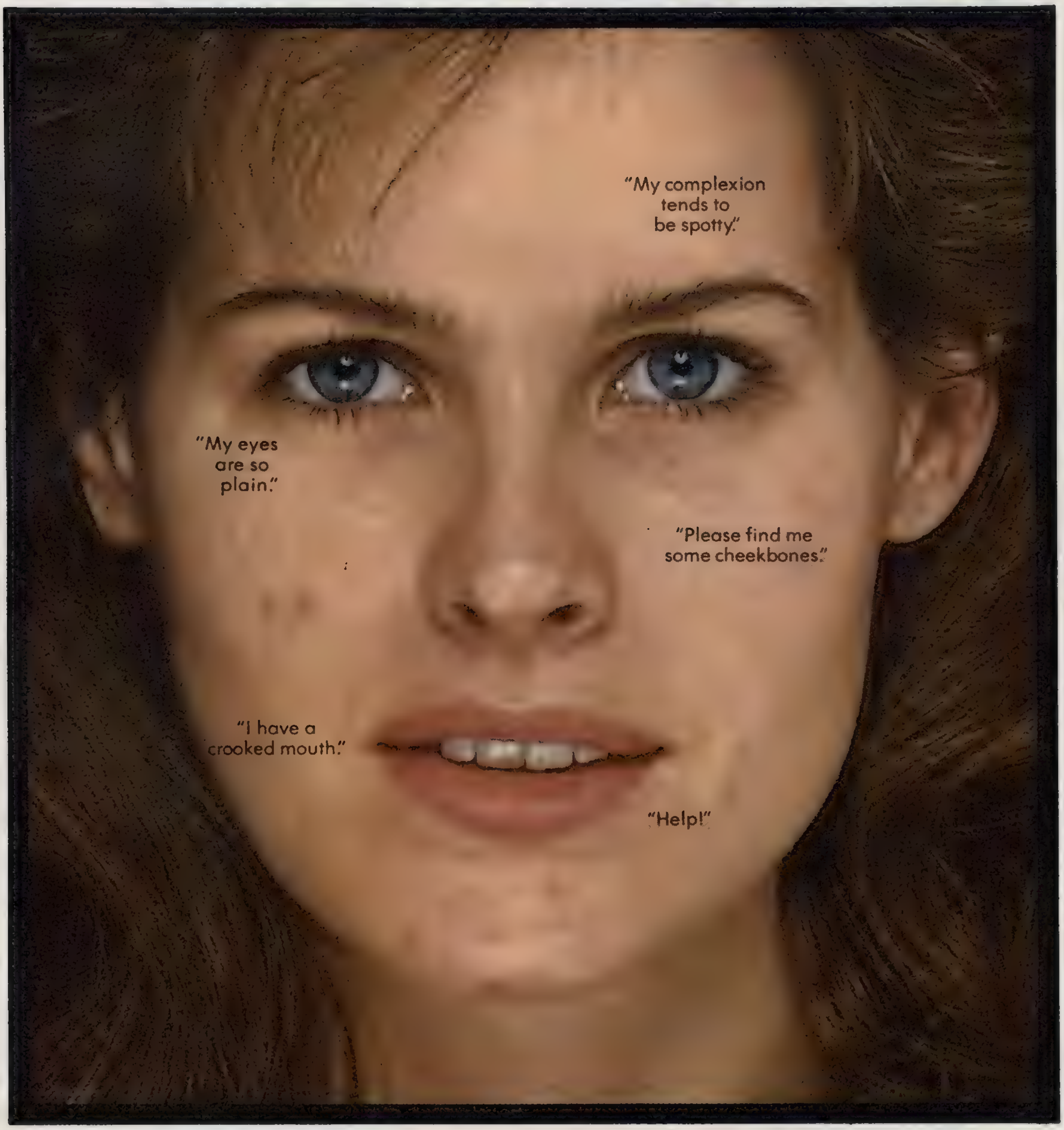

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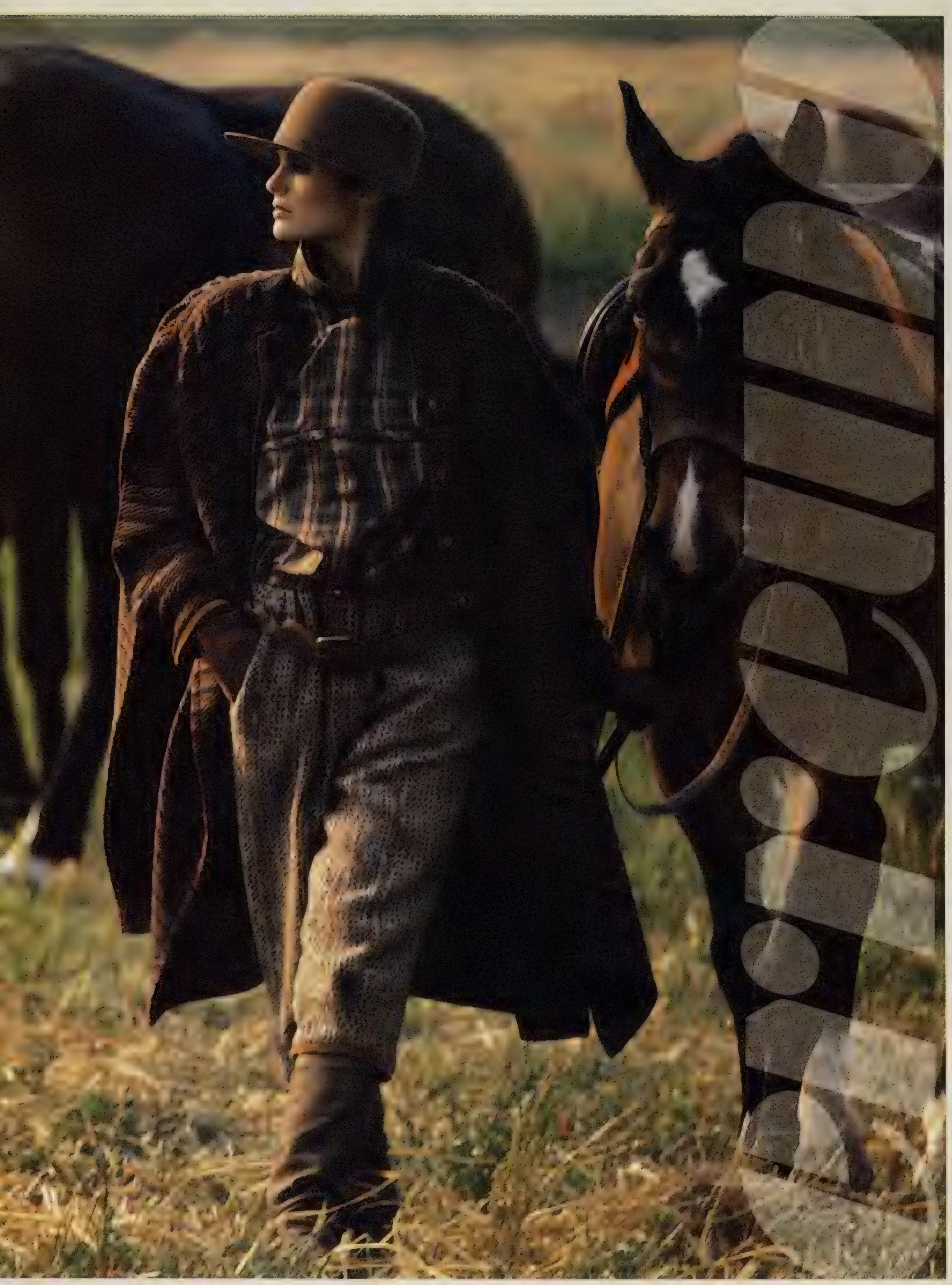

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What's News

WHAT'S COMING

People are talking about...

A savvy look-see at the summer's newest, newsiest movies, art, books, theater, music, restaurants, dance, television, and photography—on these nine pages

MOVIES MOVIES MOVIES

Boys will be boys: the suburban sci-fi fantasy of Steven Spielberg

The trouble with being a whiz kid, a *Wunderkind*, a boy genius, is: What do you do when you're no longer a kid, a *Kind*, a boy? The question is moot in the case of Steven Spielberg, because the man behind *Jaws*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, and now *Poltergeist* and *E.T.—The Extra-Terrestrial* shows no signs of having left boyhood behind. While the rest of us were growing up and making our accommodations with adulthood, Spielberg went from playing with an eight-millimeter camera in his backyard directly into the movie industry, where he parlayed the dreams and fears of a twelve-year-old movie nut into some of the most phenomenally successful films ever made. At thirty-four, with the possible exception of fellow Pied Piper George Lucas, he is more adept than anyone else at tuning in to the frequency of what reporters call the "core viewers"—the ten- to twenty-five-year-old (male) audience.

Yet the surprise is that these two tales of the supernatural—one a horror film, one a poetic fable—go beyond the fun-house pyrotechnics of Spielberg's earlier films. With their more acute sense of character and family relationships, their vivid details of ordinary life, they offer something to those of us who don't fit (even by wishful thinking) into the kiddie market nor get goose-pimply over things that go bump, shriek, and splash in the night.

There's plenty of technical wizardry, of course. In *Poltergeist*, a tree reaches in to grab a boy from his bed, and cadavers rise from the muddy grave of an uncompleted swimming pool. *E.T.* brings together two lonely souls—a ten-year-old boy named Elliott (Henry Thomas) and E.T., an extra-terrestrial stranded in his backyard. Looking like a gooseneck lamp attached to the body of an overgrown lizard, E.T. is a surefire mating of technology and soul as he waddles around, learning to love Elliott and to cry mournfully for "ho-o-me."

Yet for all the ingenuity of their special effects, both films are rooted in the concrete world (in both senses of the word) of Southern California—crass, sundrenched, paved over by commerce. The families live in suburban tract houses of the kind where Spielberg himself grew up, and which he regards with as much affection as irony. Bland and immaculate on the outside, their insides are a terrifying clutter of toys and electronic gadgets—the arsenals of different age groups waging territorial warfare under the benign neglect of their parents.

The parents are a fascinating study of the permissive new breed, longer on love than authority. Jobeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson in *Poltergeist*, smoking pot in bed, and Dee Wallace as the struggling single mother in *E.T.* are more like children with hangovers. Although they can't quite tune in to their children's fantasy life, they're not menacing and obtuse like the Real Adults outside. The two mothers, dressed like teenagers, are sexy and endearingly spacy, yet there's something frightening in the lack of demarcation between the generations.

Henry Thomas, innocent and precocious at the same time, is a marvel as Elliott; but Jobeth Williams is the revelation of the two films and one of the reasons I prefer *Poltergeist* to *E.T.* The critical consensus holds *E.T.* to be the *real* work of art, a perfectly realized child's fantasy in which every carefully lit frame contributes to the overall mood. Yet, for me, *Poltergeist* is both the funnier and the more powerful work, rising to mythic resonance in the end.

In a majestically romantic finale, the mother must prove her love and her mettle by descending into a terrifying whorl of light to rescue her daughter, held hostage by the evil spirits. By contrast, the ending of *E.T.*—an unendurably prolonged goodbye between Elliott and E.T.—is softer and more sentimental. It reminds me of what I don't like about Spielberg, his Peter Pan-ism, the let's-be-boys-forever fantasy that inspires so much of his work.

Like the spirits in *Poltergeist*, suspended between one state of consciousness and another, Spielberg hovers somewhere between childhood and adulthood, unable and unwilling to go over to the other side. But then, where would the movie industry be if he did?

—MOLLY HASKELL

Spielberg's "E.T."

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MOVIES MOVIES MOVIES

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

SCULPTURE'S NEW WAVE

20 American Artists: Sculpture 1982; San Francisco Museum of Modern Art; through September 19 Sculpture is what the excitement is about in San Francisco this summer, with the Twelfth International Sculpture Conference; and a focal point is this show of works by twenty American sculptors, including Noguchi, Oldenburg, Louise Bourgeois, di Suvero, and, unexpectedly, Georgia O'Keeffe.

If you still think of sculpture as something made of bronze or marble that stands on a pedestal in the middle of a gallery, be prepared for some surprises. The freshest ideas and the most provocative attitudes of the moment are embodied in sculpture that simply rejects traditional definitions of the medium itself. Forms dissolve into air rather than resisting it. Objects aggressively insert themselves into the spectator's protected world physically or conceptually. Tom Marioni extends the notion of the sculptural to include elements of sound and body rhythms; Scott Burton interprets furniture as artwork by recreating it in bronze, steel, and granite. And Michael Heizer at once challenges and redefines the notion of the sculptural in his *45°, 90°, 180°* series, *(right)*. His opposition of the organic with the man-made generates powerful tensions. Strictly organized in terms of vertical, horizontal, and diagonal directions and combined with steel, brass, and aluminum, these chunks of rock seem like menacing wild animals forced into cages too small for them.—LINDA NOCHLIN

Redefining the notion of the sculptural: Michael Heizer's "45°, 90°, 180° (#2)," 1982

THE THYSSEN-BORNEMISZA COLLECTION

Marc's "The Dream," 1912—German Expressionism with a difference

Collecting eclectic: the bold vision of Thyssen-Bornemisza

20th-Century Masters: The Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection; Washington, DC, National Gallery of Art; through September 6 *What makes a collection of art great? Things like daring, consistency, quality, and that indescribable something contributed by the personal flair of the collector. Major collections, too, bear the stamp of the taste of their times; and the Thyssen-Bornemisza collection is no exception.*

The Baron decided to go after twentieth-century works in 1960, when the reputation of American vanguard art was climbing on the international market. Though his first acquisitions were German Expressionists, what makes this European collection so unusual is its large number of first-rate American works. The chronological range of the American works in this exhibition, chosen by William Lieberman, chairmen of twentieth century art at New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art, is no less extraordinary. They run from an arcadian Prendergast park scene of 1910-12 and the intimate Cubist confections of Stuart Davis and Demuth in the 'twenties, through a classic Hopper interior of the 'thirties, a brilliant O'Keeffe landscape, and end up in the 'sixties itself, with New Realist Richard Estes' "Telephone Booths."

In the choice of European works, an urge towards survey-course completeness at times seems to struggle with idiosyncratic vision: there is no important high-Cubist canvas, for instance, but there is a decidedly off-beat 1907 Picasso, "The Harvesters." More like a Fauve work than a pre-Cubist one, the brightly colored, jauntily disjointed composition celebrates the joys of labor in the fields. Among the German Expressionist works, Franz Marc's "The Dream" (left) is a decidedly atypical example. Less formally sophisticated than his later works, it is noteworthy for its fairy-tale charm and because it features a contemplative, rosy nude as well as the brightly colored animals through which Marc expressed his ideal of spiritual regeneration in a primeval paradise usually free from the taint of human presence.

But the Thyssen exhibition does not consist only of art off the well-beaten twentieth-century track. Magritte's "La Clef des Champs" of 1936 is a—literally—smashing example of what the Belgian master of the inexplicable does best. A window with the "view" we see through it lies shattered on the floor while the same landscape goes on placidly "existing" behind the window-frame.

Ultimately, our response to a show like "20th Century Masters" depends on whether we demand total immersion in a single movement or master, or whether we are better nourished on a more balanced, varied artistic diet; the Thyssen show is definitely for the latter sort of art lover.—L.N.

THE ART EXPLOSION:

A textbook-clear case of supply and demand? The American public demanded—and the art world responded with new galleries by the dozen, blockbuster exhibitions like the 1980 Picasso show, and an unparalleled epidemic of museum-building and additions.

What determines a museum's design? Its collection, benefactors, location, public, and, perhaps most crucially, the museum's own opinion of its role in the community. The shift away from the museum as Temple of Art, passively displaying its treasures, and toward an active role as innovator, tastemaker, and catalyst has affected not only the way we think of art but, by virtue of its own design, architectural style as well. And now through October 10, NYC's Whitney Museum of American Art explores this phenomenon with *New American Art Museums*.

Curated by architectural historian Helen Searing, the show's seven museum projects—from the addition to NYC's MoMA by Cesar Pelli to Charles Moore's Hood Museum of Art at Dartmouth College—examine the style, function, and design problems of this persuasive new wave.—A.H.

XAVIER FOURCADE

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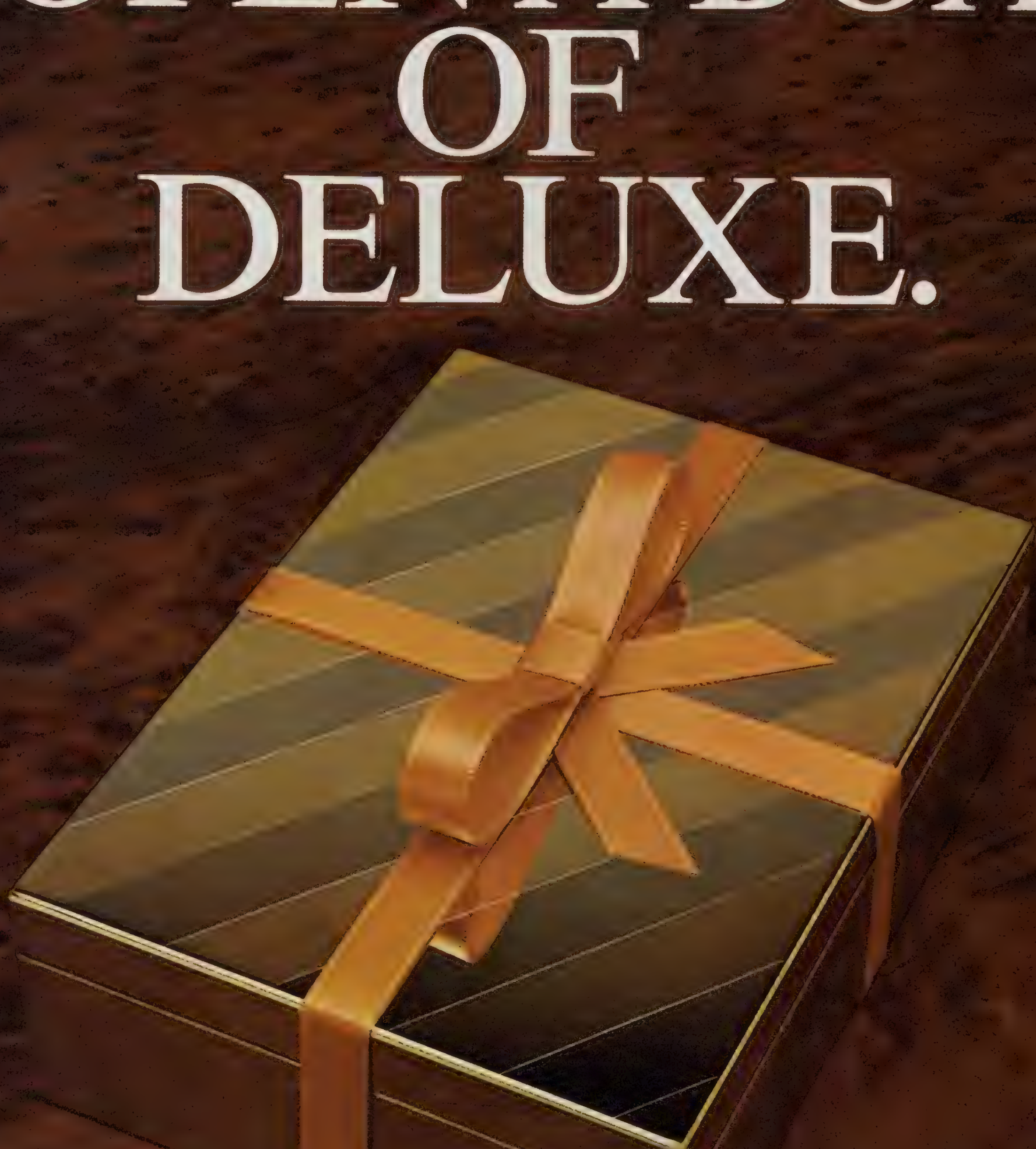

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REIGNING FIREBRAND REBECCA WEST: CONJURING UP A CENTURY

Dame Rebecca, above, right—at six, eating blackberries; far right—at ninety, witnessing in "Reds"

COURTESY OF DAME REBECCA WEST

One of the rare, sweet privileges of age is to deprecate (fondly!) the excesses of one's youth. At ninety, Dame Rebecca West, formidable *doyenne* of English letters, will have to forego the privilege. As her recently republished early writings prove, the young Rebecca was as exuberantly reasonable, as acid and eloquent as the woman writing today. That Rebecca West was a firebrand thinly disguised as a girl. This one, as revealed in her latest work, is a philosopher masquerading as an elderly English lady. Now that we have her youthful criticism and fiction in a fine new volume called *The Young Rebecca: Writings of Rebecca West 1911–1917* (Viking) and two early novels, *The Return of the Soldier* and *Harriet Hume* (Virago), and her present thoughts in the splendid *1900* (Viking), we have the happy chance to confront both Rebeccas—if we dare.

Rebecca West emerged, or rather descended upon Great Britain's reading public, in 1911, with her startling essays in the feminist newspaper *The Freewoman.* If she was anyone's invention, she was Ibsen's (born Cicily Fairfield, she renamed herself after Ibsen's free-spirited heroine in *Rosmersholm*); but she was, from the first, her own woman. Her Shavian wit, fierce sense of honor, and equal readiness to condemn or to praise quickly drew the attention of one of her targets, H.G. Wells, with whom she proceeded (scandalously enough) to have an affair and an illegitimate child.

Rebecca West's revolutionary feminism, which sounds freshly and with clarion logic in *The Young Rebecca,* was, in her words, a "moral passion" that required her to be as unsparing of women as of men. West opposed, as sinful, the "voluptuous servitude" of married women who sacrificed their spirits at the domestic hearth. Such women knew how to shop wisely at the market, a trick that "a performing dog who could count his change might pull off just as well." No wonder she had enemies! And that many were women.

Her sexual politics were, in their way, Darwinian: the fittest *did* survive. Example: "There are two ways of wanting love. There is the way of sending out the whole force of one's vitality to a fair fight—perhaps to win, perhaps to lose, but certainly to fight. And there is the way of waiting outside as though love were a soup-kitchen and a marriage certificate the soup-ticket, in the tremulous attitude of one cringing for charity." The early novels—*The Return of the Soldier,* particularly—map love's battlefields, its desperate campaigns. A woman's war novel, which this is, could do nothing less. *Harriet Hume,* though a less successful fiction, is still a telling story of sex war, in which, not accidentally, the woman wins.

It is intriguing, in light of her own self-sufficiency, to hear Dame Rebecca remark in *1900* that in present-day Britain "we have had no certainty at any time that there was somebody who would take care of us." There has not been, she says lightly, a single Prime Minister since 1900 whom one would want as a father—"except perhaps Mrs. Thatcher." The elder Rebecca, speaking for a nation, articulates what her younger counterpart, speaking for an oppressed minority, already knew: that from now on "We were going to have to look after ourselves."

1900 is a lavish, not-at-all-sentimental look back at a year that marked the end of the old order, the beginning of the new (disorder, one might say), by a woman who has always considered reason a prerogative and who, like Granville-Barker—one of her few prototypes—approaches thinking as if it were "a sport." The book is as rich with anecdote as it is with illustrations. Reading Rebecca West on the birth of our era is—how could it not be?—excellent sport indeed.

—CATHLEEN MEDWICK

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JOHN WANAMAKER

PASTERNAK'S LESSON IN LOVE: THE LETTERS

A Russian rhapsody, "The Correspondence of Boris Pasternak and Olga Freidenberg 1910–1954" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) is the lyrical exposition of two great minds, astonishingly in tune with one another. Pasternak, the poet and novelist, was deeply and (one suspects) permanently in love with his scholarly, vivacious cousin—who was, as these letters show, as daring a virtuoso as her "Borya" and often sharper-tongued. She loved him as well, but soon found her passion suspect. "In my case it was a passion of the fancy, not of the heart," she writes in her diary. "Borya was never anything but a brother to me. . . . When he fell in love with me, I found him difficult, even repulsive, hard as it is to say so."

The young Pasternak was devastated by this rejection; but he took it philosophically, attempting "a retreat from romanticism . . . toward discipline." At last, he wrote Olga, he had changed: "Locked in against the outer world, I spent all my time working on my inner self, and when I opened the door I was different, hardened." Or so he hoped.

In subsequent years, the letters were to become more contained, less audaciously imaginative, as each of the cousins entered public life in a turbulent era. Age, illness, history acted upon both Olga and Boris and, of course, destroyed them both.

As Stalinism enmeshed them, terror became the subtext of their lives—but also an intractable humanism, the pure will to care. This correspondence is an awesome record of the journey of kindred spirits through a grim world. It is also, and primarily, a lesson in love.

—CATHLEEN MEDWICK

An ecstatic meeting of two minds: the astonishing correspondence of Russian poet/novelist Boris Pasternak *(left)* and his loving cousin/muse/confidant Olga Freidenberg (1909)

SUMMER READING

Consider the surgeon: part medical man, part miracle worker. A mere mortal who, "armed to the teeth, seeks to overwhelm and control the body." In *Letters to A Young Doctor* (Simon & Schuster) Richard Selzer, M.D., gives a sensitive, articulate, "insider's" view of both the light and dark moments of doctoring. Written with humor and stirring compassion for the patients' sensibilities, these autobiographical letters and sketches guide the reader, firmly yet tenderly, through the rigors of a physician's life.

Among the issues Selzer discusses: mercy killing, the role of the patient in the healing process, and the power of the surgeon: "Just look at a scalpel. . . . What a feeling of sovereignty, megalomania even, when you know that it is you and you alone who will make certain use of it."

Often shocking, always enlightening, Selzer's book is a remarkable achievement.

—ALLENE TALMEY

Calvin Trillin, sly-poison-penner of *Uncivil Liberties* (Ticknor & Fields) is the kind of man who muses about matters such as how much larger the pyramids might be if there had been a pyramid construction industry lobby for the Pharaohs to contend with. Or whether, in working out a gas rationing system, people with their names or initials spelled out on their license plates should be allowed to buy gas at all. And is he the only person who stays up nights worrying about why the people who work in health-food stores look so unhealthy?

First published in *The Nation*, these columns are the most wickedly delectable collection of calculated chutzpah extant.—D.M.

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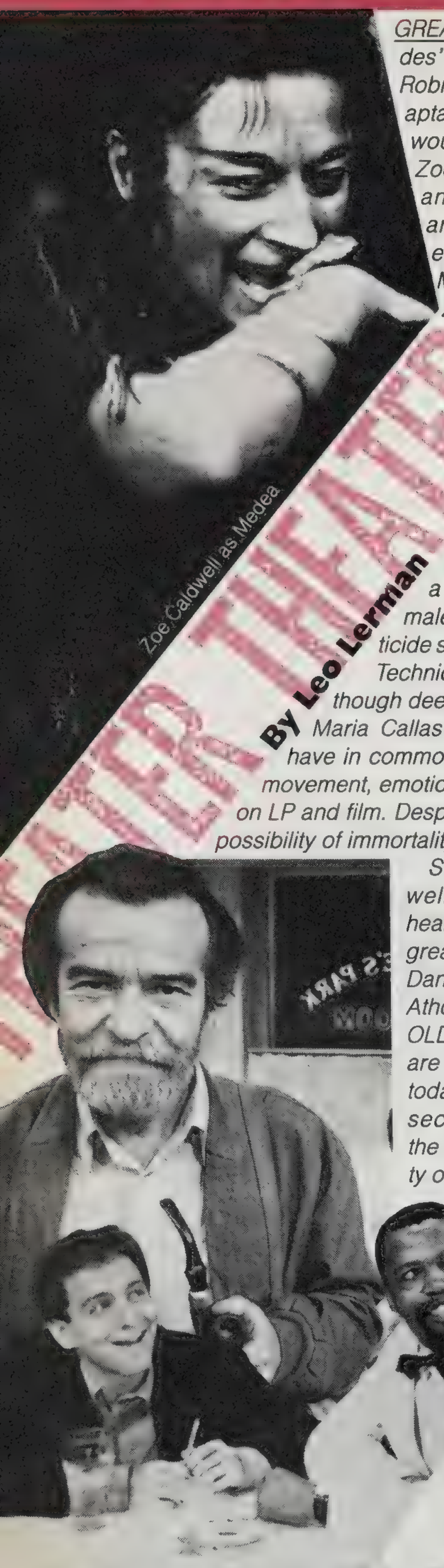


Zoe Caldwell as Medea

GREAT, GREAT ACTING: Euripides' Medea, even as played in Robinson Jeffers' orotund adaptation, is not a woman you would want around the house. Zoe Caldwell is a woman and an actress I would want around my house anytime, even when she is playacting Medea. And that is because Zoe is a remarkable woman and a very great actress.

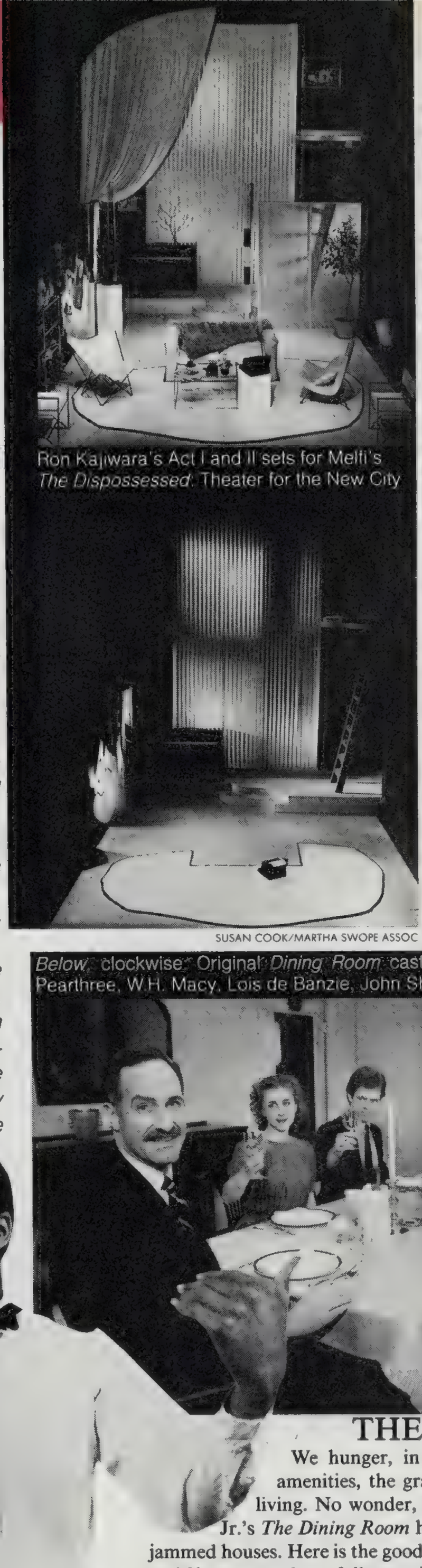
In a Broadway revival of "Medea" directed by Robert Whitehead, Zoe used every strength, every wile known to woman to create a creature so devastated by male misusage that finally infanticide seemed her moral necessity. Technically, this "Medea" was, although deeply different, as dazzling as Maria Callas'. But Callas and Caldwell have in common fantastic control of voice, movement, emotion. We have a Callas Medea on LP and film. Desperately wanted, at least this possibility of immortality for Caldwell.

By Leo Lerman

Stylization is the key to Caldwell's Medea; meticulous, heart-rending realism clues the great acting of Zakes Mokae, Danny Glover, Lonny Price in Athol Fugard's "MASTER HAROLD . . . and the boys." There are no men acting on Broadway today who reveal so potently the secret workings of the heart, the dignity of man.

Top: Playwright Athol Fugard; actors, left to right, Lonny Price, Zakes Mokae, Danny Glover

Acting is all . . . designer wizard . . . an exultation of grace



Ron Kajiwara's Act I and II sets for Melfi's *The Dispossessed*. Theater for the New City

SUSAN COOK/MARTHA SWOPE ASSOC

DESIGNING MALE

To make something out of nothing and to do it superbly is to be a god, a witch, a magician, or a designer of sets for a "no-budget" Off-Broadway theater. Ron Kajiwara is the latter. Moonlighting from his Vogue design job, Ron scampered triumphantly away with the notices for Leonard Melfi's recent *The Dispossessed*. "The problem," says Ron, "was to take a dingy theater hole and make it look like an upper East Side duplex—on about $700!" Ron's stylish solution, *above left:* Curtain rises on a richly crammed room; *below,* curtain falls on the same room, emptied, surreal. "My colors? Whites, off-whites, beiges, black. I really design by instinct. And what helps most is a director who knows what he wants. Plays are so practical in a way. I would like to do sets for dance." Ron will.

Below, clockwise: Original *Dining Room* cast, Remak Ramsey, Pippa Pearthree, W.H. Macy, Lois de Banzie, John Shea, Ann McDonough

SUSAN COOK

THE GOOD LIFE:

We hunger, in our nuclear world, for amenities, the grace that makes an art of living. No wonder, then, that A.R. Gurney, Jr.'s *The Dining Room* has, for months, attracted jammed houses. Here is the good WASP life (Hepplewhite and Sheraton and carefully nourished silver) and what has happened to it. A dining room is the symbol. Six dazzling actors play every age from children to geriatrics while Gurney manipulates time elegantly. Result: laughter, tears, a happy-sadness at life lived as it was, as it is.

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

MUSIC

THE SHAKY REIGN OF RENATA SCOTTO

With the Metropolitan Opera on the verge of another season, Renata Scotto still reigns as its leading Italian prima donna. But it is a shaky reign: last September's opening-night *Norma* was marred by boos from the anti-Scotto claque, and there can be no question that vocal wear and poorly chosen roles have undercut Scotto's image. Her enemies complain that she owes her status at the Met to a lack of competition on the operatic scene today and, worse, to Met music director James Levine's undisguised favoritism.

Fortunately for her, it is not just at the Met that Scotto gets to demonstrate her skills. Three opera recordings over the past few months suggest that, flaws and all, she remains at her best a stirring vocal actress. The operas are Verdi's *La Traviata,* Puccini's *Tosca,* and Wolf-Ferrari's *Il Segreto di Susanna.*

The Verdi offers Alfredo Kraus and Renato Bruson in the other leading roles, with Riccardo Muti leading London's Philharmonia Orchestra; Bruson and the Philharmonia are featured on all three of these albums (Angel, three disks). In the Puccini, Scotto shares the vocal honors with Placido Domingo and Bruson, with Levine conducting (Angel, two disks). And for Wolf-Ferrari's crystalline little comedy, Scotto and Bruson are conducted by John Pritchard (CBS Masterworks).

In all three recordings, Scotto is in fine vocal estate, given her wobbly top. That, in turn, may have come about from her attempting heavier parts than her basically lyric soprano could happily encompass. But she *has* attempted such parts, long since, and so the question now becomes what degree of artistic and vocal success she attains with them.

To this taste, the answer is, very well. Of the three recordings, the finest is *Tosca.* Scotto probably handles the melodramatic, impassioned demands of the archetypal prima-donna role better than anyone since Maria Callas. And Scotto's support here from the other singers and Levine makes this the best *Tosca* since Callas' version with De Sabata.

But the *Traviata* and the Wolf-Ferrari are first-rate, too; the former, full of womanly intensity and the latter, delightfully light-fingered and deft. All three recordings suggest that while she may be ill-advised to essay such monumental parts as Norma, and while Levine might well diversify his choice of leading Italian ladies, Scotto still has plenty to offer both the Met and the world of opera. If, that is, her anti-claque will let her. —DAVID SARGENT

Rampant Renata Scotto, and co-worker, Met director James Levine

EAT

Bernbaum in his oyster-white-y Café Mortimer

Where to eat now: *The food at Café Mortimer is the no-frills kind so desired after sessions of sometimes incomprehensible nouvelle sauces. Mortimer's cuisine, deliciously trad rather than experimental, doesn't interfere with conversation or people-watching. And Mortimer people are among the most worth watching in this celebrity-thronged city.*

In his East Side street space, (1057 Lexington Ave.) Glenn Bernbaum's contrived an oasis in which delectibles are dished up from 9:00 A.M. to 2:30 A.M. Scrambled eggs the way you love them; Twinburgers Mortimer, crusty, juicy, ample; a chicken hash reminiscent of the Oak Room's heyday; and the only genuinely wonderful "creme brûlée" in town.—LEO LERMAN

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

DANCE DA

Reaching forward—and backward: Jacob's Pillow renegade director Thompson, *left; above,* "Second Stride"

Jacob's Pillow: still a brave new world

WALTER SCOTT

The road to Jacob's Pillow, a farm in western Massachusetts' Berkshire Hills and the setting for an annual summer dance festival (through September 5), is rutted and shaded by trees; the turnoff is easy to miss. It has been that way for fifty years now, ever since choreographer Ted Shawn transformed the Pillow into a home for his company of Men Dancers. They lived and worked in the farmhouse and two barns, and even gave performances and lecture-demonstrations on a platform outdoors. In 1942, Shawn added a theater—the first in America built especially for dance—and the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival began to book all sorts of dance forms (ballet, modern, ethnic).

As a training ground for American dancers and a showcase for performers from all over the world, Jacob's Pillow was revolutionary. But, sooner or later, all revolutionary ideas seem inevitable, even commonplace; and today the Pillow is simply one of many summer festivals of its kinds. Still, present director Liz Thompson insists, it is an absolutely unique environment for dance, a place "like Stonehenge, with its own special configuration of energy."

Shawn and Ruth St. Denis, founders of the Denishawn school and company, maintained that "the Dance includes every way that men of all races in every period of the world's history have moved rhythmically to express themselves." However firm their conviction in such a big statement, they were thinking somewhat wishfully for the time. The boundaries between different dance forms then were clearly drawn. Of course, the world has changed since Shawn founded Jacob's Pillow in 1933, and the way people dance has changed along with it; dancers now move gracefully from one discipline to another. But the Pillow's new mission is its original one, as Thompson explains: "I'm doing just what Shawn did in the beginning, presenting all forms of dance." (This summer: the Metropolitan Opera Ballet, the Paul Taylor Dance Company, an evening of ballroom dance, soloists from the Royal Danish Ballet, Maria Benitez Estampa Flamenca, among others.)

Thompson, a former dancer-choreographer, "a renegade" by her own admission, envisions Jacob's Pillow as a forum for new works but recognizes that the festival must reach backward as well as forward. "Having taken over a tradition that is so much bigger than I am, I must respect it—and that means presenting works of excellent quality that are enduring."

The brave new dance world Shawn foresaw has finally dawned. But with little or nothing left to fight for, choreographers may seem lost, in search of a direction. The diversity in dance today is sometimes staggering, but it is the force of all these different forms, combined, that will eventually propel us into the future.

—HOLLY BRUBACH

Left: Jacob's Pillow revolution, phase one: Barton Mumaw, Wilbur McCormack. This summer the dance festival celebrates its fiftieth anniversary.

JOHN LINDQUIST

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

BROADWAY

The purr of the theater audience as the lights dim. The sudden hush as the curtain sails up. Front, center stage: Richard Harris' royal revelry in "Camelot." Frank Langella's darkly spirited sleuthing in "Sherlock Holmes." Home Box Office Theater has snared it all for cable TV, a combustible mix of energy, on-the-spot chemistry and quirky surprise that ignites live Broadway. HBO Theater wizard Arthur Whitelaw (Broadway producer of "Butterflies Are Free") tells how: "We gear our camera angles to what you'd see if you sat in the third row. You never forget you're watching a play. Actors wear full stage makeup; sets are built from the original sketches or models. Yet TV cameras can zoom in for vivid close-ups. The result: Pure joy for theater devotees. And an ecstatic flood of converts to the bewitchery of the live Broadway stage.—D.M.

CABLE FROM

HANGING TOUGH WITH TOM SELLECK

Don't count on me for a hard-hearted judgment of Tom Selleck, the actor who plays the private investigator in CBS's immensely popular series, *Magnum P.I.* although its weekly plots all seemed dished out of the same bucket of cement. But Mr. Selleck, who is a six-foot-four athlete with really splendid legs, manages to comport himself with such grace, even reminding us from time to time that he really can act although the series hardly requires it, that even the most tedious episode can be endured. I even watched one about a Russian pilot who defected and wanted Magnum to abduct his enamorata, who was in Hawaii with the Russian track team.

Mr. Selleck occasionally shows a nice flair for comedy, but he is a prisoner of those deadly plots which usually involve a woman pleading for help, a missing person, nasty supernatural stuff, armed thugs—well, it is not meant to be *Masterpiece Theatre.* Very often Magnum muses aloud, and you can't help feeling it's all pitched to the twelve-year-olds out there. On Hawaii sunsets, for example, he once said they were "warmer and tenderer, more romantic than anywhere I've seen in the world." But if you pay attention from time to time, a more cynical man occasionally emerges.

In one of the two-hour specials of *Magnum P.I.*, Mr. Selleck, a Vietnam veteran, was reunited with his French wife, whom he believed had died in Saigon at the end of the war, and tangled with an American intelligence officer named Buck who tried to win him over to the struggle of the anti-Hanoi Vietnamese. "We lost the war, Buck, it's over," said Magnum. "It's never over," said Buck, making clear the anti-communist Vietnamese conspirators needed help. "You're *not* going to dance to *that* fiddle," said Magnum with disgust.

> Selleck reminds us from time to time that he can act although the series hardly requires it"

Not your average dead-eye sleuth who never trembles, Magnum is made deeply nervous by the two Doberman Pinschers on the estate where he is a security guard. Lacking witty lines, Mr. Selleck shows an endearing flair for comedy, jousting with both the dogs and the major domo Higgins.

It is, of course, exploitative to make Magnum and his two friends, Rick and TC, veterans of Vietnam, and more than one scriptwriter has used that war to glue together a frail story. TC has a helicopter charter service, Rick runs a successful Honolulu disco, the skies blaze blue, the waves are perfect and people shoot each other as routinely as most of us brush our teeth.

Just to remind us that fresh ideas present too costly a risk, ABC has made known that its new fall schedule includes a program called *Brass Monkey,* described as "comedy [which] vies with adventure in the South Pacific as a daring cargo pilot battles sinister Nazis,a villainous but beautiful Eurasian princess and larcenous rogues—with the help of his one-eyed dog and a gorgeous American spy."

—GLORIA EMERSON

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Tom Selleck: "a six-foot-four athlete with really splendid legs"

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Stories unfolding in space and time: two approaches to series photography. *Above:* Duane Michals' "5:15 AM, April 22, 1903," (four prints from a series of fourteen, 1973); *right,* "Lifting a Ball" (1887), by Eadweard Muybridge

A new way of looking: a century of surprises

When the nineteenth-century American painter Thomas Eakins exchanged brush for camera to do a classical study of the nude, he did not think in single, beautifully composed, carefully lit images, but in sequence. A century later, when Richard Avedon, whose photographic portraits are as famous as his work in fashion, wished to record his father for posterity, he, too, thought in sequence.

Series, sequence—not the single image but the strip of postures, the array of moments in time—is the way many photographers over the last hundred years have conceived of photography. The idea that these series and sequences might be photography's purest and most natural expression is the challenging new theory of an exciting exhibition, *Photographs in Sequence or Series: Works from the Target Collection of American Photography,* that may change the way we look at photographs.

"One might say that the only truly single, isolated photograph was the *first* photograph," writes Leroy Searle in the catalogue to the exhibition, now at The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, through September 22.

The claim that photographs naturally come in clusters—in the little groups of four that are ejected from the slot in the photo booth, the sequence of pictures that narrates a story in magazines, the pages of a family album—is provocative; for this assertion contradicts two grand institutional "truths" of photography.

Truth number one is the isolated "Decisive Moment," the name French photographer Henri Cartier-Bresson gave to photography's ability to catch reality in the split-second blink of the shutter's eye. The Decisive Moment is what, in his words, captures "the whole essence, in the confines of one single photograph, of some situation that was in the process of unrolling itself before my eyes."

The second truth could be called the "Pictorial Status" of photography, which claims that a good photograph exists as a single, formally satisfying and visually eloquent whole, just like a painting. Museum photography, or "art" photography, is founded on the belief that an esthetic whole can be contained within a single field.

But if photography is thought of as a medium of series and sequences, then there is no Decisive Moment: little shards of time and space recorded by the camera's lens take on meaning only when they are combined.

Realizing this, we could divide the world of photography and photographs in two: a clean split between the photographic optimists and the photographic pessimists. The optimists believe that meaning is a part of the world itself; a kind of attribute of reality like color, texture, or size. One just has to be quick enough to glimpse and capture this elusive feature. The pessimists disagree, insisting that meaning *(Continued on page 67)*

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SEQUENCE OR SERIES

(Continued from page 62)

derives from the grid of relationships that we bring to reality. One just has to be clever enough to construct the appropriate grid.

Perhaps the best-known series photographer, Eadweard Muybridge has his motion-studies subjects perform against a backdrop of grids. Working in England in the 1880s and '90s to penetrate the mysteries of human and animal locomotion, Muybridge made more than one thousand sequential photographs—the earliest and largest body of this kind of work. His boxers box, his nudes sit down and jump up, his birds fly, and his horses gallop in front of a backdrop of enormous graph paper that will permit the reintegration of each separate image. The grid is Muybridge's way of joining mute, single instants into an articulate image.

One of the Muybridge photographs in the Houston exhibition is a close-up of a hand, whose pattern of seemingly random gestures organizes the collective picture of "Beating Time" to an unheard and unhearable music. Within the exhibition, this Muybridge is then reinterpreted as an entirely contemporary work by the American photographer Athena Tacha whose "Gestures I: A Study in Finger Positions" develops expressions of the hand over a forty-eight unit grid. These gestures—pointing, fist-clenching, signaling ("stop," "thumbs up," "perfect," "cuckold," etc.)—constitute a language in their specificity.

Because each gesture is legible, we might feel that Tacha's work does not so much extend the Muybridge position about the muteness of the isolated photograph as refute it. For are not Tacha's hands "speaking?" And does this not demonstrate that, on the level of the single unit, the photographer has access to a reality truly invested with meaning? But the reality that Tacha photographs is itself the manifestation of sign language: the hands enacting a standardized code.

Those who favor the sequence over the single instant qualify Cartier-Bresson's Decisive Moment by saying that it, too, seems to tell a story. It can be split into several moments: like Muybridge's grid, it, too, is a composite. And the grid that allows the viewer to relate one moment of this story to another is the grid of pictorial composition that photography inherits from painting. It is the structure of every major artist from Raphael to Poussin, and on to Picasso—the complex, conventional, rational, readable pattern of Art.

The debate raised by *Photographs in Series or Sequence* challenges the theory of the Decisive Moment in a provocative manner that will surely stimulate new thinking about the nature of photography. The number of ways to construct "grids" for the isolated photographic element presented in this exhibition gives new meaning to the individual components. For example, different types of photographers—Duane Michals as opposed to Avedon—respond to the single unit in wildly diverse ways. So that if this is an exhibition with a thesis, it is one that organizes a spectrum of different approaches to series photography without masking the differences. But, above all, its value is to focus on an aspect of photography always thought to have been marginal—the sequence—and to place it at center stage.

—ROSALIND KRAUSS

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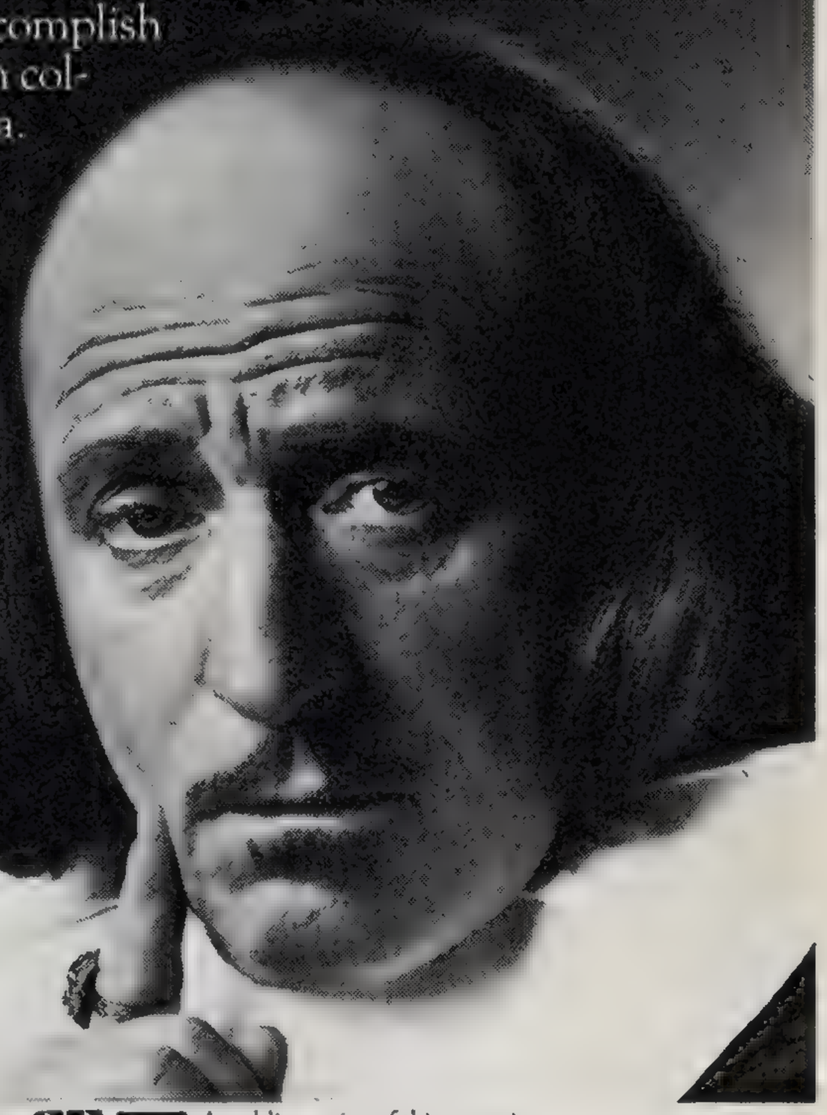

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For Napoleon's Empress Josephine, the Château of Malmaison was the glittering centerpiece of her romantic dreams. Around it she created gardens of consummate beauty, of which the crowning glory was her Roseraie—her rose garden.

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It is a selection of some of the loveliest of these roses of Malmaison that is now to grace a distinctive new collection, consisting of twelve demitasse cups and saucers in fine porcelain. Each of these roses will be depicted in the classic manner of Pierre-Joseph Redouté—"the Raphael of the rose"—the most celebrated of the artists commissioned by Josephine to paint her treasured blooms. And the collection will exemplify the elegance and charm characteristic of the Empire style.

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These cups and saucers will be crafted in fine Limoges porcelain. This is the porcelain renowned the world over for its extraordinary whiteness and translucence—qualities which owe much to the particular kind of china clay found in the Limoges region of France. But it is, above all, famed for the superiority of its craftsmanship and for the

Cups and saucers shown smaller than life size. Actual sizes: cup, 2⅛" high; saucer, 4" in diameter.

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The Empress Josephine Roses Demitasse Cups and Saucers

beauty of its designs. Of such designs, the most typical are those portraying flowers, and especially roses. And of all the Limoges craftsmen, none are so acclaimed as those of Haviland. A company whose founder David Haviland, curiously enough, was American, and which has traditionally provided fine porcelain dinner services for the White House.

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Each of these collector's pieces is possessed of an exceptional whiteness that superbly brings out the beauty of the unique work of art it bears. Upon each cup will appear a different rose from Malmaison . . . the Rose d'Amour . . . the Maiden's Blush . . . even the rose named for Josephine herself. Each rose will be depicted within an elegant cartouche, and each cup and each saucer will be bordered with a richly ornamental design using one of three different basic colors . . . carmine red, cobalt blue or deep green. These border designs and cartouches will all be distinctively different from one another. Meanwhile, the bands around the rim and base of each cup and the rim of the saucer will be embellished with pure 24 karat gold. So will the graceful handle of each cup.

There will be twelve cups and saucers in all. Each a delight to the eye, and a joy to hold and use. And the complete collection is certain to form a focal point of beauty and distinction in your home, wherever you choose to display it.

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Only one edition of The Empress Josephine Roses Demitasse Cups and Saucers will be produced. This will be withdrawn after a limited period and thereafter will never be offered again. The cups and saucers will be crafted solely for subscribers, and will be available only as a complete collection. And there is a limit of one subscription per collector. The total edition will thus be forever limited to the exact number of original subscriptions entered during the comparatively brief offering period.

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Accompanying each cup and saucer, there will be a specially written commentary describing the rose portrayed, and a Certificate of Authenticity attesting to the limits of the edition will accompany each collection.

All subscriptions are being processed by Franklin Porcelain, and the Subscription Application to the left needs to be returned postmarked by August 31, 1982 to be accepted. The edition will be permanently and irrevocably closed at the end of April 1983.

Cups and saucers shown smaller than life size.
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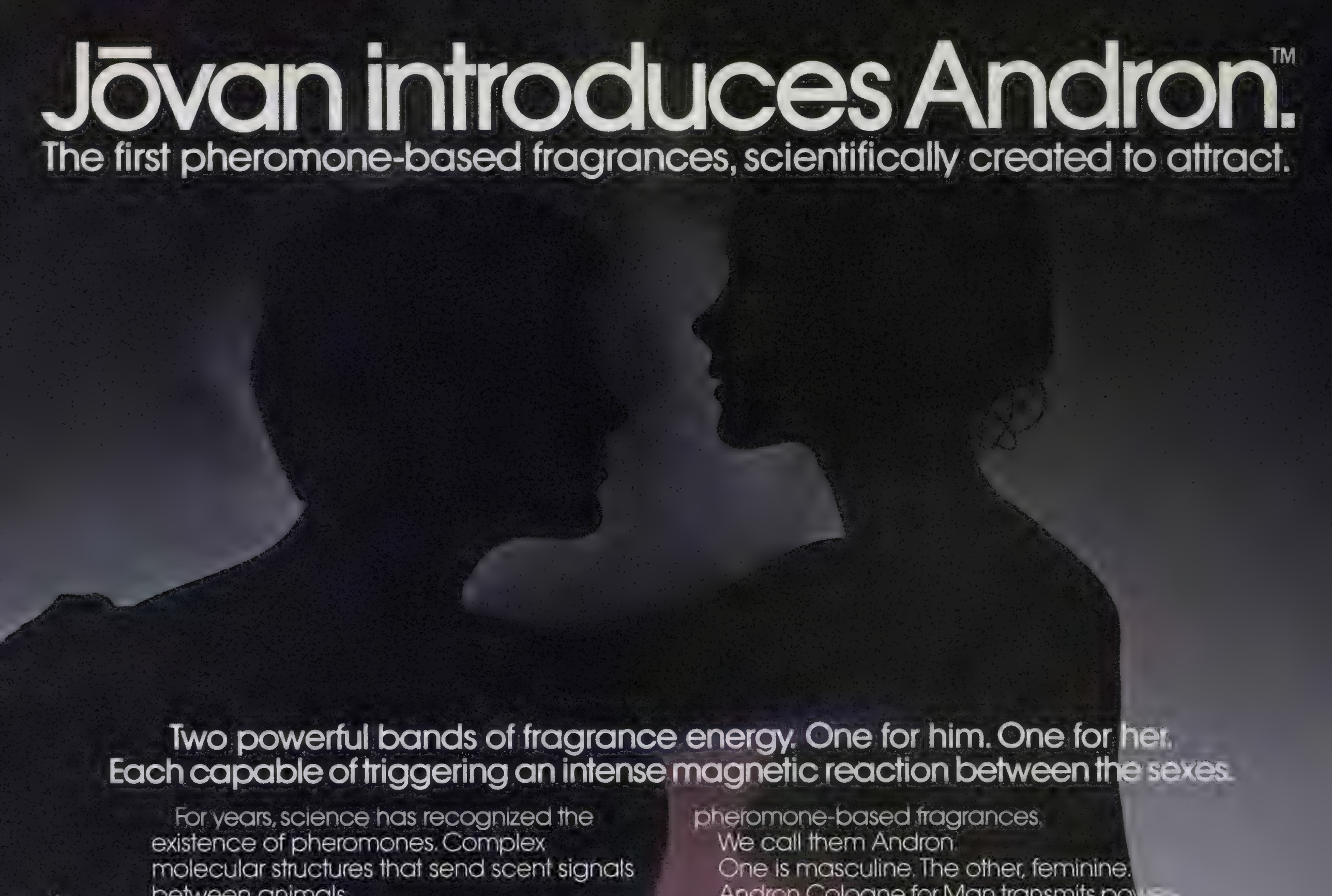

Two powerful bands of fragrance energy. One for him. One for her. Each capable of triggering an intense magnetic reaction between the sexes.

For years, science has recognized the existence of pheromones. Complex molecular structures that send scent signals between animals.

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Twin-ruffled collar blouse,
dirndl skirt.
Slate, Royale, Amethyst
sizes 4-14. Blouse about $115.
The set about $225.

Right: Silk by day.
Tailored dress in
jacquard-patterned stripes,
with stand-up collar.
Fuchsia/Burgundy/ Green
sizes 4-14. About $195.

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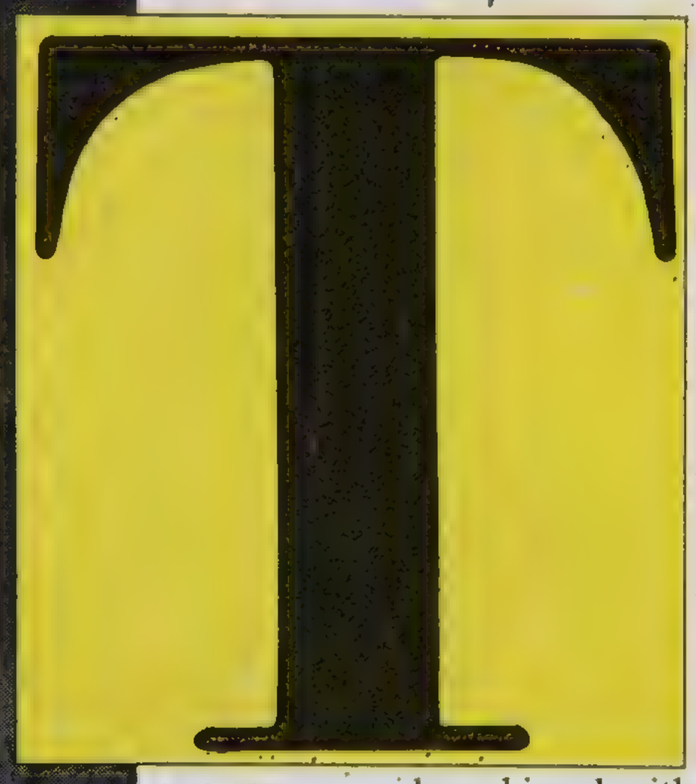
COVER LOOK

Fall forecast for eyes: a more rounded shape, achieved by sweeping shadow around and under bottom lid. New "neutral": grey/blue with pale grey on lid, brushed over brow. To simplify application, try Max Factor's Eye Designs; the compact's three color pans match eye shape to guide precise placement of highlighter, contour, color.

a new season

Fall directions in makeup color, texture...end-of-summer advice for phasing out a tan



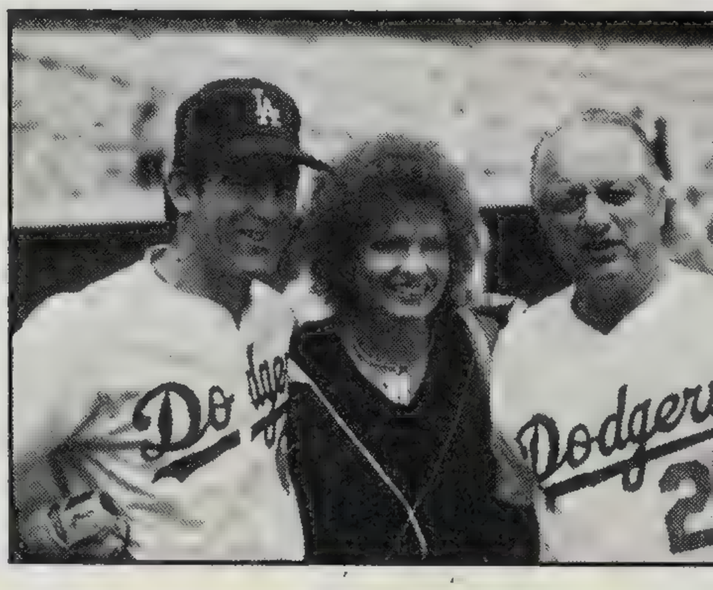
This fall, there's a fresh sense of total finish—of polish, of control. . . . In makeup, it's foundation that's barely there, a vehicle to perfect skin tone. A new way to define and illuminate cheeks—with darker foundation blended toward temple, washed with a glow of shimmer powder. Lip color, texture go in two directions. Pale: tones of pink and apricot with brown for warmth, a dash of gloss for shine. Or dark: a "berry stain" or matte red blotted to reveal lip texture.

The color/texture worn by actress Brooke Shields, *left* and on our cover, can be achieved with Sea Teal on eyes, Private Stock Burgundy on lips, After Dark Red on cheeks—all by Revlon, who this year celebrates fifty years of knowing the American woman . . . the ease and style she expects from cosmetics. More on Revlon's pioneering spirit, page 234.

The red shetland crewneck over a white silk broadcloth blouse, ascot-wrapped at the neck, by Perry Ellis. Earrings and necklaces, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Hair by Suga of Suga Salon; makeup by Joey Mills. Details, stores, last pages. Photograph by Avedon.

Q Is it true that skin around the eyes is the body's thinnest, most sensitive? If so, how does that affect its care?

A True, a fact that should promote the gentlest handling. Makeup should be applied with either the ring finger or a soft sponge or brush. To remove makeup, work carefully *outside* lash line. "Saturate cotton—less abrasive than tissue—with eye-makeup remover, sweep gently from upper lid downward," advises Aida Grey, whose soothing Fruits of the Sea with shark oil helps recondition lashes. Never remove eye makeup right after a manicure, as nail polish is highly allergenic and can cause swelling.



Exposed to wind, sun, grit, Dodgers Steve Garvey and Tommy Lasorda—with Tova Borgnine, right—make rigorous testers for her skin-care line. Tova 9 is PABA- and cactus-enriched for allover skin defense (341 Huntley Drive, L.A., 90048). . . . Meant for men: new Aramis 900 sunscreen in four degrees of protection.

Hair, like skin, needs an end-of-summer lift. Experts recommend deep conditioning and color highlights for summer-dulled hair . . .

TIPS TO WARM UP/EVEN OUT A FADING TAN

- *BLUSHER HELPS HIGHLIGHT A FADING TAN. FIRST, EVEN OUT SKIN TONE WITH BASE A LITTLE DARKER THAN SKIN TONE; ADD MOISTURIZER TO THIN IT, MAKE IT MORE TRANSPARENT. THEN APPLY BLUSHER WHERE SUN HITS SKIN: TEMPLES, CHEEKS, ON THE BRIDGE OF NOSE.*
- *OLIVE SKIN TENDS TO FADE TO YELLOW. USE CHESTNUT BLUSHER TO DEEPEN COLOR, THEN ADD A BIT OF PINK FOR WARMTH. A LITTLE CHESTNUT BLUSHER HIGHLIGHTS FAIR SKIN; FOR SUMMER-DEEPENED BLACK SKIN, USE MEDIUM-PINK.*
- *WHILE MOISTURIZING DOESN'T POSTPONE PEELING, IT DOES MAKE SKIN CELLS LIE FLAT, LOOK SMOOTH. TRY UNSCENTED ALLERCREME SKIN LOTION.*
- *MOISTURIZING NEEDS CHANGE FROM SUMMER TO FALL. IN SUMMER, YOU NEED A WATER-BASED MOISTURIZER; IN FALL, A LUBRICATING ONE.*
- *IF YOUR SKIN TENDS TO BREAK OUT, IT WILL DO SO MORE AT THE BEGINNING AND END OF SUMMER. YOU MAY NEED TO CHANGE SKIN-CARE PRODUCTS; SEE YOUR DERMATOLOGIST. (TIPS FROM MAKEUP/SKIN-CARE SPECIALIST TRISH McEVOY.)*

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There's really no such thing as a standard 34B.

The differences between one 34B and another are very real. The fact is, women with exactly the same size breasts can have very different breast shapes.

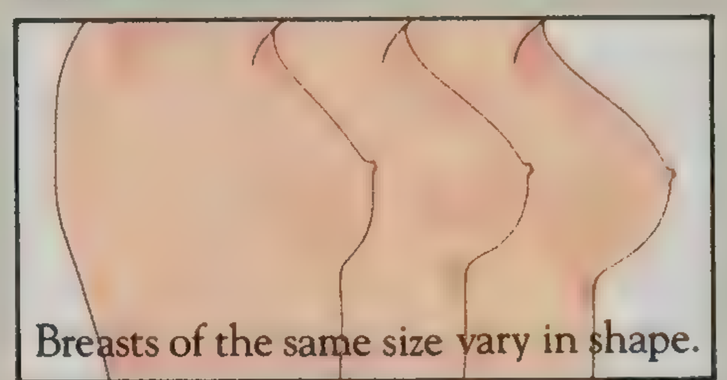
Some breasts are sloping, others, more pointed. Some sit higher on the chest, some are fuller around the sides. And when you try to put different 34B shapes into a standard 34B bra, you can't expect a great fit or great comfort.

Each of these women is a 34B, but each has a very different shape.

Bali® has a unique Custom-Fit System.

Other manufacturers offer only one 34B for every 34B. But Bali offers you a unique Custom-Fit System. Every Bali bra, from 32A to 44DD, is designed to fit both your shape and your size.

Look for your size in our color coded packages: tan to fit the slender shape; green, the average shape; blue, the full shape, and pink for extra fullness (push-ups and padding) that accent every shape. Not only will you find a wide selection of beautiful soft-cup and underwire bras, you'll also find yourself a lot more comfortable.



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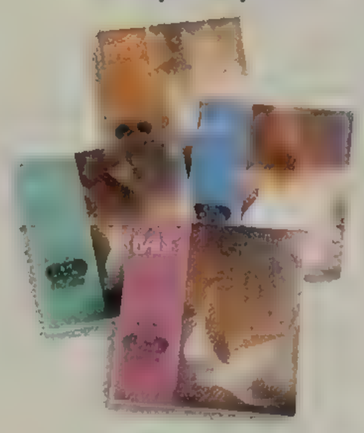

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Horoscope

By Maria Elise Crummere **August**

Your Leo profile: Proud, expressive, Leo the lion is often considered to be the most "regal" sign in the Zodiac. Those born under the sign of Leo are natural leaders—strong, authoritative, and confident. Generally goal-oriented, Leos strive for success in everything they do. They are warm, supportive friends, faithful lovers, and very protective parents

Leo JULY 23–AUGUST 22

Now that Uranus has transited your sign, the sun shines brightly on Leo all month. You should feel a strong—and welcome—burst of energy early in August. Use your finest powers of persuasion from the 1st to the 8th to charm those people who can give you the facts you need. Take a short breather on the 9th, then renew old ties on the 10th. You will have to influence some important strangers on the 18th and 19th. After that, sit back and watch your hard work pay off.

Virgo
AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22

Unless you have some very demanding personal projects in the works right now, you can enjoy a brief period of relaxation early this month, as your ruler, Mercury, transits from vibrant Leo into your more retiring sign. Begin to work on some new ideas late on the afternoon of the 18th. The 19th and 20th are hectic days, which prepare you for an important step—to be made on the 23rd. Stay alert! On the 24th, a friend may act in a very unexpected way.

Libra
SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 23

With the planet Mars—feisty and competitive—in your sign from the 1st to the 4th, even the best laid plans could go awry. Don't despair! Instead, get involved with some new projects that will demand your full attention, particularly on the 7th and 8th. Try to avoid making any investments until after the 18th, despite outside pressure. By the 19th, expect some good news. Resist any offers made to you on the 23rd and 24th—hold out until the 28th for the best results.

Scorpio
OCTOBER 24–NOVEMBER 22

When Mars teams up with beneficent Jupiter on the 4th of August, Scorpios can expect to enjoy a period of unusually good fortune! An exuberant combination of energy and luck keeps you riding high from the 4th until the 17th—although a love squabble on the 18th may well end up being your fault. By the 19th, friends and admirers are on your side. Watch what you say. An unthinking remark made on the 24th could cause trouble later on.

Sagittarius
NOVEMBER 23–DECEMBER 21

Self-control is the key to success for Sagittarians this August. As courageous, venturesome Mars teams up with benevolent Jupiter from the 4th to the 28th, you will be surrounded by stimulating opportunities and ideas. As long as you move cautiously, you can make great strides. Don't let love get out of hand on the 8th. Make promises on the 18th only if you are sure you can fulfill them. After the 19th, surprises lurk around every corner.

Capricorn
DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19

Listen for an important message on the 1st of August—it could easily set the tone for the entire month, providing that you know how to use the information you will receive. Keep to yourself on the 4th, the day of the full moon. A proposal on the 19th can, if accepted, make the second half of the month a very constructive period. Someone from your past resurfaces during the last weekend of August. You progress professionally and socially.

Aquarius
JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18

With your ruler, Uranus, in optimistic Sagittarius, all sorts of intriguing invitations will come your way. This is a great time to come out of your shell and make new friends. Tie up loose ends by the 9th and, on the 15th, set your sails for new adventures. Any offer made to you on the 18th could open up a world of opportunity. The last four days are especially grand. Love beckons on the 28th—let your intuition lead you to romance!

(Continued on page 87)

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HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 85)

Pisces
FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20

With your ruler, Neptune, teamed up with powerful Pluto all month long, you can say, or do, almost anything you set your mind to. Two excellent days are the 8th and 9th, when communication is all-important. If you speak your mind—forcefully and intelligently—you can score big points with those in authority. Discount any rumors heard on the 24th. The 28th is a day just for love.

Aries
MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Under the sun's influence this August, Arians should project their most sparkling personalities. Inquisitive Mercury will stimulate your curious nature from the 1st to the 8th—use this time to seek out information that will be useful later on. Take it easy from the 8th to the 13th, then, from the 14th to month's end, Venus will bring able partners to your side. Get busy! Act on any offer you receive now, but be sure to read whatever you sign.

Taurus
APRIL 20–MAY 20

Take each step with caution this August, and the results will be even better than you expected! Mercury, the planet of communication, is in Virgo from the 9th to the 27th which brings you a well-deserved turn of good luck. Be firm with associates, and try to get your ideas across to them as soon as possible. Some new opportunities at work will pass you by if you don't move quickly! Don't be stubborn on the 18th. Have dinner with an old friend on the 30th.

Gemini
MAY 21–JUNE 21

This is a busy month! If there is something you have been itching to buy, or to sell, this August—work fast. With Mercury, the planet of communication, influencing Geminis until the 8th, your bargaining powers are at an all-time high. Avoid making any deals on the 9th. A surprise from loved ones on the 14th will reassure you of their devotion. The new moon on the 19th secures an idea you had given up on. An illusion fades on the 23rd.

Cancer
JUNE 22–JULY 22

The full moon on the 4th starts the month off with a flurry of activity, which finally settles down after the 6th. Make a list of all your most immediate goals, and try to get most of them accomplished by the 13th. Take a vacation on the weekend of the 14th and 15th to avoid conflicts on the home front. With energetic Mars and lucky Jupiter teamed up, success is in the air this month.

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Juneau: Anns Shop
Sitka: Mac Donalds
Arkansas
Helena: S. Elardo
Little Rock: b.p.'s Place, Clothers Horse
Paragould: Hancock Fabrics
Arizona
Phoenix: Miriams, Lilly Pulitzer, Proudfoot's Pappagallo
California
Alpine Meadows: Casa Andina
Carmel: The Glass Butterfly
Fresno: Walter Smith
La Jolla: Lilli Pulitzer, Nutmeg Tree
Mammouth Lakes: The Outfitter, E.G. Rummel
Palo Alto: Dorchester
Ross: One Ross Common
San Francisco: Nuance
Stockton: Zu Zu's Ski Shop
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Aspen: Sabbitini's, Elli of Aspen,
Boulder: The Buccaneer Ltd., The Regiment
Colorado Springs: The Buccaneer, A Short Story
Denver: The Buccaneer Ltd., Clint Faubion, Hagan Sports, The Lilly Pad, Montaldo's, The Regiment
Durango: Colorado Alpine Sports
Englewood: The Regiment
Greely: The Jones Co., The Jones Girl
Snowmass Village: Stein's Little Shop
Steamboat Village: Werners Storm Hut
Vail: Gorsuch Ltd.
Connecticut
Danbury: Sylvia Barry
Farmington: Little Red Clock Shop, Tweeds & Tees
Glastonbury: Four Seasons, DeGemmis
Guilford: The Country Store of Concord
Hartford: Celtic Weavers
Lakeville: Jane Belinda
New Caanan: Bob's Sports
Simsbury: Salt Box
Stamford: J. Putnam
West Hartford: Allen Collins
Westport: Ed Mitchell
Wilton: Suburbanite of New England
District of Columbia
Carroll Reed of New England, Georgetown University Shop, Pamela Barkley
Delaware
Hockessin: Cross Country Shop
Florida
Jacksonville: Mikey, Inc.
Naples: Christen b, Shop For Pappagallo
Palm Beach: Frances Brewster, Lilly Pulitzer
Pensacola: Pappagallo
Sarasota: Edlyn, Village Store
Georgia
Athens: Heery's Clothes Closet
Atlanta: H. Stockton-Park Place/Lenox, Snappy Turtle
Gainsville: Pappagallo Shop
St. Simons Island: Evelyn Talmans
Thomasville: Snapdragon Ltd.
Idaho
Ketchum: Sturtevant
Illinois
Barrington: Ice House, Satin Filly, Inc.
Chicago: Jackie Renwick, Robert Vance, Ltd.
Clarendon Hills: Ruth's on Park Ave., Inc.
Glenview: Shop For Pappagallo
Joliet: Aversa
Lake Bluff: Osterlein's
Lake Forest: Lake Forest Sports, Robertson's
Palatine: Marie's of Palatine
Park Ridge: Parsons
Peoria: The Whale
Quincy: Beth's, Rhoderick P. Miller
Rockford: Fred Frank Ltd.
Wilmette: London Corner
Winnetka: The New England Trader
Indiana
Evansville: Hancock Fabric
Hammond: Joe Hirsch
Indianapolis: The Acorn, Depot For Ladies
Lafayette: Oxford Shop
Iowa
Clear Lake: Grethen House
Davenport: Petersons's
Des Moines: Dickinson's, Shop For Pappagallo
Mason City: Bergo's Lundbergs
Newton: Hesse Mens Wear
Urbandale: Geysa's Tailors
Kansas
Prairie Village: Goforth Shop
Topeka: Clara's, Morris Simmons
Wichita: Brick's
Kentucky
Lexington: Leonard Cox & Co., The Main Affair
Louisville: Carroll Reed of New England, Especially For You, M.C.'S, Rodes, Tweed and Tartan
Peducah: Lane & Co.
Shelbyville: The Country Lady
Louisiana
Lafayette: Sandy Austin
New Orleans: Lilly Pulitzer, Town & Country, Uptown Staircase, Roger Johns Ltd.
Maine
Bar Harbor: The Holmes Store
Biddeford: Children's Shop
Boothbay Harbor: House of Logan
Ellsworth: Beals
Falmouth: The Country Store of Concord
Portland: Captain's Collection
Waterville: Dunham's of Maine
Maryland
Annapolis: Sign-O-The Whale
Baltimore: Elizabeth Christmas, Octavia, Wilmington Country Stores
Bel Air: The Whip Stitch
Easton: Sports & Specialties
Harwood: Chifferobe
Lutherville: Nancy Bond
Timonium: O'Neys
Massachusetts
Andover: The Yankee Lady
Belmont: The Country Set
Beverly: Johnny Appleseed
Boston: Foreign Intrigue Hog Wild!
Burlington: Kap's
Cambridge: Golden Temple Emporium
Chatam: The Sail Loft
Concord: The Wool Shop
East Longmeadow: Crocketts
Edgartown: The Fligor's'
Hanover: Assinippi Trading Co.
Leominster: Ruth Lee
Nantucket: The Country Store
Osterville: The Wool Shop
Salem: Pattee-Anne Shop
Wellesley: The Wool Shop
Westwood: The Country Store of Concord
Wenham: Wenham Exchange
Weymouth: Gatepost
Michigan
Ada: The Tattersall
Ann Arbor: Hutzel's, Marty's
Beula: Depot of Harbor Springs
Birmingham: Shop For Pappagallo, The Sportsman, Marion Fashions
Bloomfield Hills: Lilly Pulitzer, Miner's, Bagley Inn
Boyne Falls: T.W. Ellis of Boyne
Charlevoix: Mettlers By The Bay
E. Lansing: Pappagallo
Fenton: Tartan and Twill
Eaton Rapids: Horner Woolens
Grand Blanc: Shop For Pappagallo
Grand Rapids: Shop For Pappagallo, Mays of Michigan Horner Woolens
Grosse Pointe: Lilly Pulitzer, Miner's of Grosse Pointe, Shop For Pappagallo
Harbor Springs: The Depot of Harbor Springs
Holland: Danbury Square
Jackson: Fields West
Kalamazoo: Redwood & Ross
Mackinac Island: Grand Motel Shops
Midland: Main Street Limited
Mt. Pleasant: Shop For Pappagallo
N. Muskegon: The Yankee Peddler
Okemos: Horner Woolens
Petoskey: Mettlers By The Bay
Plymouth: Sandy's Fashion
Richmond: Carriage Trade
Saugatuck: Surry of Saugatuck
Traverse City: Country Casual
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Edina: Christen b, Epitome Galleria, Grethen House, John W. Heller
Hopkins: Carl Nygren
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Minnetonka: Firefly, Ki Clayton
St. Paul: Theodore's
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Montana
Bozeman: Angionettes, Jones & Co.
Missoula: Kays
Nebraska
Lincoln: Nancy „Just For You"
Omaha: Poppy Shop, Topp's
New Hampshire
Concord: Solomon's
Hanover: James Campion, Inc.
Jackson: Jack Frost Shops
North Conway: Scottish Lion
Portsmouth: Country Tweed
Wolfeboro: The Elks Shops
New Jersey
Belle Mead: Longships
Cherry Hill: J. Putnam
Far Hills: The Country Store of Concord
Linwood: Cross Country Shop
Princeton: H.P. Clayton
Ridgewood: Mac Hugh
Rumson: Rumson Roulette
Short Hills: J. Putnam
Sparta: Patricia Lambert
Stone Harbor: Cross Country Shop
Upper Montclair: Patricia Parillo, Inc.
Westfield: Lady Leslie at John Frank
Westwood: Mac Hugh
Woodstown: Spinosi
New Mexico
Santa Fe: Alpine Sports, Sunflower Fashions
Taos: Taos Ski Valley
New York
Albany: Casual Set
Amsterdam: The Craft Studio
Bronxville: Carrig Isle
Buffalo: O'Connell Lucas Chelf, Par Avion
Cold Springs Harbour: The Hitching Post
Ithaca: Peggy Cornwall
Lake Placid: Ruthie's Run
New Hartford: Patty Micheals
New York: Bergdorf Goodman, Scandinavian Ski Shop
Orchard Park: Stuart Gleed
Painted Post: Willow Shop
North Carolina
Ashville: Bell's Traditionals
Burlington: Blanchard's Margaret's
Canton: Dick Schulman
Chapel Hill: Fine Feathers, Tyler House
Charlotte: Betty Sturgis, Foxcroft, L. Reid, Marion Davis Co., Montaldo's
Durham: Coryells, Tyler House, Margaret's
Eden: Mabe's
Greensboro: Montaldo's, Tyler House, The Ladies Reom, Brownhills
Greenville: College Shop, Certain Things
Henderson: The foxfield, Folderol
High Point: Reid O'Neil, Selections, Margaret's
Highlands: Nicole
Kinston: The Brittany House
Lincolntown: Alda Crowe's
Moorehead: Golden Gull
Morganton: Lazarus
Oxford: Touch of Class
Pinehurst: Razook's
Raleigh: Nowells Village Squire, Nowells North Hills, Tyler House
Rocky Mount: Campus Room
Wilmington: Gingham Peddler
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North Dakota
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Cleveland: Carol Lindemuth at Shaker Square
Columbus: Town & Country Speciality, The Village Store
Hyde Park: Carroll Reed of New England
Lancaster: Highland House
Salem: Shop For Pappagallo
Waterville: Barbara Brown's
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Oklahoma
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Erie: My Friend's Place
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King of Prussia: J. Putnam
Lahaska: Cross Country Shop
Lancaster: Showcase of Fashion
Langhorne: Langhorne's
New Castle: Putzi's Ski Chalet
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Spring House: Cross Country Shop
Strafford-Wayne: Carriage Trade
West Chester: Cross Country Shop
Willow Grove: J. Putnam
York: Fabric Shop
Rhode Island
Barrington: Crossed Sabers
Newport: Sail Loft
Wickford: Wilson's, Inc.
South Carolina
Charleston: Elza's, RTW
Columbia: The Lily Gilder
Florence: Adville's
Myrtle Beach: Country Vogue Gingham Peddler
Pawley's Island: Lilly Pulitzer
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Sioux Falls: J'Antzes
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Texas
Amarillo: Susanne's
Arlington: Howell Marsh
Brownfield: Phil's
Corpus Christi: Julian Gold
Dallas: The Carriage Shop, Inc., Jack Brennon's Pappagallo, Handel's, Mr. Umphrey's
El Paso: Shop For Pappagallo
Houston: Wolfmans
Lubbock: Malouf's
Midland: Christy's, Julian Gold
Richardson: Lily Dodson
San Angelo: Gilded Cage
San Antonio: Julian Gold, Wolfmans
Temple: The Rose Bud
Utah
Park City: Stein Erikson Sports, Jan's Mountain Outfitters
Salt Lake City: Nordstroms, Stevens-Brown Sports, William B. Woods
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Virginia
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Chester: Suzzie Q's
Culpepper: Jayne's
Fairfax: J. Putnam
Fredericksburg: Ann Vaughn

Irvington: The Dandelion
Lexington: Shop For Pappagallo
Lynchburg: As You Like It
McLean: Orchard Dress Shop
Middleburg: Scotland House
Newport News: Betti Paige Shoppe
Petersburg: Wices
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Virginia Beach: Morgan Taylor
Warrenton: Charlotte
Williamsburg: Binn's, Unicorn
Winchester: Oxford Shop
Washington
Bellevue: Casual Aire, Sarah Chapman, Travelers Choice, The Village Trader
Bremerton: Carla's
Friday Harbor: Casa San Juan
Issaquah: Calico Cat Ltd.
Seattle: Littlers, Nordstroms, Puella
Wenatchee: Clara Shrader's Fashions
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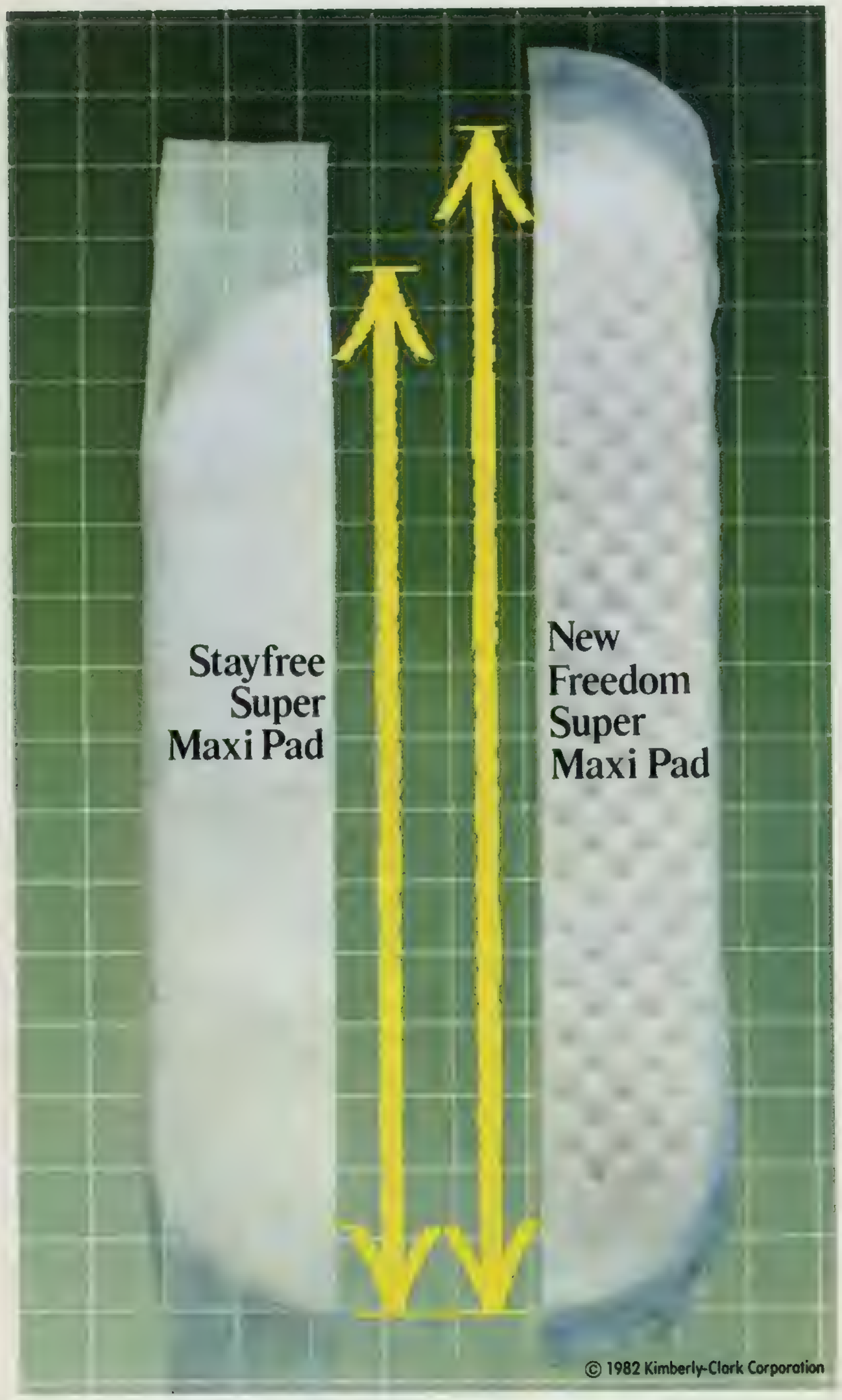

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Health

Salt talk: hypertension prevention ...how "common drugs" affect your blood...new hope for herpes sufferers

By Melva Weber

BLOOD-PRESSURE PROGRESS

Good news for the nation's health—more food manufacturers are labeling their products with sodium levels, and many are reducing salt content in their foods. About half of processed foods regulated by the Food and Drug Administration will bear labels indicating sodium content by the end of this year.

If you need to limit your use of salt, you may also want to up potassium intake to equal or exceed that of sodium, since potassium protects against high blood pressure caused by sodium. Fruits, leafy vegetables, whole-grain cereals, contain lots of potassium, little sodium. More tips to reduce hypertension:

- High blood pressure has been associated with calcium depletion, so try to consume generous supplies of calcium and to limit phosphorus intake to no more than that of calcium. Since the two elements often come together in foods, but in unequal proportions, try to eat foods with more calcium than phosphorus such as dairy products, leafy vegetables.
- Avoid excessive fat in the diet. Americans get 40 percent of total food energy (calories) from fats, and would be better off pushing this percentage down toward 30. But the main essential fatty acid, linoleic, appears to protect against high blood pressure. Best bet?—less fat overall, but more polyunsaturated fatty acids (common in liquid vegetable oils) than saturated ones (those of animal origin).
- Weight control—while there's no actual proof that obesity causes high blood pressure, hypertension and overweight frequently occur together, and reducing often helps control high blood pressure.

ASPIRIN/ALCOHOL: SAFE MIX?

It's well-established that aspirin lengthens bleeding time; even a five-grain tablet can markedly delay clotting in a wound. This is why people scheduled to undergo surgery are advised to take no aspirin for several days before the operation.

Physicians at Boston Veterans Administration Medical Center recently found that alcohol adds powerfully to aspirin's lengthened bleeding effect. Tests of normal volunteers showed that alcohol alone had no effect on bleeding time, but when taken even thirty-six hours after taking aspirin, bleeding effects were greatly enhanced.

The effects are strong enough, say Daniel Deykin, M.D., and Paul Janson, M.D., in "The New England Journal of Medicine," that taking aspirin and alcohol may provoke spontaneous bleeding in otherwise normal people. One patient bled into the forward chamber of her eye after taking aspirin and several ounces of alcohol; the combination may also explain some cases of abnormally easy bruising. On the other hand, where prevention of clotting is important, as in coronary heart disease, knowledge of the potentiating effect of the two substances may some day be put to medical use.

AUTUMN ALLERGIES

After the ragweed has blown away, why do so many people have sudden and severe attacks of asthma and hay fever? John Santilli, Jr., M.D., an allergist in Bridgeport, Connecticut, has proved with extensive skin tests that the likely culprit is spores from fungi, or mushrooms. The tiny airborne spores can filter through human airways and get into the lungs, causing asthma in sensitive persons. Since molds and mushrooms are present across the nation, both in city and countryside (even supermarket mushrooms can be suspect), Dr. Santilli and his colleagues in the study believe they have an answer to many cases of hay fever and asthma in the fall—cases that have generally been classed as "intrinsic," or asthma without a cause.

HOW TOXIC SHOCK BEGINS

Why did Rely tampons (now off the market) cause users to be much more susceptible to toxic-shock syndrome (TSS) than non-users? Two New York City microbiologists, Bruce A. Hanna, Ph.D., and Philip Tierno, Ph.D., may have an explanation: An enzyme normally present in the vagina breaks down the tampon's super-absorbent material carboxymethylcellulose (CMC), into products including glucose, or sugar, providing ideal conditions for the growth of *Staphylococcus aureus,* the organism which causes TSS. In addition, when it absorbs moisture, the CMC changes from a solid to a gel, which takes up menstrual fluids along with microorganisms. The white blood cells can't get into the gel to destroy the TSS organisms. Also, the sodium content of CMC increases the sodium concentration of the menstrual fluid by about half, and staphylococci thrive in a salty environment. Tests on other high-absorbency tampons have yet to be done.

HELP FOR HERPES

Considerable relief—though not yet a cure—is becoming available for genital herpes, a sexually transmitted virus infection that experts estimate now affects twenty million Americans and is spreading fast.

The drug, acyclovir, has been approved by the Food and Drug Administration for use in ointment form to help shorten the first attack of genital herpes. The itching, burning blisters inside the vagina and often on external genital areas will heal earlier with acyclovir treatment than if left untreated. Treatment with the drug will also shorten the period during which active virus is shed and is capable of infecting a sexual partner. The pain of the active episode isn't reduced significantly in women, but acyclovir treatment does reduce pain for men having herpes virus attacks.

In England, medical researchers used injections of acyclovir and reported that it seems a safe and effective treatment for first attacks of genital herpes; viral shedding stopped by the fifth day, whereas untreated patients continue shedding virus for as long as twenty days.

For people who suffer recurrent attacks of herpes, testing is going on at the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID), to find ways to use acyclovir to ward off repeated bouts of the disease.

For this purpose, acyclovir is still experimental, but its success in relieving first attacks is a giant step toward controlling the epidemic.

Between Us

Women, where they belong...new shrinking house...coin stylists

By Lorraine Davis

BEING FEMALE: STILL A PLUS

With women now entrenched in top men's colleges, the women's colleges still offer certain advantages; and those advantages remain available in New York City: After keeping company for ninety-three years, and discussing their engagement for ten, Columbia University and Barnard College have decided *not* to wed. Starting in the fall of 1983, Columbia will try to prop its sagging enrollment by admitting women to the College (Princeton called co-education "for us . . . a superbly timed financial bargain"); and Barnard, freed of possible merger, now launches a spirited new drive for funds and students on its own.

But wait, they're still friends: the terms of the split included long-term arrangements for faculty tenuring, cross-registration, and co-educational life on the campus(es); Barnard women enjoy a male/female life but single-sex studies. "This is a proven environment where the aspirations and abilities of young women can flourish," said Ellen Futter, Barnard's president—at thirty-two, one of the youngest U.S. college prexies and the only one to have given birth to a daughter during the last year. Pointing out that so far Barnard has produced more women Ph.D.s than any other U.S. college and boasts a sex-balanced faculty (nonexistent outside women's colleges), Ms. Futter emphasized that at co-ed schools—alas—some professors retain a pro-male prejudice and female classroom participation can be severely limited.

Also new at Barnard: a link with the Manhattan School of Music, dormitories to accommodate all freshmen, and—over the last three years—a 51 percent increase in applicants . . . plus the superb role model of quick-eyed, forthright Ms. Futter, trained at Barnard and Columbia Law School and now flourishing as a careerist-mother.

Nancy Poundstone, Barnard student president, said, "It was nice for President Futter to be pregnant because it showed everyone you can be successful and have a family" (the last Barnard president to become pregnant, Emily James Putnam in 1901, was immediately asked to resign). President Futter admitted that the job/child squeeze is eased when your employer provides spacious living quarters right across the street from your office—but maybe that's what we all should demand.

IN AUGUST, YOUR DAY!

Celebrating the anniversary of U.S. female suffrage, National Organization for Women chapters and other women's groups all over the country will stage walkathons, other events. Call your local NOW for date, place, and action.

"HOUSE" OUT OF HOUSEWIFE

"The home of the future will be smaller . . . the large, free-standing, single-dwelling suburban home has become anachronistic in an age of high energy costs, divorce, singlehood, prolonged life expectancy. . . . I believe that the diminished physical size of our new homes reveals a larger conceptual change among our women as well—as women become increasingly self-actualized, they unconsciously begin to place less psychic value on their homes," writes Nancy Rubin in *The New Suburban Woman: Beyond Myth & Motherhood* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). In talks with the "new" suburban housewife, she found the emphasis on a woman's job or community involvement, not on the size or location of her house.

Forced by an inflation economy to contribute to the family income, the new suburban mother finds it hard to keep up the old car-pooling way of life. If she is one of the many divorced mothers supporting her children—partially or fully—she may find the low salaries and male chauvinism of suburban firms hard to take.

Nor is the divorced mother the only single in suburbia today. In increasing numbers, unmarrieds are living outside the high-rent cities and bringing a supposedly freer sexual climate in the "middle landscape," as Ms. Rubin calls it, to the alarm of some traditional families. These people and childless couples form a new —non-child-centered—social stratum; in fact, Ms. Rubin calls these childless folk suburbia's "new pioneers."

Most touching in Ms. Rubin's case histories are those children of suburbia, now grown, who return to the green lawns of their childhoods only to recognize and be appalled by the artificiality of the suburban "dream." These people are making the suburbs more lifelike; and new arrivals, at least some of whom are of a minority race or retirement age, may be able to transcend '50s materialism, find a different social reality in the mid-distance.

DOWN IN NEW ORLEANS . . .

Forty-two Louisiana women's organizations, under the umbrella of the American Council for Career Women, will stage their third annual all-day conference on August 21 at the New Orleans Rivergate Convention Center, with the title "Career Success: Chance or Choice." Featured speaker: Jo Foxworth, who wrote *Boss Lady* (Warner Books) and *Wising Up* (Delacorte); workshops will include The Family as a Support System, How To Use a Lawyer, Hidden Dependency in Career Women . . . many more. For information: ACCW, P.O. Box 50825, New Orleans LA 70150; (504) 468-5665.

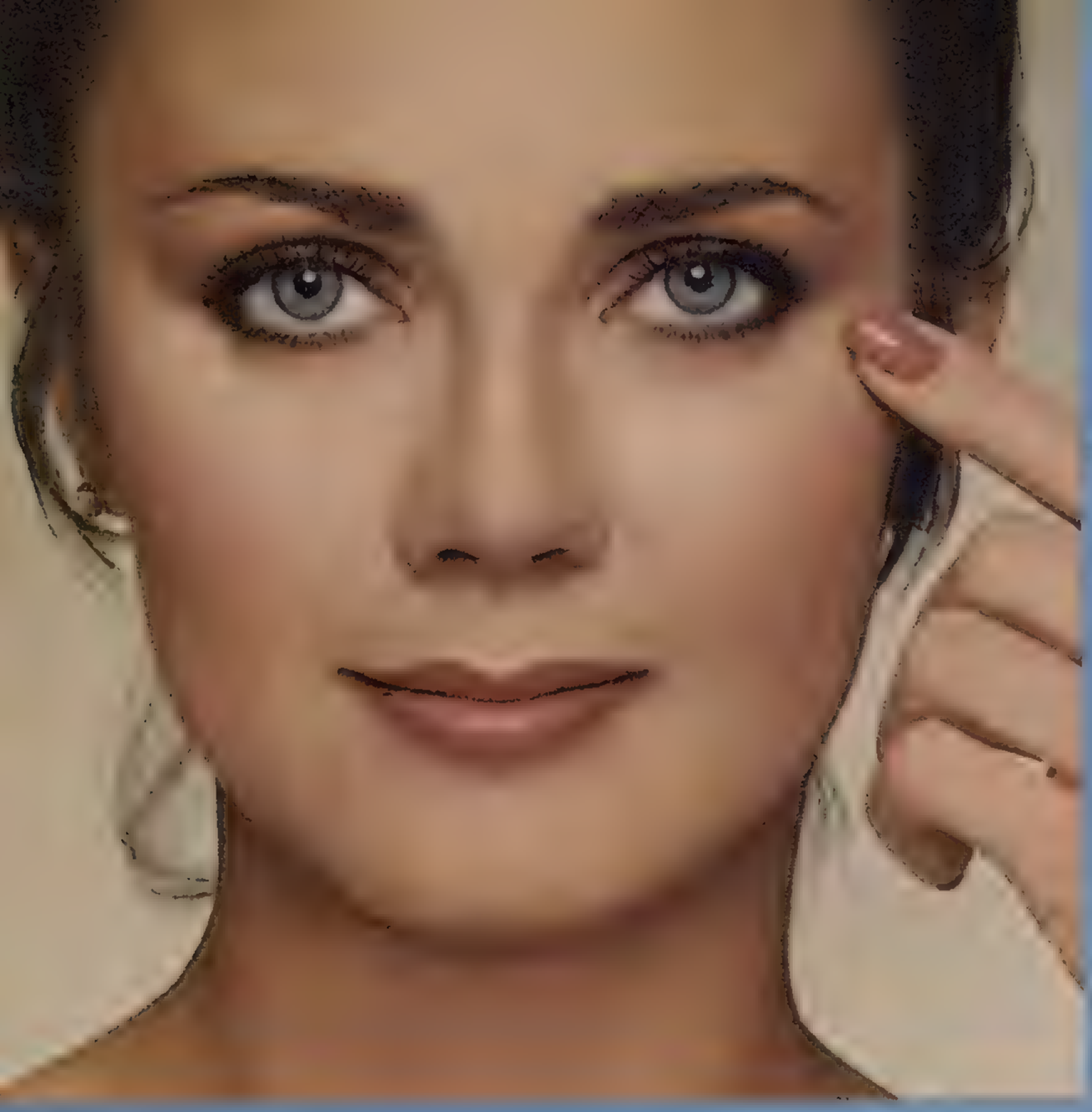
TONE OF TRUTH

Though women as announcers or newspersons are a "new" sound on radio and TV, A. George Gitter, Ph.D., and Casey Coburn, at Boston University, learned from surveyed college students that women's voices inspire greater trust than men's.

MONEY MAKERS

This month, coin collectors will see a new view of George Washington, designed by a woman.
For a commemorative half-dollar, our mint's chief sculptor-engraver, Elizabeth Jones, who says engraving is a good field for women though few have entered it, has depicted the first President on horseback, from images she'd seen in paintings by Rembrandt Peale, Thomas Sully. The first woman to serve in her post, Ms. Jones was educated at Vassar and at the Art Students League in NYC before migrating to Rome for twenty years of study and work, training in the engraving school of the Italian mint, where she was the only English-speaking student. Another woman, U.S. Mint director Donna K. Pope, asked Ms. Jones to revise the coin's reverse design, to make the eagle's head face not arrows but the olive branch of peace.

When you really get it all together.



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HAIR NOW

fall trends

Watch for shorter hair...
new cutting techniques...
"special" perms

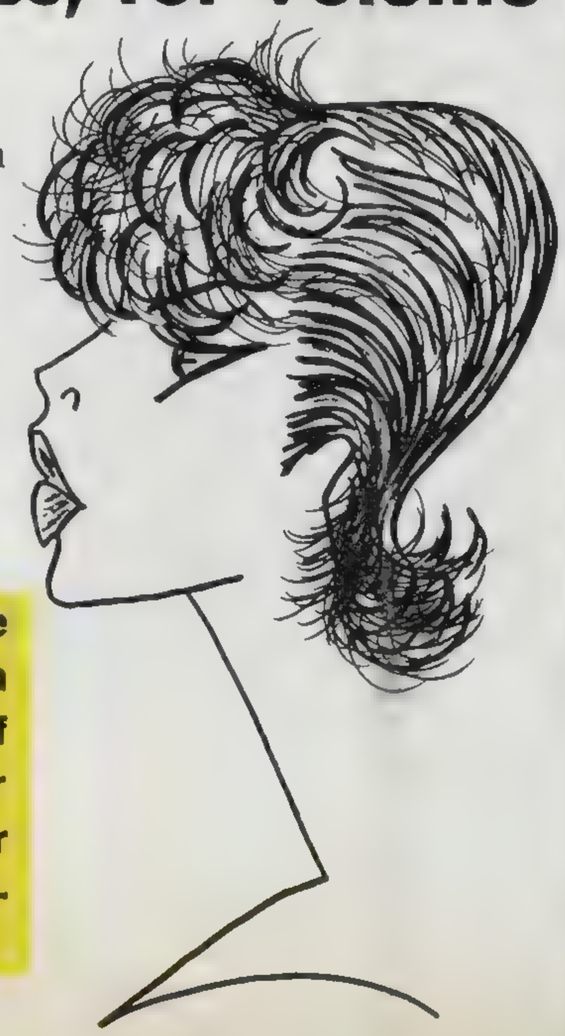
KEN PROBST

all news: cuts that are clearly shorter, says Garren, of Garren at The Plaza, NYC. Above: the model's shorter hair is wavy; the same stacked fullness can be achieved by perming straight hair. Makeup: Wesley Dunn for Garren

New cutting techniques (razors, shears, clippers) mean this: shorter hair never looked so good. Examples: neat razor-cut short hair (photo, left) from Jean Louis David at Henri Bendel in NYC . . . From Paris, Alexandre's short-hair look (sketched below) . . . At Rumors salon, Beverly Hills, CA, great new short cut, swept back, pushed forward . . . At Pierre Michel, NYC, "clipper" cuts done with electrified versions of old-fashioned barber clippers for "invisible layers of fullness" . . . Clipper cuts, too, from Garren for Glemby International; Sebastian International.

News: Shorter, blunter, more angled cuts, "stacked" for fullness, for volume

Perm news—softer, less curly, easier on hair. To check out: In Chicago, Jo Jo Kazarian's salon for their pincurl perm. Using plastic clips, hair is lifted into natural-looking waviness. . . . At Suki's, Vancouver, Canada, an organic perm—"completely natural," made with herbs, vegetables. Good for fragile and bleached hair. . . . At Henri Bendel, NYC, Jean Louis David's root perm for volume only, no curl, no frizz.



New conditioners—good especially if you're perming . . . Emlin's cream hair conditioner with mink oil. Adds body, shine. From Regis, a series of good hair conditioners: blow-dry conditioner (protects hair from dryer heat), cream conditioner (for over-processed or weather-beaten hair), Profusion Plus, vitamin conditioner for dry hair.

RW
RAYMOND WEIL
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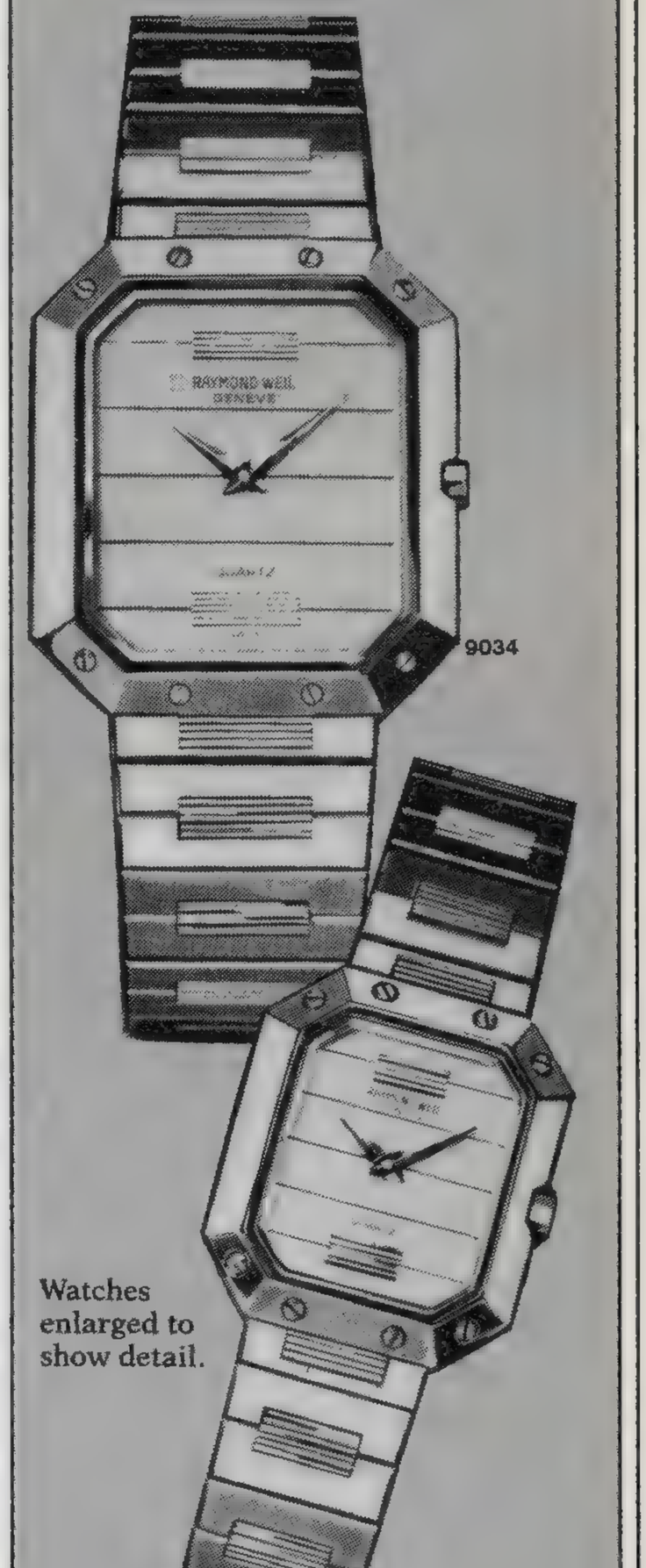

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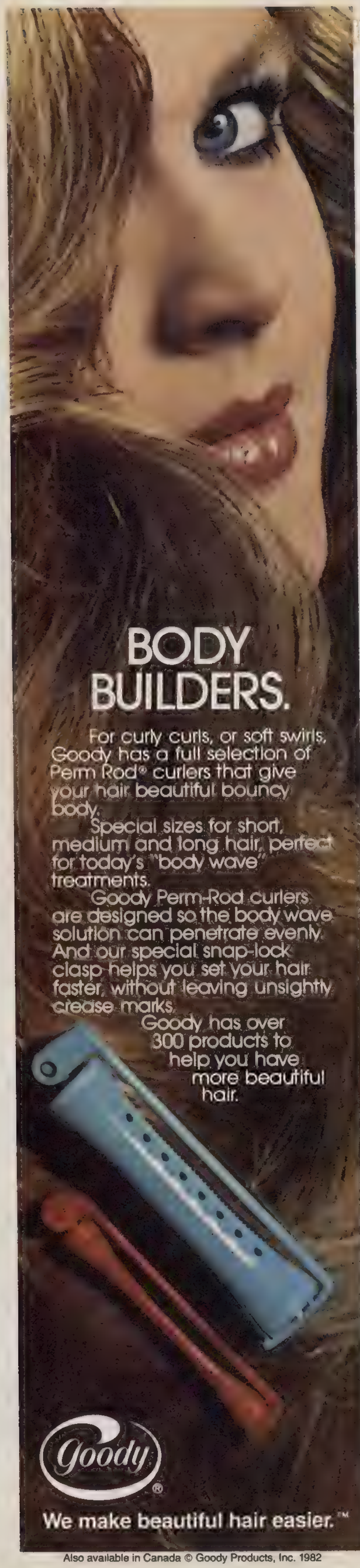

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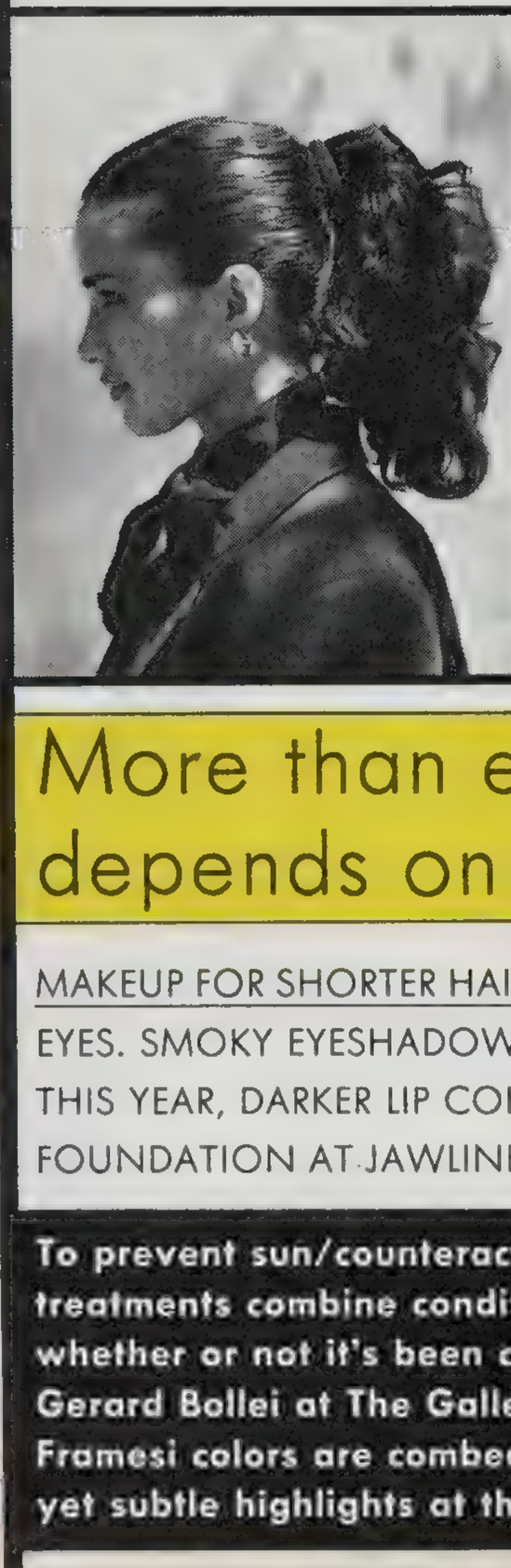
HAIR NOW

cut counts...

It's key to no-fuss hair, along with color, conditioning, style.... Here, news from the pros

KING

More important than whether hair is short or long this fall: its shape, says Marc Pipino of NYC's Pipino-Buccheri salon. At any length, "hair has a clean line, a certain finish. Longer layering gives short hair more versatility." One essential: "a styling gel that works with hair's texture, length," to give very short hair, like that above (cut, styled by Garren of Garren at The Plaza), more height.



ACTIVE women need hair styled to move off the face--e.g., in a full but close-to-the-head ponytail *(left)* or in "layers that frame the face in fullness," says Vartan of Vartali salon, NYC . . . A good spot for true wash-and-wear cuts in downtown Chicago: J. Gordon Designs, open late every weeknight.

ARTHUR ELGORT

Above: Clothes by Emanuel Ungaro, earrings by Monet; makeup Tyen. *Left:* Clothes by Calvin Klein, hat Christian, makeup George Newell.

More than ever, the look of hair depends on its shine, on its health

MAKEUP FOR SHORTER HAIR, *BELOW RIGHT,* SHOULD DRAW ATTENTION TO EYES. SMOKY EYESHADOWS, SOFT SMUDGE-Y LINERS, EXTRA MASCARA—AND THIS YEAR, DARKER LIP COLORS—ARE KEY, DAY OR NIGHT. (BE SURE TO BLEND FOUNDATION AT JAWLINE.) THE LOOK AND THE ACCESSORIES HERE, CHANEL.

To prevent sun/counteract chlorine damage: "solar energy" treatments combine conditioners and toners, protect hair whether or not it's been colored. From Calvan Walker of Gerard Bollei at The Galleria, NYC. . . . Low-maintenance Framesi colors are combed into hair horizontally for rich yet subtle highlights at the John Dellaria salon, NYC.

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pro tips...

Here, Chris Silkwood, director of The Phoenix Spa in Houston, speaks out about what it takes for active women to have fitter bodies...

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following article has been adapted from a fitness symposium Chris Silkwood held in Vogue's offices. More on Chris's fitness philosophy, her personal eating/exercise regimen—and that of two other experts—pages 216-223.*

Women are still too conscious of health on a "cosmetic" level. The cosmetic aspect is important, but the health of the body comes first. The best-looking body in the world may have internal problems—i.e., poor nutrition habits, lack of activity, etc. The important thing—if you want to live a better life—is to change your life style . . . create new awarenesses, make subtle changes. Here's how . . .

TOTAL EXERCISE includes: stretching, toning, aerobics . . . STRETCHING must precede and follow aerobics or sports. And it should never be "ballistic," a bounce-type stretch. Muscles are like rubber bands; they have just so much elasticity. And like rubber bands, if muscles are expanded and contracted too quickly, injury may result. What you want to do is sustained—or *static*—stretching.

"We get out of shape because we lose touch with our bodies. Your body is your best friend. Listen to its signals . . ."

Which simply means: *held.*

Never use pain as a criterion for measuring a successful stretch. If you take your stretch to a point where it's painful—and usually your gauge is not only pain but feeling the muscle quiver and shake—you could be tearing muscle tissue.

Stretchability—to a degree—is anatomical. You're born with a certain degree of flexibility—if lower-back and/or hamstring muscles are short, it reduces your stretchability, making it important that you work on those two muscle groups.

The correct way to stretch: take a deep breath. On the exhale, ease into your stretch. Each time you exhale, that stretch should feel more comfortable. If you want to go deeper, take another deep breath, stretch a bit further. Don't bounce. Stay within the stretch: try to hold for at least 10 to 15 seconds.

One thing women have to do is to get over the ego aspects of working out. Many of us are competitive . . . we look at what the person next to us can do and we put our bodies into positions that have them screaming! We're not listening . . .

TONING works on the *muscle layer* of your body, to redefine it, strengthen it, enhance overall flexibility. It's not a calorie-burning activity. Nor is it a "spot-reducer."

It does improve—strengthen—the upper body, which women tend to severely neglect. Keep in mind: the weight of our arms is not nearly enough to give worthwhile resistance. When you're doing upper-body exercises, use two-pound weights for starters . . . they give just the right amount of resistance to really make arm exercise worthwhile.

Nautilus [a system of weight-training machines found at health clubs, gyms] is very sound; but don't do toning more than three *alternating* days a week. And never do weight training with the same muscle groups two days in a row, as muscle protein breaks down, needs time to rebuild. You can do a good Nautilus program in about 25 to 30 minutes—very convenient for a working person.

The two areas of the body we're concerned with: the muscle layer and the layer of body fat. You must have fat: it's an insulator, it protects muscles and ligaments. The problem: most of us have more than we need. The misconception is that through exercise we can convert fat into muscle . . . but we can't—fat and muscle are entirely different tissues. The only way to minimize the fat layer is through a change in diet, an increase in aerobic exercise.

AEROBICS strengthen your heart—a muscle like any other in your body; it can be developed in the same way, through conditioning. Aerobic exercise also burns calories and reduces the layer of body fat surrounding the muscle layer.

There are six particularly effective aerobic exercises—running, walking, cross-country skiing, stationary biking, swimming, aerobic dance—but, to be effective, they *must* be done for a minimum of 30 minutes with non-stop movement. Amateur tennis, with all the starting and stopping, is not an aerobic exercise; but walking is. Rapid walking burns the same number of calories as moderate jogging over the same distance.

Exercise really can be pleasant; the whole point is to have a sense of control. Remember: the simpler an exercise, the more efficient it is going to be. The rule: never do a movement that's more in control of you than you are of it.

(When you first start walking, set a goal of 15 minutes. Then work up to a 13- or 14-minute-per-mile pace. And walk not less than 3 miles, or 45 minutes, at least 4 days a week.)

Aerobic dance is a popular term—but to be truly "aerobic," you need to be moving—nonstop to the fast beat of music—for about 30 minutes, always ending with a cool-down.

If your time is limited—and as we all know, women's jobs don't end at the end of the workday—find out which time of day best suits you for exercise . . . and dedicate that time to aerobic exercise—it's the most important.

IF YOU SIT ALL DAY, there are good things you can do at your desk to stretch and reawaken the body. First: how do you sit in your chair? Correct: Always sit fully back in your chair, or on the front edge, and sit *tall*: lift from your diaphragm, shoulders in line with buttocks.

If you sit close to the chair's edge with the upper portion of your back leaning against the chair, stomach muscles totally collapse. If you sit *way* back in your seat, with buttocks and back against the back of the chair, hips tucked under a bit, back flat, you'll hold stomach muscles more firmly.

Keep in mind: The *(Continued on page 114)*

Photo, *above:* Flexatard designed by Gilda Marx; Danskin nylon warm-up pants; details last pages

ANDREA ALBERTS

pro tips...

(Continued from page 113)

stronger you are through diaphragm and abdomen, the better your posture. Most people are under the misconception that shoulders have to be exaggeratedly back to improve posture. All that does is to create tension, and we already have so much tension through the upper portion of our body.

Sitting at a desk creates a lot of tension and tightness through the shoulders, which is simple to relieve. (See page 113.) 1. Do slow head rolls from side to side. (Never do a full head circle and roll your head *back*. You can do vertebrae damage.) Then, with arms clasped behind head, alternate bringing elbows to opposite knees for one minute.

2. Isolate your upper torso, sitting in your chair. Push through your rib cage to one side, then to the other side. Get a nice lateral stretch . . . you've got to maintain your body's range of movement in all directions. Next, take your stretch front to back. *Don't* let stomach muscles cave in. Now, circle your torso. Reverse to your non-dominant side.

3. In your chair, with knees apart, let your head drop between your knees. That's a very good stretch for your back and gets some additional blood flow to the brain.

EXERCISE: EDUCATE YOURSELF Deep knee bends, for example, are one of the worst things you can do—not going down, but coming up, when all your body weight is supported by your knees. To work quadriceps (thigh muscles): open legs, bend knees only to 90 degrees, then lift.

When doing stomach toners, your lower back should *always* be flat on the floor and abdominals pulled in. During leg lifts, lift only *one* leg. If you lift both, your back may arch to support the weight of your legs, which also "pushes" out stomach muscles. Sit-ups should be avoided.

Never come out of a toe touch—a good hamstring and back stretch—with a locked-leg position: that can damage the sciatic nerve. Always *bend* your knees, then roll up.

WHAT TO AVOID: vibrating belts. They've been known to upset internal organs and abrade skin. Besides, you can't "roll off" body fat! You have to *burn* it off. And don't believe a masseuse who says she can get rid of fat. Massage is very good for helping to *break up* body fat and move it about, but you've got to burn it off . . . Avoid body wraps, which pull out excess water, *not* body fat, temporarily. Be careful about heat treatments. Limit usage to three to four minutes at most and never immediately following vigorous exercise.

CARRYING BAGS, briefcases, kids has become a way of life for most women. To do it safely: switch sides from time to time, because we tend to carry things on our dominant side. When you carry two things, carry one in each hand.

LIFETIME EATING PLAN. There are only a few basic concepts that are important. Be sure the greatest percentage of food intake—at least 50 percent—is from *complex* carbohydrates—fruits, grains, vegetables—not from *simple* carbohydrates, refined sugars and starches that are high in calories and low in nutritional value.

Protein should be consumed on a smaller scale. Eat *lean* protein—fish, skinned chicken; very little red meat. Eat dairy products that are skim or low fat. And raw nuts.

Fats should make up a very small percentage of your diet and should be *unsaturated* from vegetable sources. Control portions: don't "stuff," eat to a point of satisfaction.

And drink water. Fill a pitcher of water and keep it on your desk; be sure you've consumed its contents by the end of the day.

FITNESS AND AGE. . . . For the most part, age has become an irrelevant factor in terms of one's fitness level. I see women in their seventies outperform those in their thirties. It's a matter of your personal level of conditioning. But, the older we get, the easier we are on ourselves—e.g., taking the elevator instead of the steps. Awareness of these habits will help to cure you of taking the easy way out. . .

As you get older, there are some precautions you should follow during aerobics—especially if you haven't exercised regularly. Which is why I am so in favor of walking: everyone can do it. During any kind of aerobic workout, for example, we encourage people to do the "Talk Test": You *should* be huffing and puffing, perspiring, pulse considerably elevated . . . but, if you cannot *speak*, you are *over*exerting. That's one way of listening to your body and knowing its limitations.

THE TOTAL PICTURE. I encourage people to look at their entire lives—from the intellectual, emotional, spiritual, and physical aspects . . . and try every six months to reassess and get a fresh perspective. The point: to stay in touch with yourself, know what you are most involved with, and then be able to recognize if that area has become too great a priority.

SUCCESS SECRET. Select a buddy . . . we tend to work much better when we have a sense of responsibility. It doesn't have to be someone you work with closely; in fact, it's best when you aren't too close. Check in with one another; it gives you incentive. If your buddy is able to squeeze in her workout, you've got to be sure to get yours done, too.

COMMUNICATION IS KEY. You have to educate yourself, your family. And be consistent. Your body needs consistency. Talk to your family, talk to the people closest to you. When you decide you want health and fitness to be a bigger part of your life, let your family know. You need that support.

IN THE END, though, you have to know what you are doing . . . and that's not running to health-food stores and buying everything because it's a Health Food Store . . . or doing every exercise you see, just because it is "exercise"—when, in fact, it may not suit your body. The point: be selective. But, more important, listen to your body . . . listen to the signals it sends. ▽

Practice a little discipline, restraint . . . and enjoy a better quality of life

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Talking about... Art

Top U.S. showplace for today's artists? Go Midwest... sculpture al fresco in Bronx, NY

By Barbara Rose

Two Deborah Butterfield horse sculptures: *above,* "Chestnut," 1981, 94", metal/wood

Montana woman: existential content added to the animal imagery

Left: "Rosary," 1981, 100", metal and wood; Hansen Fuller Goldeen Gallery, San Francisco

The best-run, most exciting contemporary art center in America? Most informed people would say it's the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis. The scope and balance of the Walker's programs in collecting, exhibiting, and education are the creations of its long-time director, the ebullient and indefatigable Martin Friedman. As editor of the lively and prestigious *Design Quarterly,* his wife, Mildred Friedman, has made the Walker an important center of research and exhibition in modern architecture design. (The recent blockbuster exhibition of the Dutch de Stijl movement, now on view at the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam after touring the U.S., was her creation.)

This August, besides the usual exciting performance, lecture, and film programming, the Walker has three provocative exhibitions: *Lucas Samaras: Pastels* is a selection of one hundred of the psychologically charged images produced by this protean artist, the only influential contemporary to choose pastels—the colored chalks the Impressionists were so adept at using—as a favorite medium. The show focuses on Samaras' early works on paper, done in the late '50s and early '60s, when his personal fantasy imagery evolved. The choice of medium as well as "decadent" themes reveals Samaras as closer in sensibility to the intimate imagery of Redon, the greatest modern master of pastel, than to the grandiose public myths of the Surrealists.

Deborah Butterfield: Sculptures features works by a young artist from Montana based on animals. Like painter Susan Rothenberg, Butterfield first focused on the horse as image; newer works, made of sticks, mud, wire, and steel are more abstract, less literal projections of existential content onto animal imagery.

And, August 15, the Walker presents the opening salvo in honor of composer John Cage's seventieth year, *Happy Birthday John Cage: Selections from the Permanent Collection,* including works by artists influenced by Cage. Big month in Minneapolis!

Summer is always a pleasant time to drive to an outdoor sculpture garden and enjoy art in the setting of nature. Until October 1, Wave Hill, a public garden located at 675 West 252nd Street in the Bronx, has an exhibition, titled "New Perspectives," of large-scale sculpture by such artists as minimalists Carl Andre and Sol LeWitt.

The show, curated by Linda Macklowe and Suzanne Randolph, also includes daring pieces by young figurative artists, some better-known painters like Jedd Garet and Daisy Youngblood, that make an exciting contrast between the cool geometry of minimalism and the current expressionist and surrealist modes. (Phone 212/549-2055 for further information about Wave Hill.)

Left: **Sculpture by Keith Haring with a graffiti artist called L.A. 2; marker, enamel on fiberglass.** ***Right:*** **Work in gravel by Sol LeWitt, "Lines in Four Directions." Both at Wave Hill, Bronx, New York.**

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A certain art of seduction

ITALY

BY MARY RUSSELL

For fall 1982, Milan's top designers will be offering clothes in a true Italian manner: Clothes that are full of excitement and bravura. Fascinating color and fabric mixes that in themselves dictate new proportions . . .

In Milan in March, when the fall ready-to-wear collections are shown, the city is usually shrouded in fog. Hotel strikes are not uncommon. It is almost impossible to get in or out of the city by air, and the not-so-simple task of arriving and finding a clean hotel room is an adventure in itself. Milan is a secret city. Much goes on behind big carved wooden doors, in high stone buildings with ravishing courtyards.

The designers work in and around the Via Della Spiga in Milan's center. Their showrooms and offices can be anything from high-ceilinged, frescoed rooms in an ornate palazzo, to stark, modern, sunlit spaces with steel and leather couches and a staff that serves three-course lunches every day to the designers, helpers, and their guests.

Most of the showings are held in a concrete hangar-like building on the outskirts of Milan called the Fiera Compagniera. Fashion professionals from all over the world spend long days here viewing collections and each other. Lunch is a surprisingly elaborate affair catered by "St. Andrew's," one of Milan's best restaurants. Italians always find time to stop for a meal or a capuccino. A love of beauty and pleasure seems to permeate every facet of life.

The fall 1982 collections are full of Italian "bravura," clothes that are an unending showcase for Italy's mastery of fabric, color, and tailoring. The word that best describes these collections is: FINISH. Clothes that are pulled together and refined, with intricate workings of fabric, color, cut, and accessories. There is a sense of theater to these collections. Designers "interpret" and "create" the look of the runway models to convey a special mood. As many of the same girls also show in Paris and New York, it is fascinating to see their transformation. Clothes are grouped according to color, shape, or dramatic effect. Many of the clothes that are shown ultimately are not made.

A show, as in the case of Gianfranco Ferre, illustrates his total concept—strong and dramatic, with exaggerated lighting, music, and makeup. By the time buyers, journalists, and private customers see the actual rendering of his collection, the pieces retain his mood, but are edited, wearable, and hopefully salable.

Ferre works a simple palette. Black, white, and clean colors: red, yellow, blue, and green. These are precisely cut and worked to create clothes that seem to have three dimensions. This season, he based his shapes loosely on a fencer's panoply: short, body-fitting jackets, wide-stitched belts, padded leather, and line, line, line. His group of off-white pants with a black side stripe worn with pleated or two-toned white blouses were the most seductive "smoking" looks in Italy. His jewelry is an avant-garde piece of metal sticking out of an asymmetric colored necklace or cummerbund.

Everything changed with movement. Backs of collars opened up. Jackets wrapped, capes and raincoats opened over shapes composed of many fabrics at once; bright, satin skirts had abrupt side petals. One longed for his leather jackets and cashmere-and-leather blocked oversized sweaters.

Ferre also showed a young sportswear collection: Oaks. A group of bright, outdoorsy separates for sophisticated city sports. Boys and girls wore ski parkas in leather, canvas, and fur. White leather blouson jackets and minis were shown with bright multicolored "Nordic" knit sweaters.

Often, Italian designers play many roles. Giorgio Armani, for example, continues as one of the world's most important fashion influences via several collections. They all seem to feed upon each other while retaining one strong message: that of unconstructed, sporty, yet sophisticated ease. His "suit" has come a long way from its classic blazer-and-pants original. It is now softened. He does it in varied colors and fabrics. He does short blousons with gathered shoulders in bright poplins that he teams with separate low-slung pants and skirts that can be in any number of fabrics of different weights and colors. He throws bright knitted serapes over the shoulders of coats and jackets.

His new "man's" jacket has one button and is long—below the hip or longer as a coat. He does it in gabardine or lamé to go over a mid-calf skirt or a pair of soft flat black suede boots. He showed a black felt eye-grazing hat with everything as his only accessory.

Armani "rips himself off" in other collections, giving each one his "stamp" but also providing for other customers. At Errenuo, his "gaucho" looks were younger and brighter owing to fabric nuances and the way he dressed the models. Again it was simply a series of luxury "mix-and-match" separates, but it is the Armani touch and taste that make these clothes work. Ditto for his collection for Mario Valentino made entirely of leather. From softly woven blouses of suede to oversized steamer coats in chocolate calf, he again showed his virtuosity in dealing with leather-as-fabric.

Armani's empire extends further in Italy. His Mani line is a young version of his other collections, and his Armani Emporio boutiques stock men's and women's sport clothes in fabrics and shapes that change all the time.

Gianni Versace is another designer who designed for several houses before settling down to his own Versace label. This year, his collection had a romantic, almost medieval feeling. Velvets, taffetas, and leathers all vied for prominence in dark jewel tones. His black and red leather blousons with chain-mail insets and his chain-mail evening dresses were the sexiest in Italy.

The general shape is wide and rounded on top, narrow at the bottom. Colors are subdued, with bright flashes. Strong blacks and whites

Luciano Soprani designs for the Basile label,

(Continued on page 125)

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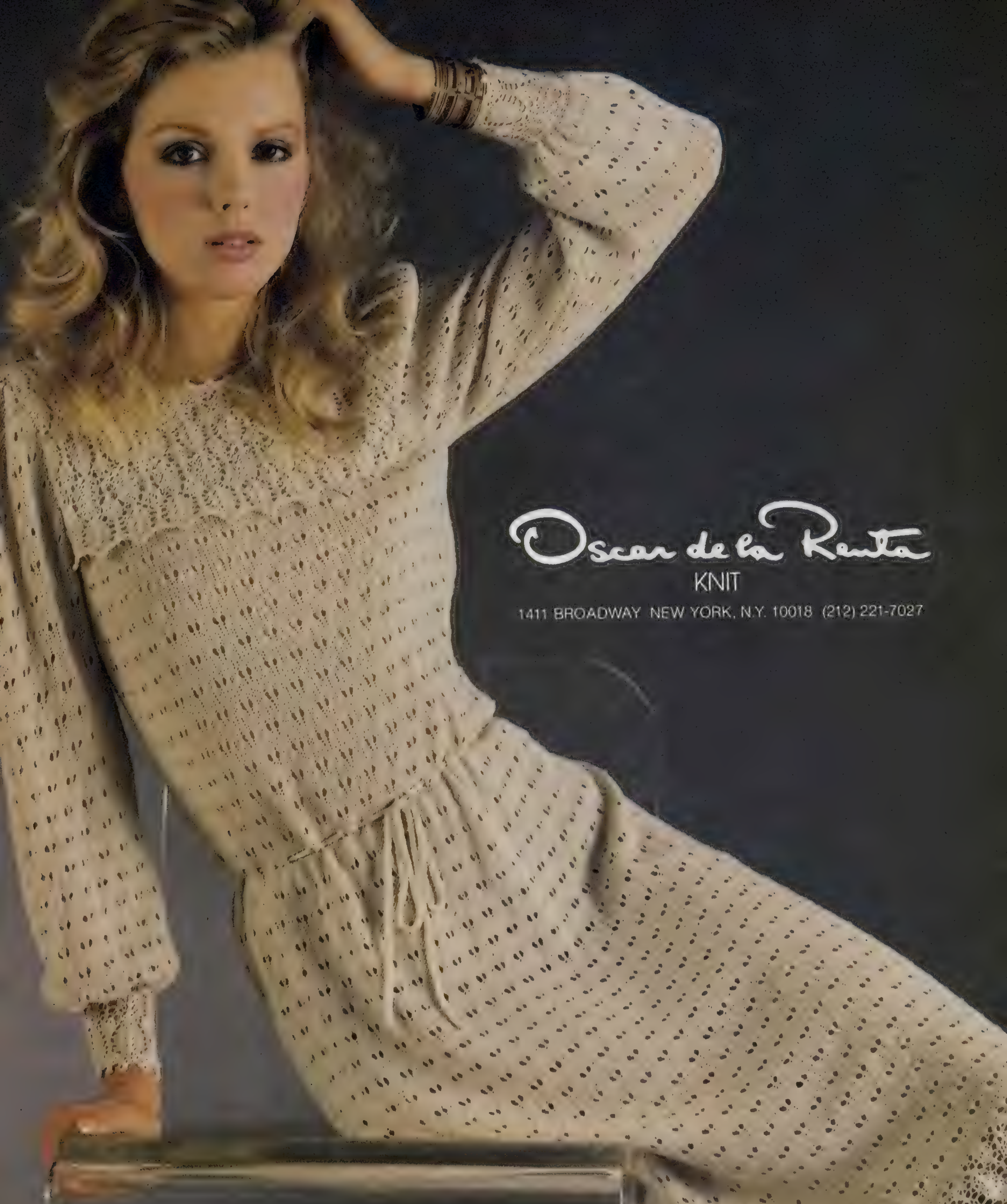

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ITALY

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(Continued from page 122)

as well as under his own name. The two collections were similar, though he goes "further" for his Soprani collection; for Basile, he stays "classic." His Velasquez mixings of velvet and taffeta and sporty, wide-shouldered leather blousons over mid-calf, split gabardine skirts were some of the best looks in town.

Mariuccia Mandelli for Krizia has done her strongest collection yet. A complete wardrobe for, in her words, "the many moods of a woman." Her collections are full of the clothes that keep her boutique on the Via Della Spiga full of Milan's best-dressed women. Dozens of sexy sweaters, some with her amusing animal motifs.

She loves knits and does them for day and evening in dozens of different stitches, colors, and textures. From short tweedy mini dresses to wear under bright-colored long sheepskin coats to black and white fake "ermine" mohair sweaters.

She does sexy evening looks. Slinky satin dresses and finely pleated lamé dresses and pants made to look like the fins of fish.

Missoni fans will have a lot of collectibles to add to their closets this fall. There will be oversized men's and women's tweedy cardigans, twin sets in bright contrasting colors, bubbly raincoats to wear over cocoon-stitch mini dresses, slinky ruched-neck evening knits in pastel stripings, and dozens of bright leg warmers and tights to carry the Missoni message right down to their feet!

André Laug's simple, no-nonsense clothes work for the well-dressed international woman who admires his sure-sharp tailoring. His "smokings" in lamé or black sequins were among Milan's best.

Mila Schoen's ready-to-wear collection is filled with her trademark double-faced coats and suits; a pleasure for the loyal clients who follow her couture collection in Rome.

Laura Biagiotti is the cashmere queen of Italy. Her bubbly at-home knits, her dolman-sleeved sweaters and "little black dresses" are things every woman will want.

Complice, designed by Claude Montana, shows how the use of Italian fabric and hand work adds a whole new dimension to his work in a collection that is both original and commercial. Among his best looks: a group of black leathers and flannels, plus some excellent raincoats and a group of plaid separates.

Heads are neat and small, no more frizzy wild manes of hair. Lips and eyes are brightly colored jewels . . .

The Fendi sisters of Rome, with collaborator Karl Lagerfeld, every season think of new ways to turn fur into some of the most exciting clothes in Italy. This time they did short-haired fur combined with pieces of clothing to do what Lagerfeld called a "body" line. Shirred mauvy and grey furs, the colors of winter-in-Milan, were cut close to the body, like dresses with wide, curved shoulders.

There were the usual "drop dead" Fendi furs that only BIG money can buy: The most lavish of sables, minks, fisher, and fox in long, short, or poncho shapes. And wonderful sweaters to wear with furs—a thick knit with giant detachable "turtleneck."

Byblos is a young collection done by an Englishman, Keith Varty. He did Tyrolean-inspired short, sporty, flannel separates and excellent young bright wool and tartan dresses.

Other names to note: Franco Moschini for Cadette, a young designer who does original sexy separates; Gianmarco Venturi, whose men's and women's sporty look is typical of the way some of the young Milanese dress; and Enrico Coveri, who shows his Touch line of excellent rugged sportswear. ▽

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A "There are many misconceptions about the role of fragrance, or any other substance, in cosmetic allergies. The important point is that an allergy is, by definition, a highly personal reaction to a substance that is usually well tolerated by everyone else. In other words, most women do not react to most cosmetics," says Jack Mausner, Ph.D., vice president, research and development, Chanel.

While *hypoallergenic* products claim to be formulated to be less likely to cause allergies, so are the majority of cosmetics today—and this still does not mean that *no* woman will have an allergic reaction to any one of these products.

Fragrance, like any other group of ingredients, may cause allergies. Many hypoallergenic products are fragrance-free.

"Unscented" products, however, may contain fragrance to "neutralize" the odor of other ingredients.

Even though a woman who regularly wears fragrance has no reason to believe that she will be allergic to other products containing that same fragrance, dermatologists note that facial skin can be more sensitive than body skin and react to ingredients that cause no irritation elsewhere. (An allergy can also result from the combination of two or more ingredients, even when each ingredient on its own caused no reaction.)

If you react to a particular cosmetic, discontinue its use. If you have frequent reactions to many different cosmetics, you may want to consult a dermatologist or allergist who can perform tests to identify the specific ingredients causing the reaction.

Q Does a woman really need to use a razor different from a man's for shaving her legs? Why?

A While a man's beard skin is a fairly flat surface, the knees, ankle areas and calves have many curves and recesses. For this reason, Peter Williams, director, research and development, Personal Touch Razor, Warner Lambert, recommends that a woman use a razor with recessed blades and a curved neck and handle that allow for a clear view of the area being shaved—something that men, who shave in front of a mirror, find easier to achieve.

He also suggests that a woman not shave her legs first thing in the morning, as the body fluids that accumulate during sleep can swell skin, preventing the razor from removing the base of leg hairs. Waiting until you've been up and about insures that fluids have been redistributed.

Q My husband and I both walk for exercise. Lately, we've suffered from occasional swelling and achiness in our feet. What can we do to prevent or relieve it?

A The three most important factors in foot comfort: proper daily cleansing, properly fitted shoes, and attention to the relaxation that feet need after a long day. Proper daily care of your feet should include cleaning and drying all skin surfaces, especially between the toes. Toenails should be clipped straight across to avoid ingrowing.

Achiness, when not caused by a systemic disease such as diabetes, is often the result of wearing shoes that are too tight or that are not well suited to walking. Swelling is often the result of frequently crossed legs, continuous standing or walking, or water retention from a high-salt diet. Increases in both temperature and humidity also encourage swelling.

There are ways to help offset these factors. Raising your feet—on a pile of pillows while lying down, for example—can help to decrease swelling, as can simple exercises, like taking off your shoes and rotating your feet or rolling a golf ball under each foot. A cold-water soak, followed by the application of moisturizer in a gentle massaging motion, is a good end-of-the-day foot soother.

Note: A men's foot moisturizer that contains anti-fungal, anti-odor ingredients: Aramis' Foot Massage cream. ▽

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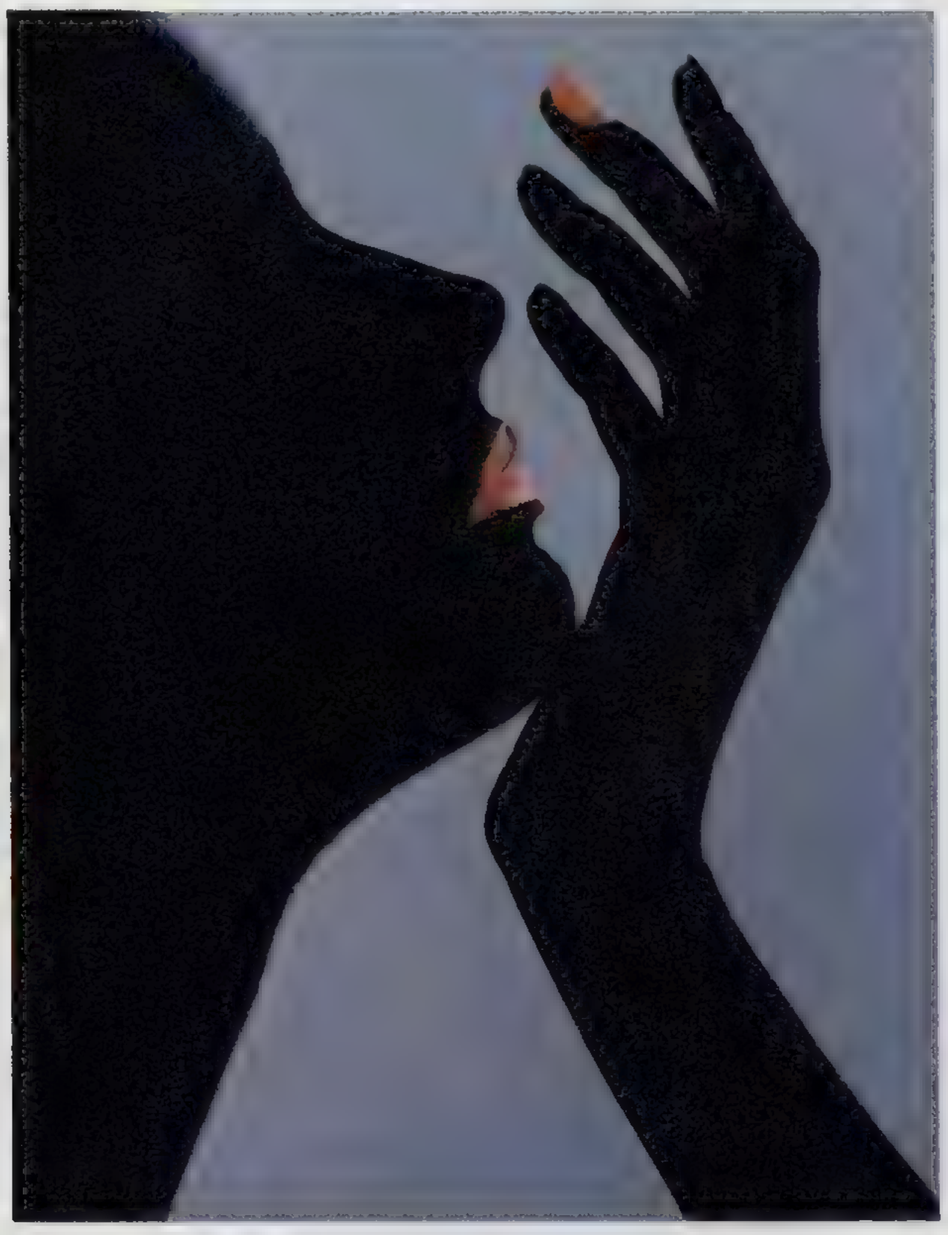

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THERE'S GREAT NEWS IN FUR

What sets this season apart: the difference in shape, color, scale; the designers' impact on style. Here, a report on all the news . . . what makes furs pure pleasure to look at, to wear

This season has everything going for it. For starters, and it makes a key difference: these furs have a point of view—a designer's point of view—which means furs that are original, exciting, beautiful to look at . . . and easy to wear. These furs really work with your day in/night out dressing because that's what the designers had in mind. "This year's furs were planned as an extension of the ready-to-wear shapes and designs," says Perry Ellis who designs furs for Alixandre.

Another reason these furs fit so readily into the American woman's life style: a total lack of gimmicks, tricky techniques, way-out color. Way-out is out. What looks best now: simple, straightforward, classic. That's what came across in every collection. That, and the sense of real luxury—in the styling, the scale, the fur itself. The focus: largely on long-hair furs—sable (newest, Alaskan golden sable), fisher, lynx, tanuki, raccoon, and foxes of all kinds. Looking fresh and very attractive again: fitch, stone and baum marten. And, everywhere, beautiful minks and beaver, often sheared so they were lightweight and supple as silk. But, even in the most luxurious furs, the effect is always off-hand, casual. Ralph Lauren sums up this attitude by saying "Luxe can be low-key."

The strength of the season: coats. Always loose, easy, generously scaled. The prevailing lengths: Either very long, from mid-calf to above the ankle. Or: the new 9/10 length, grazing the top of the knee. Unbeatable—for its dash, its racy look, and, most important—for its versatility over every proportion from the above-knee skirt, to pants, to a down-to-the-ankle dress.

An important characteristic of the season—in every fur, every collection—the emphasis on shoulders. According to Yves Saint Laurent, whose furs are presented here by Alixandre, this isn't just a matter of the look. He says, "The shoulder is the most important part of the silhouette. The whole garment must fall from there." What was so appealing about the shoulders—the rounder, softer looks. Shoulders were dropped, puffed, accented with pleating or flanges. Sleeves were fuller and easier, often held at the wrist by tapering or cuffs. Again and again, raglan and dolman sleeves. No question these will slide easily over a jacket, over layered sweaters.

These sleeves were part and parcel of the classic menswear shapes that dominated the season. Across-the-board—from Perry Ellis, Ralph Lauren, Anne Klein, Bill Blass, Jeffrey Banks, Jerry Sorbara, Avizou and Valentino at Revillon, Chloé for Goldin-Feldman, Dior—steamer coats, trench coats, polo coats, pea coats, stadium coats, "bathrobes." Always, slightly outsize—as sexy to snuggle into as a man's pyjama top. For smaller women, there are scaled-down versions of these big coats.

Sometimes these borrowed-from-men classics have the pure, classic details—notched collars, patch pockets, vented backs, belted backs. But there's always something new—in the shape of a sleeve, the details at the wrist or collar, a special yoke treatment, fur in a spiral. Clearly, "classic" has been reinvented, rethought this year. "These coats are classic in concept, but modern, ahead of their time," says Donna Karan, who with Louis Dell'Olio designs Anne Klein & Co. furs for Michael Forrest. "A safe fur isn't the answer. It has to have style."

What you see in addition to women wearing men's-style furs: men wearing furs. Traditional coats, sportswear jackets, sweater-shapes—in mink, raccoon, sheared beaver, and unplucked beaver, long-haired, rugged looking.

And for both men and women: fur-trimmed, fur-

(Continued on page 132)

PIERRE SHERMAN

1. Seychelles fox, Carlo Tivioli Furs. . . . **2.** Crystal-dyed silver fox, Yves Saint Laurent for Alixandre

3. Finnish raccoon, Perry Ellis for Alixandre . . . . **4.** Tanuki by Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio, Anne Klein & Co. for Michael Forrest

5. Hip-belted natural Russian sable, Krizia by Alfonso Telese. . . . **6.** Black-dyed fox and leather, Claude Montana for Birger Christensen . . . . **7.** White sheared beaver pea coat, YSL for Alixandre

Coats are news. A bigger scale is news. Classic is news. And the best news of all is: Now a coat can be all-purpose *and* all-out luxurious. Now what's "classic" can be ahead of its time

Paul Schorr Furs

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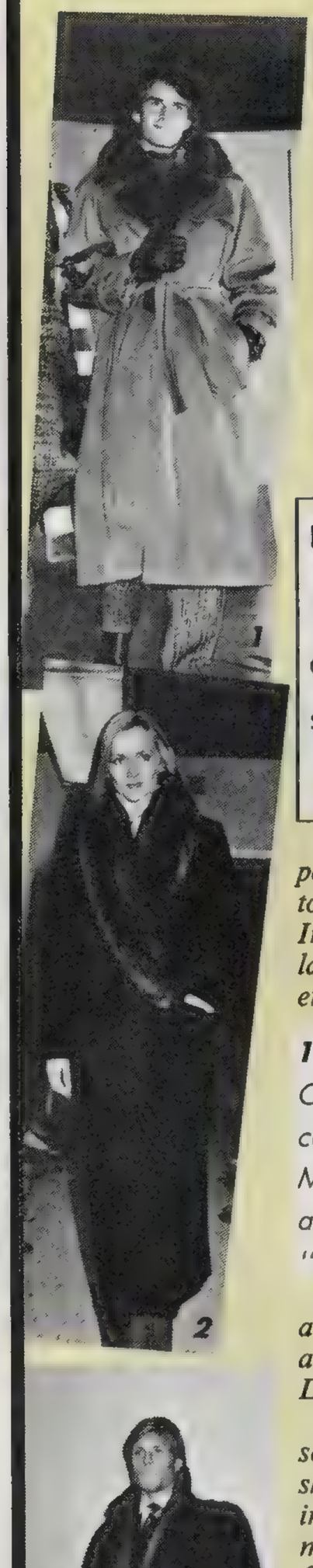

(Continued from page 131)
lined and reversible jackets and coats. They kept coming out—at Halston, Bill Blass, Ralph Lauren, Dior, Maximilian—on every runway. One of the winners: an army-cloth coat lined with sheared beaver by Andre and Lisa Bisang for the Tepper Collection.

And in a year when coats got bigger, the best jackets got smaller. Sometimes so small, you could think of them as the perfect accessory. The standouts: sleek and fitted close to the body—at Halston, Chloé, Koos van den Akker. In sheared mink and beaver, in broadtail and karakul lamb—often exactly echoing the shapes of fabric jackets. Another attractive look, jackets as small and casual as pullover sweaters, terrific at Ralph Lauren, at Paula Lishman.

There's nothing obvious. Nothing contrived. The appeal is in a look that's soft, natural, and very very luxurious

The most exciting fur accessories: small scarves; huge shawls; long luxurious boas—in fox, sheared beaver, sheared mink, fisher. Also marvelous fabric shawls trimmed with fur tails. Wonderful to wrap over a dress, a suit, a coat. "Clearly a case," says Bill Blass who does furs for Mohl Fur, "of style following need and demand. People move from climate to climate more, and shawls are perfect where it's warm but you need something at night."

The news in color this year: how little color there is. When you saw dyed fur, it had a very subtle, natural look—warm "fur" colors, from pales to chestnuts and deep browns. One of the most appealing shades this season: Creole mink—a natural, undyed *(Continued on page 136)*

1. *Man's gabardine coat, lined in sheared nutria. Christian Dior Furs NY. . . .* ***2.*** *Russian sable shawl collar on navy cashmere, Ralph Lauren Furs. . . .* ***3.*** *Man's natural Creole mink, Jeffrey Banks for Alixandre. . . .* ***4.*** *The dash of a long natural silver fox "boa." Perry Ellis for Alixandre.*

5. *Black Russian broadtail jacket, Halston for Ben Kahn. . . .* ***6.*** *Ralph Lauren Furs: natural mahogany mink fitted jacket*

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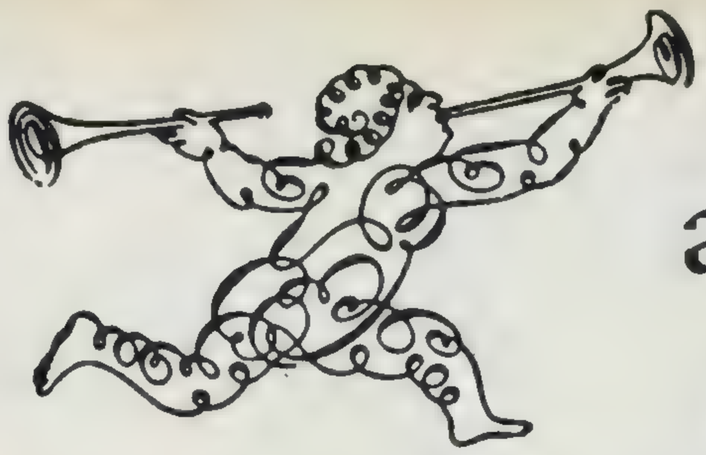

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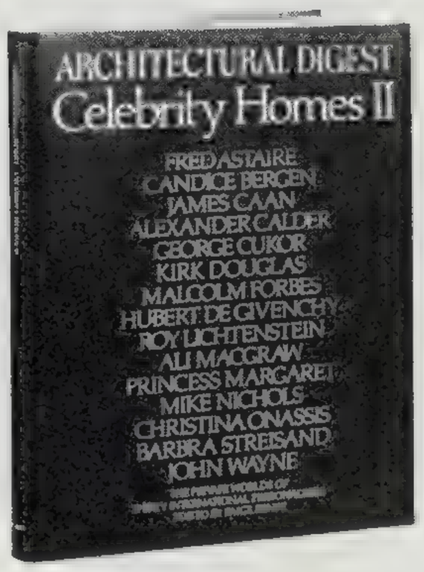

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FUR

(Continued from page 132) *chocolate-y brown. One of the most exciting ways with color: fitch and fox dyed to get the look of umber or brown-and-black instead of white-and-black. It enhanced the markings, gave the fur a new range.*

Another unexpected way—from the innovative Fendis—impressionistic color inspired by the Macchiaioli (spot) school of painting.

When you saw "color" color, it was usually classic camel, navy, or white for evening. Or—and this was color at its most romantic—it was rich Renaissance stained-glass color—green, violet, teal, wine.

Says Givenchy—it may be the definitive reason—"a woman often chooses a fur because of a 'coup de foudre' (love at first sight)"

Sometimes one or more colors striped or plaided on another, best in sheared, silky-textured beaver and mink. Oscar de la Renta who did this look for Wagner Fur says, "When I'm thinking of any design, it's texture I think of first. And fur is the most sensuous texture there is. A fur can't be rigid. It has to move with a woman." And move is what this year's furs do!

TO THINK ABOUT WHEN YOU BUY FURS: TIPS FROM THE EXPERTS

"First of all a fur must be flattering next to the woman's skin."
—Yves Saint Laurent (Alixandre)

"There's a great relationship between a woman's hair and the fur. Think about the harmony of color."—Karl Lagerfeld (Fendi)

"A fur is an investment, has to last a long time. Go for real style, not something trendy."—Halston (Ben Kahn Furs)

"The basic signs of high quality: silkiness; luster; clarity of color; dense, compact underfur; soft, supple leather."—Jan Kaye, vice-president, Christian Dior Furs

"The leather of female skins is thinner, which makes for a lightweight fur."—Constantino Christie, president, Christie Bros.

"If you are a small, short woman, you can have a 'big' style specifically scaled for you."—Robert Landau, president, Grosvenor, Canada

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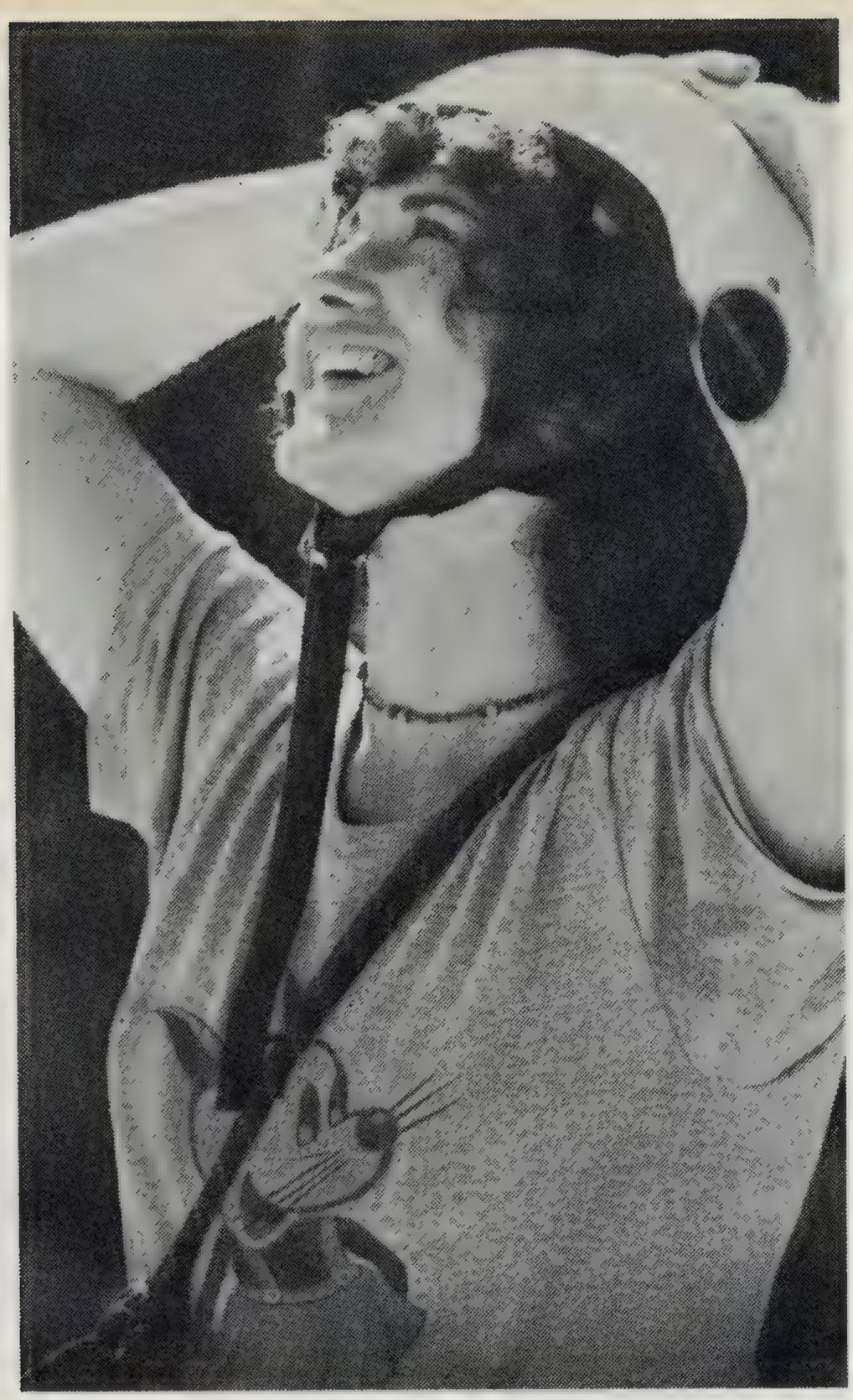

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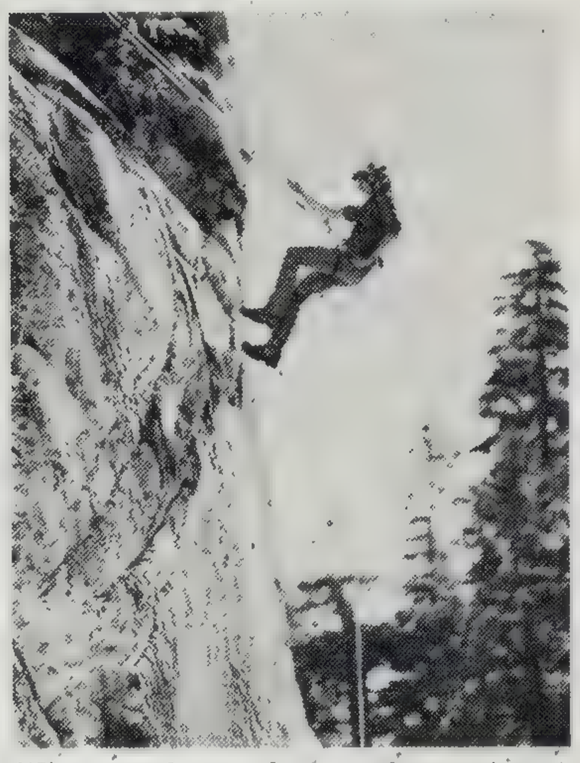

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Women & Cars

By Lillian Borgeson

Why you should shop carefully for a rented car—and how to do it

This summer, vast numbers of vacationers will move directly from a passenger seat in a plane to the driver's seat of a rented car . . . and into a rental-car deal that may be fine, average, or awful. With car rentals, comparison shopping is important. Do not call the nearest office of a national rental chain and expect the price quotes to apply anywhere else in the country: the same car rented from the same company will go for different rates in different cities. Instead, call the company's toll-free national number (listed in your Yellow Pages) and get specific quotes for the place, time, and car.

In fact, it definitely pays to call *all* the national chains and compare prices; no one firm offers the best deal for all circumstances, but any of them may have the best for your own specific needs. You may want to hold off on a final decision until you arrive at your destination, because sometimes (but not always) small local companies offer the best deals of all. Here, points to check and compare:

● **Rental requirements** Call one of the major chains and ask the minimum-age requirement for a rental, and the odds are that the operator will say, "at what location?" Your personal statistics are still another variable in the car-rental game. With some firms and at some locations, you must be at least twenty-five to rent a car; in others, the minimum age is twenty-one; with still others, you can be only eighteen *if* you have your own credit card.

The credit card is the other big personal factor. In the past, it has been practically impossible to leave home in a rental car without one. Firms that allow you to pay cash usually insist on: (a) A long credit-form fillout and credit check at the counter, plus (b) a hefty cash deposit—like $350 to $500 in advance, plus (c) payment of the estimated rental fee in advance. However, Hertz has recently instituted new policies which generally simplify the cash-paying process, and it's likely that other firms will follow suit. But to find out the existing requirements for a given firm in a given location you still have to call in advance.

● **Mileage rate or "free" mileage?** A typical rental-agency menu might offer these price alternatives for a given car: (1) $10 a day plus 20 cents per mile, or (2) $20 per day, including one hundred "free" miles daily, or (3) $30 per day, with unlimited "free" mileage. Though the basic rate for (1) is very low, this is the best choice only if your use will be limited to occasional short hops. For most vacationers, 3 is the best option; and in today's very competitive climate, it's the one emphasized by all the major companies. But note: the term "free" mileage has nothing to do with gasoline costs; in rental cars, you pay for the fuel you use even when you're also paying a mileage rate.

● **Daily rate or weekly rate?** Practically all companies offer both options. The weekly rate is generally about the same as the rate for five days, and may be even lower—say, $38 per day, $149 per week. But some companies charge the full daily rate unless you actually *keep* the car for a week, so for five days, believe it or not, you'd have to pay $190—$41 more than for seven days' use. Other companies give you the weekly rate as soon as your daily-rate multiple exceeds the weekly figure, so you'd pay the $149 for four, five, or six days' use. Find out which policy applies before you book.

● **Pickup location** One of the maxims of those travel-on-a-budget books is that "you always save money by renting away from the airport." But at this writing, Hertz will charge $9-11 more on the daily rate if you pick up the car in downtown Manhattan, $9-11 less at JFK airport. So much for "always." If you turn in a rental car in a city (or sometimes a neighborhood) different from the pickup point, you may have to pay a "drop charge."

● **Car size and equipment** The bigger and jazzier the car, the more it costs to rent, but in the U.S. those differences are not very notable. In an area where you'd pay, say, $30 a day for an "economy" subcompact with stick shift and no air conditioning, you'd pay about $35 for a subcompact with automatic transmission and air, $45 for a fully equipped compact, $55 for a full-sized luxury model. In most big cities, you can even spend a few dollars more and rent a Porsche or a Jag or a Rolls.

When you're renting overseas, on the other hand, the differences in size, equipment, and luxury are dramatic. In Madrid, for example, you can rent a European-style sub/subcompact for as little as $120 a week. But a mid-sized car with automatic transmission and air conditioning may cost $550 a week. Overseas, it pays to think small and simple.

● **To reserve or not to reserve?** Book your rental car in advance if you'll need it during a peak-travel period (like Labor Day weekend) or if you need special equipment—anything from four-wheel-drive to a child-safety seat. And when you're traveling overseas, you can usually save a substantial amount by booking two weeks in advance. Sometimes, you'll get the best overseas deal by booking directly through the rental company, sometimes through your travel agent.

In many situations, though, you'll come out ahead if you wait until you get where you're going, especially when (as now) the travel industry is being squeezed by the recession and rental-car inventories are high. One reason there are so many variables in the rental business is that many agencies (even some of the biggies) are owned by independent licensees who can set their own policies and prices. And on a day when the lot is loaded . . . do you suppose all those "list prices" won't bend? ▽

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Mind Health

Sex—how much is too little?
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By Carol Tavris

THE LATEST SEXUAL "PROBLEM"—LACK OF DESIRE

Sexual problems, like the economy and hemlines, follow trends. Before Masters and Johnson, a woman who indulged in premarital sex or who wanted sex three times a week when her husband wanted it twice was likely to have the word "nymphomaniac" hurled at her. Whatever happened to nymphomaniacs, anyway? In today's more sultry atmosphere, frequent sex has become the new standard of normality; it's people who *aren't* interested in sex who have come to be regarded as abnormal. Indeed, the latest edition of the diagnostic handbook of the American Psychiatric Association contains a new category: Inhibited Sexual Desire, a "persistent and pervasive" lack of lust.

Because Inhibited Sexual Desire is a bafflement to those who believe sex is as natural as yawning, the popular media have been quick to look for scapegoats in the sweeping social changes of the last two decades. "Women are working too hard nowadays to want sex," one argument says. "Nah," says another argument, "the problem is that liberated women want too much sex. It's men who have lost the desire because women are too sexually demanding."

Both explanations are wrong, according to Patricia Schreiner-Engel, Ph.D., assistant director of the Human Sexuality Program at Mt. Sinai School of Medicine in New York City. "I doubt there has been an increase in the prevalence of ISD," says Dr. Schreiner-Engel, "only in the labeling of it. As many men as women have low sexual desire, and most of them say it's always been a characteristic. As one woman said to me, 'If someone didn't bring up the matter of sex, it would just never occur to me.'"

The problem, of course, is defining ISD; or, as Dr. Schreiner-Engel puts it, "How much is too little?" What is the normal range of sexual activity—three times a week? Once a month? Every six months? Many therapists seem to use a "you know it when you see it" standard. "We are not talking about the situation where the woman wants sex twice a day and the man wants sex three times a week," says Dr. Schreiner-Engel. "He doesn't have insufficient desire and she doesn't have excessive desire—they just have different rhythms. And we're not talking about couples who have lost sexual interest in each other. We're talking about people who are way below the normal continuum of sexual activity—they don't have *low* desire but virtually *no* desire."

With Raul Schiavi, M.D., director of the Human Sexuality Program, Dr. Schreiner-Engel is beginning an extensive research program to determine the varieties of ISD and how to treat them. For this project, they define ISD as having interest in sexual activity of any kind (masturbation, foreplay, intercourse) less than twice a month *and* lacking sexual fantasies, daydreams, or thoughts for at least a year. "Many people with ISD just don't think about sex at all," says Dr. Schreiner-Engel. The researchers invite men and women who believe they meet these criteria to participate in the program, along with their partners. Interested readers may contact Terri Gloger, research coordinator of the program, at (212) 650-6761.

"There's always been vast variation in people's sexual desires," says Leonore Tiefer, Ph.D., a sex therapist and researcher in New York City. "The ISD label is a mixed blessing. It will help some unhappy people to find a route to change. On the down side, when you officially label something as a problem that requires professional attention, you influence happy people who never knew they had a problem until you told them they did."

JEALOUSY—THE INESCAPABLE PASSION . . . OR IS IT?

If a Samoan wife discovered her husband having an affair with another woman, she would seek out her rival . . . and bite her on the nose. But a Tiv wife, in Africa, would be horrified if her husband took only one wife, Judeo-Christian style. "Only one?" a Tiv wife once exclaimed to anthropologist Laura Bohannon. "The poor wife! Who helps her hoe the fields, deliver her children, prepare the food, mend the clothes, and tend the infants?" (Who, indeed.)

We tend to think that romantic jealousy is instinctive and universal—especially when our beloved is flirting with a beauty at a dinner party—but it turns out to be culturally manufactured: the culture's way of regulating what we do when we feel threatened by the loss of something we value. Psychologist Ralph B. Hupka, Ph.D., who has been studying jealousy in cultures around the world, finds that the severity of jealous behavior like women's biting their rivals on the nose or men's shooting their wives' lovers increases in societies that emphasize close attachments between couples (instead of polygamy), that emphasize private ownership of property, and that provide limited possibilities for sexual gratification.

Well, that's us—in spite of a few counterculture efforts to abolish the exclusive couple, sexual restrictions, and jealousy itself. Given our own culture, Hupka says, we may not be able to do much to eradicate jealous feeling, since it is a sign of what we value, but we needn't go around biting or shooting each other, either.

FEAR OF LEISURE

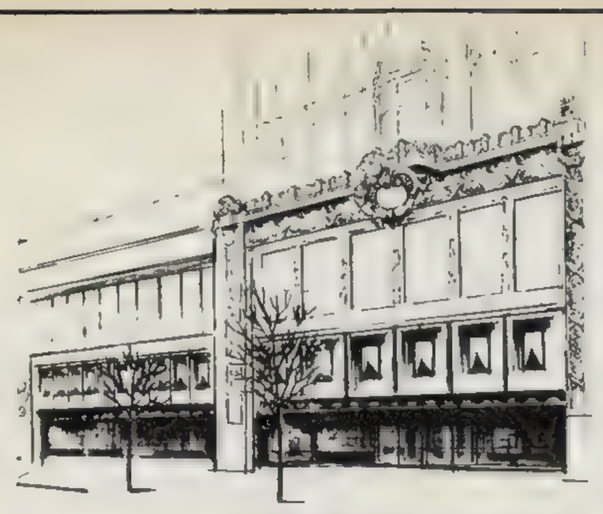
There you are, on a beautiful secluded beach, with three weeks to do nothing at all. Is this your dream vacation or purgatory? Are you delighted to drop everything and flop on the sand, or have you brought along *War and Peace,* a briefcase of office work, and a half-knitted sweater? Do you suffer, in short, from Fear of Leisure?

Fear not—this is not a new phobia designed to torment women, who worry enough about fear of success, fear of failure, fear of independence, fear of dependence, and fear of having too many fears. But according to Carin Rubenstein, Ph.D., many women, like many men, are workaholics (who regard vacations as silly intrusions on their "real" lives) and "vacation humbugs." Dr. Rubenstein does not think this is cause for worry. In her surveys, workaholics were no more neurotic or unhappy than people who are less involved in their work. "The one trait that seems to distinguish them is their energy level," she observes, and she knows whereof she speaks—on a recent trip to the Caribbean, Dr. Rubenstein made sure she learned something new and exciting, as she does on every vacation; this time, she learned to scuba dive and water ski. "I hate sitting around and doing nothing," she explains.

People take vacations to meet an array of basic human needs—"For rest and for play, for nurturance, introspection, and variety," Dr. Rubenstein summarizes. The question, she concludes, is whether your traveling companion has the same vacation preferences. If you crave novelty and champagne and your partner craves sun and beer, you both may be better off with separate holidays. Or at least separate checks.

HOPE FOR THE WORK-WEARY

"Burnout" is a fashionable term that describes every stripe of occupational weariness from occasional boredom to total loss of commitment. Most psychologists try to fix the individual burnoutee, focusing on her specific hangups. Now, in their book "Burnout: From Tedium to Personal Growth" (Free Press), social psychologists Ayala M. Pines, Ph.D., and Elliot Aronson, Ph.D., argue that burnout results not from neurosis but from bad work situations that extinguish enthusiasm and idealism—such factors as enervating routines, an absence of constructive job evaluations, a lack of support and friendliness from co-workers. The cure, say Pines and Aronson, is not in therapy but in strategies for changing destructive aspects of a job.



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Money

Gold's allure for women... what's your credit rating? ...incorporate yourself

By Lisa Gubernick

SHOULD YOU INC. YOURSELF?

Women often dream about breaking into business on their own—and now, more and more are making the fantasy real. Between 1972 and 1979, five times more women than men started up their own enterprises, according to U.S. Dept. of Labor statistics. If you're considering taking that route, it almost always pays to go corporate. "Self-incorporation makes sense for any business owner earning more than $30,000 a year," says Judith McQuown, author of *Inc. Yourself* (Macmillan), which has more than eighty thousand copies in print.

By incorporating yourself, you become a shareholder and employee (perhaps the only one) of your own corporation. If you think you're impressed with seeing Inc. after your name, your banker will be doubly so. McQuown estimates that your credit line can increase two-fold when you ascend from the role of sole proprietor of a business to become president of your own corporation. Also, in most instances, as a stockholder in your business you can lose no more than your original investment—no one can come after your house, car, or Ming vases if the business fails or you lose a lawsuit.

As president of Jane Doe, Inc. you can take advantage of tax incentives designed to promote American business. If your firm makes $30,000, and you pay yourself a salary of $15,000, your overall taxes, including the corporate tax you would now have to pay, could be as much as $2300 less than if you earned $30,000 outright, depending on your deductions. Quite simply, being taxed twice on $15,000 does not equal being taxed once on $30,000.

That $15,000 might sound meager, but now your corporation can cover many expenses you previously paid for yourself. Lunches at the best restaurants in town can be a corporate expense if your date is business-related. If you work at home, your corporation can pay you rent for office space, and most medical bills can be paid out of the corporate till as well. All these perks come with a fairly small price tag. The cost of filing for self-incorporation varies from state to state—from $15 in Arkansas to $270 in California. McQuown stresses that the forms are simple enough to fill out without a lawyer. Self-incorporation does require twice as much bookkeeping, but McQuown says it saves you a tremendous amount of paperwork at tax time. "My savings amount to about $100 for every hour I put in on my ledgers," says McQuown. "I wish everything else I did paid that well."

RAVE-REVIEW INSURANCE

If you regard life insurance as another unenthralling but necessary expense, a recent innovation, universal-life insurance, could lift your spirits significantly. Under the plan, your premiums earn substantial interest as well as provide protection. While whole life, once the most popular insurance option, also couples savings with insurance, interest averages a paltry 6 percent; universal life is the first program to offer 11 percent returns. Term coverage generally has less expensive premiums but protects only for a specified period of time; and, as with auto insurance, its value is spent once the "term" is up.

When E. F. Hutton introduced universal life—which they now call Completelife—the plan received rave reviews. Today, universal life is being offered in various forms by insurers coast to coast. It works like this: after the cost of your coverage is deducted from the premiums you pay, the remainder is invested, primarily in high-yielding Treasury bills and notes. As with traditional insurance, taxes on that interest are deferred until you withdraw the profits from your account. You can make partial withdrawals without paying loan charges, and you can miss an occasional premium payment without worrying that the policy will lapse (payments will be deducted automatically from the savings portion of your account). Furthermore, universal-life policies include annual disclosure statements, similar to bank statements, which outline where your money is going and the amount of interest it's earning.

For more information, call E. F. Hutton at (800) 854-2696.

THE FEMINIST'S COIN

Though Susan B. Anthony's fight for women's suffrage finally succeeded, it's unlikely that the coin bearing her portrait will prevail.
Production of the Anthony dollar was suspended in March 1980 and remains in limbo, according to U.S. Bureau of the Mint spokesman Frank De Leo.
The coin was never widely used; "people had difficulty distinguishing it from a quarter," De Leo says.
But Richard Doty, a curator at the American Numismatic Society, offers his own explanation.
"Psychological factors play a big part in acceptance," says Doty. "People didn't respond well to a godless feminist on their coinage."

("Money" continued on page 151)

"Do you believe it? Five whole miles! Yes, you really started something, Walter? Oh, he didn't make it quite that far but he's coming along. What? Well I've lost 15 and Walter...I don't know, for some reason it seems to take him longer."

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MONEY

(Continued from page 148)

WHY WOMEN BUY GOLD

Gold, long an icon of economic security, has become a prime investment for women. A study done by the International Gold Corporation reveals that the number of women gold investors has jumped over 25 percent in the past five years. IGC spokesman Mike Vigil says reports suggest that many women confronting personal crises, like divorce or the death of a spouse, convert their cash assets into gold, which "represents a secure form of cash over the long term."

Daniel Kegan, Ph.D., a specialist in the psychological meanings of money, explains further. "Many women purchasing gold now may just have had their economic responsibilities thrust on them—and safety is their primary consideration." In addition, says Kegan, "Women may be investing in gold because it softens the masculine nature of making an investment; gold is akin to jewelry." But, citing the drop in gold prices over the last year, Kegan cautions that gold may not be a sound investment—despite its psychological appeal.

CREDIT: HOW YOU'RE RATED

Many people fear that late payments on a credit card could ruin their credit rating—and a card cancellation could besmirch their financial reputation forever. But what is a credit rating? How does it work?

According to Elizabeth J. Block, author of "A Woman's Guide to Credit" (Ace Books), there are over two thousand credit bureaus throughout the United States that keep records of most "revolving" credit accounts—like Visa, MasterCard, many department-store charges—and of most loans and mortgages. (Surprisingly, American Express records are unlikely to show up in a credit file; like other travel/entertainment cards, which require full payment within thirty days, it is not considered true credit.) Individual histories are kept up to seven years, though most creditors refer only to the most recent three to five years. Late payments and cancellations are noted, and too many delinquencies could jeopardize future credit.

If you want to examine your credit file, copies can be obtained for a small fee (your bank can furnish the address of the bureau holding your file). Any payments mistakenly recorded as late can be corrected by contacting the credit bureau. In the case of a sullied record, a consumer has the legal right to insert an explanation in her file that will accompany her credit report.

"Don't forget that there are people behind the plastic," says Block. "If your record has improved, there is a good chance your creditors will overlook minor transgressions." This is one area where the consumer is well protected.

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Living: Ideas and Trends

Sun/moon light dining. . .
woman who "paints houses"
. . .stainless steel in color

E. STOECKLEIN

By Barbara Plumb

FROM A PHILOSOPHICAL POINT OF VIEW, THIS ROOM REPRESENTS AN INTEREST IN COMBINING THINGS PEOPLE DON'T USUALLY PUT TOGETHER," SAYS ARCHITECT ROBERT A.M. STERN, A LEADER OF THE POST-MODERNIST MOVEMENT, OF THIS GREENHOUSE/DINING ROOM (LEFT) FROM HIS NEW BOOK, "ROBERT A.M. STERN: BUILDINGS AND PROJECTS, 1965-1980," (RIZZOLI INTERNATIONAL PUBLICATIONS). EXTERIOR MOTORIZED BLINDS CONTROL SUN'S HEAT DURING THE DAY, ROLL AWAY AT NIGHT TO REVEAL THE MANHATTAN SKYLINE.

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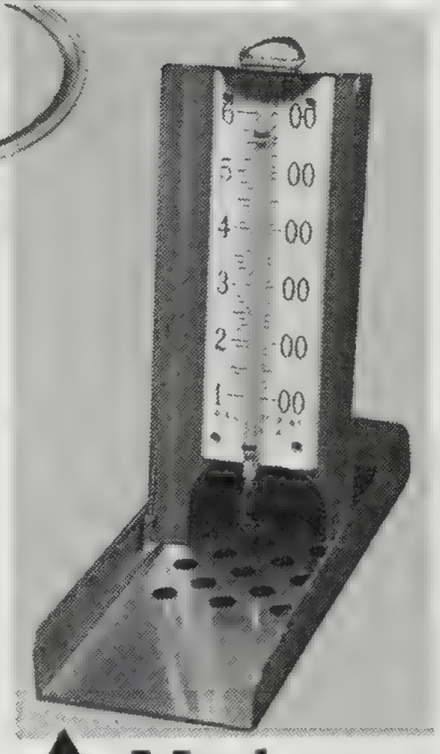

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on the house

Architectural portraitist Lucy Gould is passionate about houses. Of this Hudson River house, she said, "The color and shape, the way the light was hitting it, struck my eye." She paints with acrylics or oils in a highly stylized palette of exaggerated color. After she sketches, photographs on location, Lucy completes picture in her studio in three to eight weeks. Prices: $1200 to $3000. By appointment, through Portraits, Inc., 985 Park Avenue, NYC (212-758-2852).

BETH BAPTISTE

What's in a game?—*"The lions of Kenya . . . Pack your suitcase and leave now . . ."—one of many temptations of a new board game, "World Traveler." Try tripping the globe while lying on the beach. $13.95 (plus $3 shipping), World Traveler, Ltd., Box 350-A, Boston, MA 02134.*

BETH BAPTISTE

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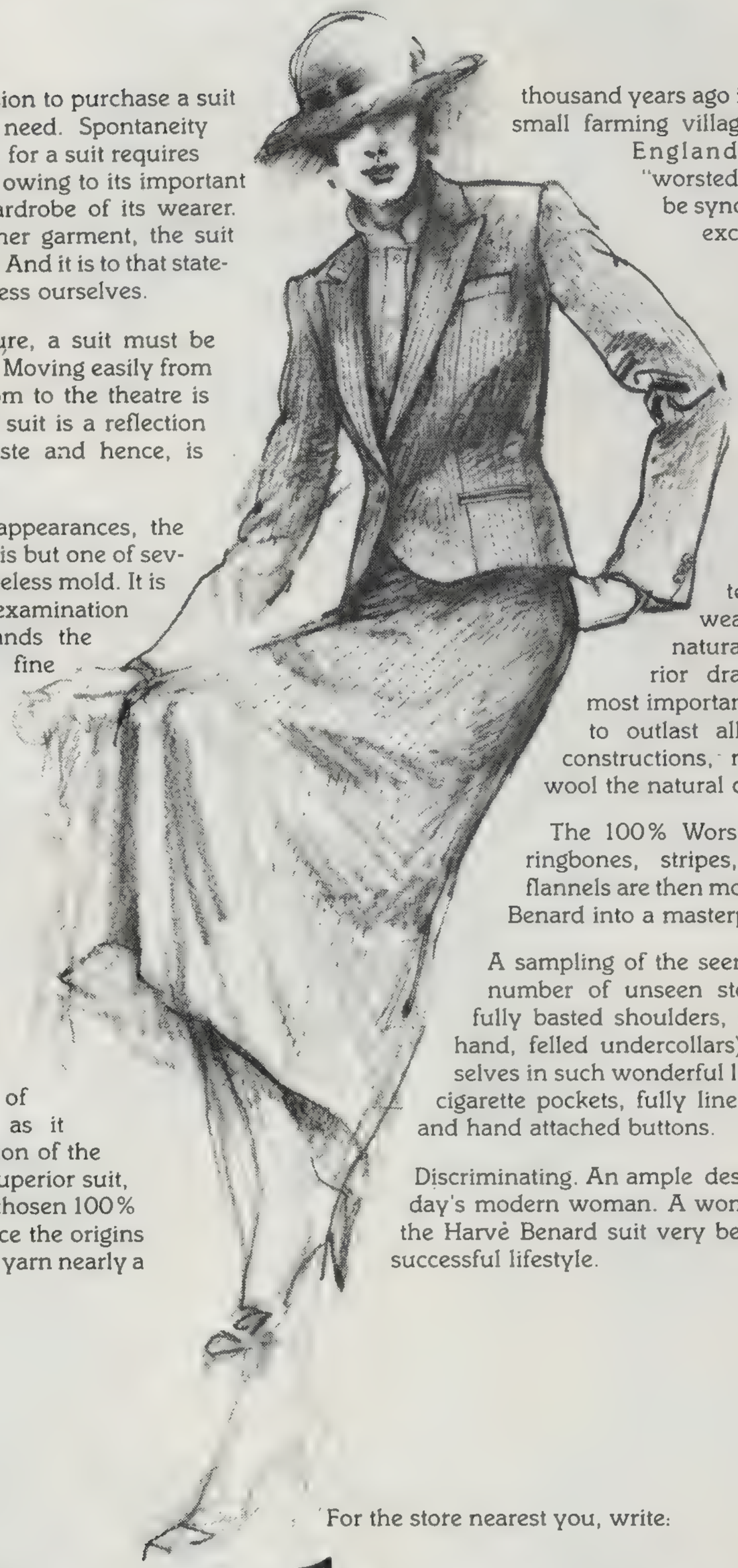
JACQUES BACHMANN

When a suit is more than a suit...



The woman's decision to purchase a suit is based upon a need. Spontaneity doesn't apply here, for a suit requires calculated thought owing to its important position in the wardrobe of its wearer. More than any other garment, the suit makes a statement. And it is to that statement that we address ourselves.

By its very nature, a suit must be more than current. Moving easily from the conference room to the theatre is essential. The fine suit is a reflection of classic good taste and hence, is almost timeless.

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From Washington-embassy whirl to your own party world—Lady Henderson's entertaining secrets

KAREN RADKAI

Luncheon on the lawn, left. Right: First-course specialty: miniature quail eggs in baskets

Entertaining:

Tips and Treats

Afternoon tea for overnight guests: Lady Henderson's tea cake, colorful petits fours, tiny cress and cucumber sandwiches

Ultimate dessert: summer pudding, above left. Above: Scotch eggs (quail) in potato nests. A guest-bedroom breakfast, left: lace tablecloth, flowers, freshly squeezed orange juice

By Sandi Britton

Giving our best to our guests concerns all of us when we entertain at home. But just think of what giving "our best" would mean if we were to have hundreds of house guests a year to take care of, feed, and entertain and had to plan and provide three thousand meals—beautiful meals—a year, from breakfasts to teas to buffets to the most formal of dinners. A nightmare, surely, for anyone but the most highly experienced, organized, and talented of hostesses—which happens to be an accurate description of Mary Henderson, wife of the British ambassador to the United States. When it comes to her entertaining and ours, the main difference is in scale—the number of guests and the size of the staff that helps her. The goals are the same. Lady Henderson puts it this way: "If you're entertaining at home, you're entertaining your friends; at the Embassy, we really want to *make* friends."

Witty food: an ice-breaker

Food, according to Lady Henderson, should serve a number of purposes, one of the most important being to keep people "intrigued, happy, amused." She has a delightful sense of humor, loves "punning" with food. A group of bankers may be served a traditional English dish, "eggs in purses"; for a meeting of people in the Intelligence Service, Ann Fleming's cheese ice cream (Fleming is the widow of Ian Fleming, James Bond's creator). Princess Alexandra was given Angus beef at a party in her honor (her husband is Angus Ogilvy). Simple food, beautifully presented, is what Lady Henderson has always served, wherever she and her husband have been stationed in the diplomatic service.

No-wait buffets

Buffet dinners are Lady Henderson's key to entertaining a large crowd (two hundred and fifty *(Continued on page 159)*

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LADY HENDERSON

(Continued from page 157)

one night, fifty the next are regular events). Her way of doing them: if it's an informal party, people are assigned to tables (a group of ten, for instance, will be asked to go to table three); if it's formal, they'll be assigned to *places* at tables. The first course is served—this helps to get people seated—then they help themselves to the main course from dishes on a serving table. To eliminate the traditional buffet annoyance—long lines of people waiting to help themselves—*Lady Henderson groups one kind of dish—say quail pies—all together.* "I don't put sixty-two different things out on the table at the same time; I treat a buffet like a regular dinner." The same is true for the desserts: the ice cream will be in one section, the fruit salad in another.

The key to tranquility: organization

Planning, organizing everything down to the tiniest detail, and cooking ahead are the secrets of Mary Henderson's success as a hostess. "I can't afford to leave anything to chance, or have too many real disasters." [One suspects there are none.] "I plan the weekly meals at the beginning of the week; for large parties, I plan two to three weeks in advance. And we make special dishes over and over again in advance till we're sure they're the way we want them.

"The summer pudding we had at a large dinner the other night we tried out six weeks in advance. After five different versions, we got the best one. The chef and his two assistants start cooking two to three days before a large party, so we never have to call in any outside cooking help."

Lady Henderson's own favorite way of cooking when she and Sir Nicholas entertain at home in their cottage in England, is with cook-ahead dishes like the moussaka that she makes from her grandmother's recipe. "It tastes even better made two days in advance."

Little touches that count

When official guests come to stay, Mary Henderson supervises every bit of the hospitality shown to them: making sure that her special tea cake (a glazed fruitcake) will be on the tea tray (along with chef Harry Simpson's spectacularly pretty *petits fours* and a small vase of roses from the garden) that is brought to their sitting rooms after they've arrived tired from their journey, arranging summer luncheons in the garden when the weather cooperates, planning working dinners and state dinners for them. "I couldn't do this without my team," Lady Henderson says, referring to her staff. "One of the great problems, and delights, of this whole diplomatic life is the building of a good team."

The early days

She didn't always have this kind of professional help. In the early years of her husband's career, Mary Henderson "did everything" herself—the shopping, cooking, flower arranging, even for parties of two hundred. If you learn how to do it all yourself, then later you can show others how you want it done. "Building up to a post like this happens very gradually. Eventually you're given a cook who can't cook, so you teach her yourself; then you have a maid who can't iron, so you teach her how to iron. In Poland, I was given a 'cook'—a kitchen maid who couldn't read or write. I drew pictures for her and cooked each dish alongside of her once. The second time she cooked while I looked on, the third time she did the dish perfectly by herself. She turned out to be very gifted; she just needed someone who was willing to work with her."

In the beginning, there were mistakes, made because Lady Henderson was "too anxious to please." There was the time in Chile when she made a Christmas pudding—complete with traditional tiny silver charms inside—a very English dessert for a visiting English dignitary. She heard, to her horror, "a terrible crunch" from the French ambassador. "I forgot the dinner was to be by moonlight," she said, "and that no one could see the charms."

At the Paris Embassy, there was a different kind of problem: the chef at first refused to use any of Lady Henderson's recipes. But when he found out that she could cook, and that some of her dishes drew applause from guests, he was only too happy to try things her way. *Mary Henderson's Paris Embassy Cookbook* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson) was the result, a legacy of their happy association in that kitchen.

Keeping an embassy of this size and importance running flawlessly is a full-time job, and one which Lady Henderson does with great skill and enthusiasm. How, one wonders, would an ambassador manage without a wife like this to help him? "That is a problem now," Lady Henderson said. "Wives in your diplomatic service and ours are working; they want to do their own thing. I was a journalist and had a career of my own. But if I had tried to do both things, help my husband and follow my own career, I wouldn't have done either well.

In the early years, Mary Henderson did everything herself: the shopping, the cooking, the flower arranging—even for parties of two hundred

One has to decide whether one is willing to give one's time to this—and I think it is a job as any other job—but it's difficult to make young people realize this."

Now, at the end of her husband's diplomatic career before his retirement, Lady Henderson leaves another legacy—the newly refurbished British Embassy in Washington. Because of her inspiration and persuasion, British interior designers, fabric and wallpaper companies donated their services and products to redecorate the rooms in the style of an English country manor—the way the building's architect, Sir Edwin Lutyens, originally intended. It is once again ready to serve as a background for "making friends"—something that Mary Henderson has been doing so well for years. ▽

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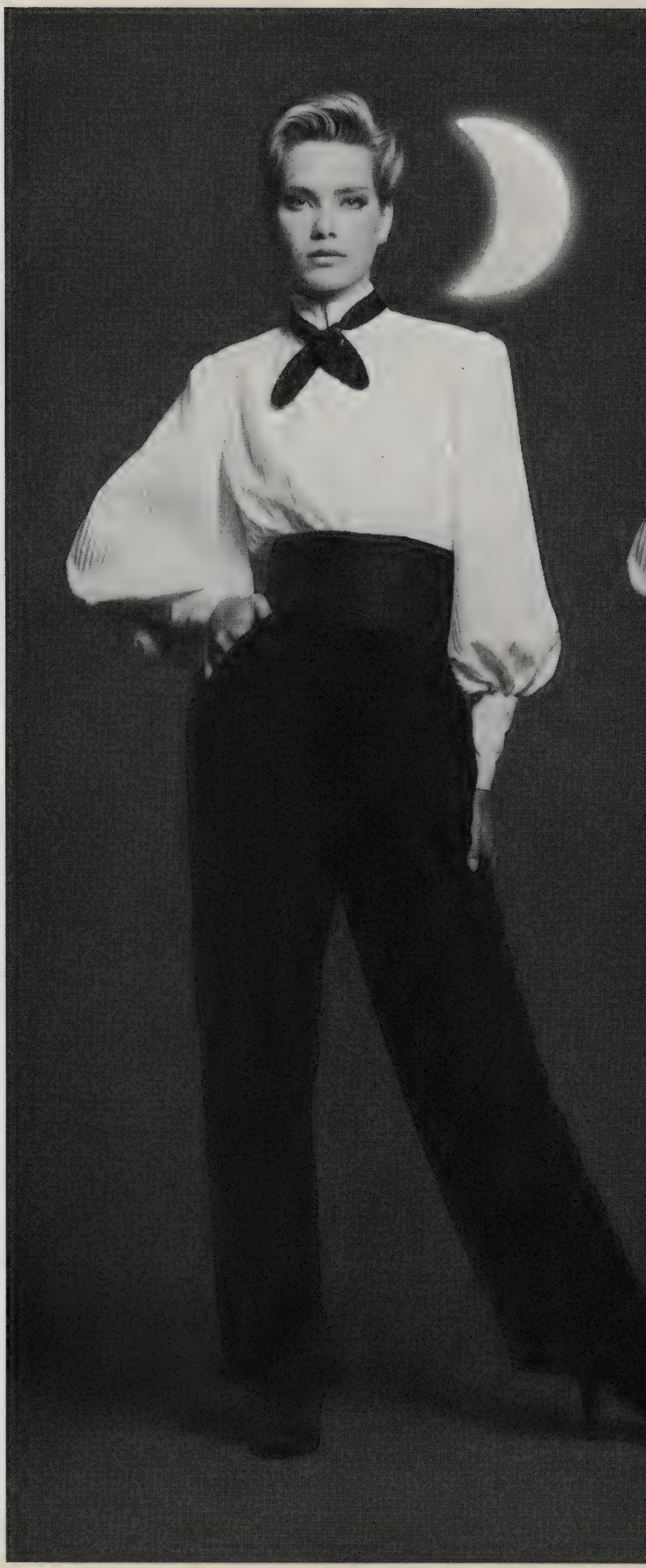

Marjolaine

Wines

By Martin Gersh

Italy's Barolos: big, beautiful wines—high quality and very sensible prices

There are three goals that I pursue but shall probably never achieve, each one of which would give me great personal satisfaction: to learn thoroughly all two hundred and twenty Bach cantatas that have survived, to read the complete works of Anthony Trollope, and to drink and tell you about every good Barolo made today.

Barolo and Barbaresco from Italy's Piedmont region are two of the four wines that have thus far been awarded DOCG (Denominazione de Origine Controllata e Garantita) status, the Italian government's coveted official guarantee of quality. In good vintage years, both Piedmontese red wines—especially those that are Riservas or single-vineyard specimens—represent the highest level of complexity imaginable and are as fascinating and mysterious as certain of the more renowned world-class red table wines made from the Cabernet and Pinot Noir grapes. Produced from the native Nebbiolo grape, Barolo and Barbaresco—fortunately for us—are invariably priced well below most wines of comparable stature.

When I began to drink Barolo just two years ago, it was a revelation to me that so many examples of that wonderful Italian wine were strikingly similar in style and taste characteristics to the classic red Bordeaux I had known and loved throughout the previous fifteen years—even though the two types of wine derive from entirely different grape sources, soils, and countries of origin. At their greatest, Barolos are monumental in size, most closely resembling the biggest Bordeaux such as Châteaux Latour, Pétrus, Montrose, Léoville-Las-Cases, Trotanoy, La Tour-Haut-Brion, and Latour à Pomerol.

Since that time, it has often been my special joy to drink those distinguished French wines in company with superb Barolos: Prunotto's Barolo Riserva 1974, 1971, 1967, and 1961 from the Bussia di Monforte d'Alba vineyard; Einaudi's Barolo 1971; Carretta's Barolo Riserva Speciale 1971; Borgogno's Barolo Riserva 1964 and 1958; and Marchesi di Barolo's Riserva della Castellana 1961—as well as other fine examples from more recent vintages.

By law, a Barolo must be aged for four years to be designated a Riserva, and five years to qualify as a Riserva Speciale. Among the twenty Barolos I have selected for inclusion in this survey are a number of very good to excellent non-Riservas that prove how fine a well-made Barolo aged for "only" three years can be! Notice further the marvelous relation that exists in these wines between sensible price and extremely high quality.

RECOMMENDATIONS

BAROLO

BAROLO 1977, BRUNATE-VIGNETO ZONCHETTA (CERETTO) Grand in scale—an exceptionally ingratiating and lively Barolo with penetrating prune-like fruitiness. *Vintage rating: Fair. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. Aeration: 1½-1¾ hours. $10-$11. (Note: Always recork wines after aeration and between all pourings to prevent fading.)*

BAROLO 1977, PRAPÓ (BRICCO ROCCHE) A surprisingly fine Barolo from this shaky vintage—mysterious, subtle, with pinpoint concentration, high tonality and substantial body. *Vintage rating: Fair. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. Aeration: 1½-1¾ hours. $10-$11.*

BAROLO RISERVA 1976 (CANTINA DELLA PORTA ROSSA) The least monumental Barolo I have ever known, but such a pretty wine all the same—much more like a fine Valtellina wine from Lombardy such as Sassella. Reasonably complex—a very nice bottle. *Vintage rating: Fair. Best drinking: for the next 2-3 years. Aeration: 35-45 minutes. $7-$8.*

BAROLO 1976, BRUNATE (MARCARINI) Emerging from an inconsistent vintage year, this is nevertheless an excellent, middle-toned, well-put-together Barolo—powerful, startling in its impact. *Vintage rating: Fair. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: 1¼-1½ hours. $8-$9.*

BAROLO RISERVA 1974, PODERE ROCCHE DEI MANZONI (VALENTINO) A big, very nice wine—quiet, deep-toned and reserved, with inner strength and good fruitiness. *Vintage: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 5-6 years. Aeration: 1 hour. $9-$10.*

BAROLO 1974 (FONTANAFREDDA) Racy and spicy, this thoroughly delightful, Barolo of very nice size possesses considerable finesse among its many other virtues. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 5-6 years. Aeration: 1¼-1½ hours. $9-$10.*

BAROLO RISERVA 1974 (GRANDUCA) Traditional in all ways—dignified, beautiful, a very solidly structured wine with marvelous depth and concentration. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 5-6 years. Aeration: 1½-1¾ hours. $9-$10.*

BAROLO 1974 (BOSCA) A highly agreeable wine exhibiting terrific fruitiness, middle tonality and moderate-to-large body—an astounding value at the price. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: 1¼-1½ hours. $5-$5.50.*

BAROLO 1974 (MAURO OSVALDO & FIGLI) Huge, with good backbone, fruity, high in tonality—an uncommonly good Barolo. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: 1¼-1½ hours. $8-$8.50.*

BAROLO 1974 (GIRI) Vivacious and clearly still on the ascendancy, this is a fine and well-made wine—middle-toned, with moderate-to-large body. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 5-8 years. Aeration: 2½-2¾ hours. $8.50-$9.*

BAROLO RISERVA SPECIALE 1974, VIGNA LA ROSA (FONTANAFREDDA) Extraordinarily handsome—a youthful, tightly knit Barolo with substantial body, high tonality, and a graceful sweet finish. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 5-8 years. Aeration: 2-2¼ hours. $12-$13.*

BAROLO 1974, BRUNATE (MARCARINI) Not a massive Barolo but a very classy one showing vivid personality—animated, with silken texture and a pleasing suggestion of vanilla among its many delights. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: 1-1¼ hours. $10-$11.*

BAROLO RISERVA 1974, CANTINA S. CASSIANO (PRUNOTTO) Titanic, with particularly intense plum-like fruitiness—a great and dynamically youthful wine. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 7-10 years. Aeration: 1½-1¾ hours. $9-$10.*

BAROLO 1971, CASCINA ZOCCOLAIO (PODERI SCANAVINO GIOVANNI) This is a very good Barolo—refined, full-bodied and deep, featuring a slight but pleasant astringency in its taste. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: 1 hour. $7-$8.*

BAROLO RISERVA SPECIALE 1971, BRIACCA (VIETTI) Somber, of prodigious size, with middle tonality and concentrated prune-like flavor—a magnificent wine! *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 5-8 years. Aeration: 2½-2¾ hours. $17-$18.*

BAROLO 1971, MONFALLETTO (PAOLO CORDERO DI MONTEZEMOLO) A true aristocrat among Barolos—deep-toned, moderate-to-large in body, displaying rare elegance along with a taste element reminiscent of ripe cherries. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. Aeration: 15-25 minutes. $20-$25.*

BAROLO RISERVA SPECIALE 1971 (CALISSANO) Outstanding throughout, notably rich in fruitiness though still rather tannic—a wine with high tonality and generous size. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 5-8 years. Aeration: 2-2½ hours. $7-$8.*

BAROLO RISERVA 1971, BRUNATE (MARCARINI) An extraordinarily civilized wine—deep, with moderate-to-large body and a wonderfully smooth, velvety texture. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. Aeration: 25-35 minutes. $17-$18.*

BAROLO 1971 (LUIGI EINAUDI) Noble and awesome, as fascinating in its way as Bordeaux's Château Pétrus, this vibrant and opulent wine is marked by perfect cohesion in all its taste components—a consummately great Barolo! (*Note:* Though the producer did not choose to label this example a Riserva Speciale, it is known to have been aged in wood for seven years.) *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 10 years. Aeration: 2½-2¾ hours. $12-$13.*

BAROLO RISERVA 1961, BUSSIA DI MONFORTE D'ALBA (PRUNOTTO) Magical—with abundant body and all its fruitiness still intact, this twenty-one-year-old single-vineyard Barolo Riserva is a supreme masterpiece that demonstrates the art of winemaking at its best. Since this bottle cannot possibly improve with further aging—why not drink it as soon as possible? *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 5-10 minutes. $40-$45.* ▽

Tony Roberts talks about his first time.

ROBERTS: It was exactly seven years, eleven months, two weeks and five days ago, at 7:00 PM on Fire Island.

INTERVIEWER: You remember the exact moment?!

ROBERTS: Of course. A man never forgets his first time.

INTERVIEWER: It must have been quite an experience. You must tell me about it.

ROBERTS: I was at a beach party comparing tan lines, when an exotic woman in a red sarong sauntered over in my direction. I immediately noticed that she had the best tan on the beach.

INTERVIEWER: Go on.

ROBERTS: She looked me straight in the eye and said, "Campari?"

"I'm sorry," I replied, "I don't speak Italian."

"Neither do I," she said. I was so embarrassed.

INTERVIEWER: I can see why!

ROBERTS: Anyway, she handed me a Campari and orange juice, and sipped a Campari and soda herself. Then I understood.

INTERVIEWER: How was it?

ROBERTS: At first I thought it was bitter. Then I realized it was sweet, too. I guess bittersweet is the only way to describe it.

INTERVIEWER: Was she amused?

ROBERTS: Very. She said, "You'll acquire a taste for it, Tony. Most men do."

She was right. My second time was much better. And now I like to have it as often as I can.

INTERVIEWER: Did you ever see the young woman again?

ROBERTS: No, but I keep hoping I will. I've enjoyed it so many ways since my first time... now I could teach her a thing or two.

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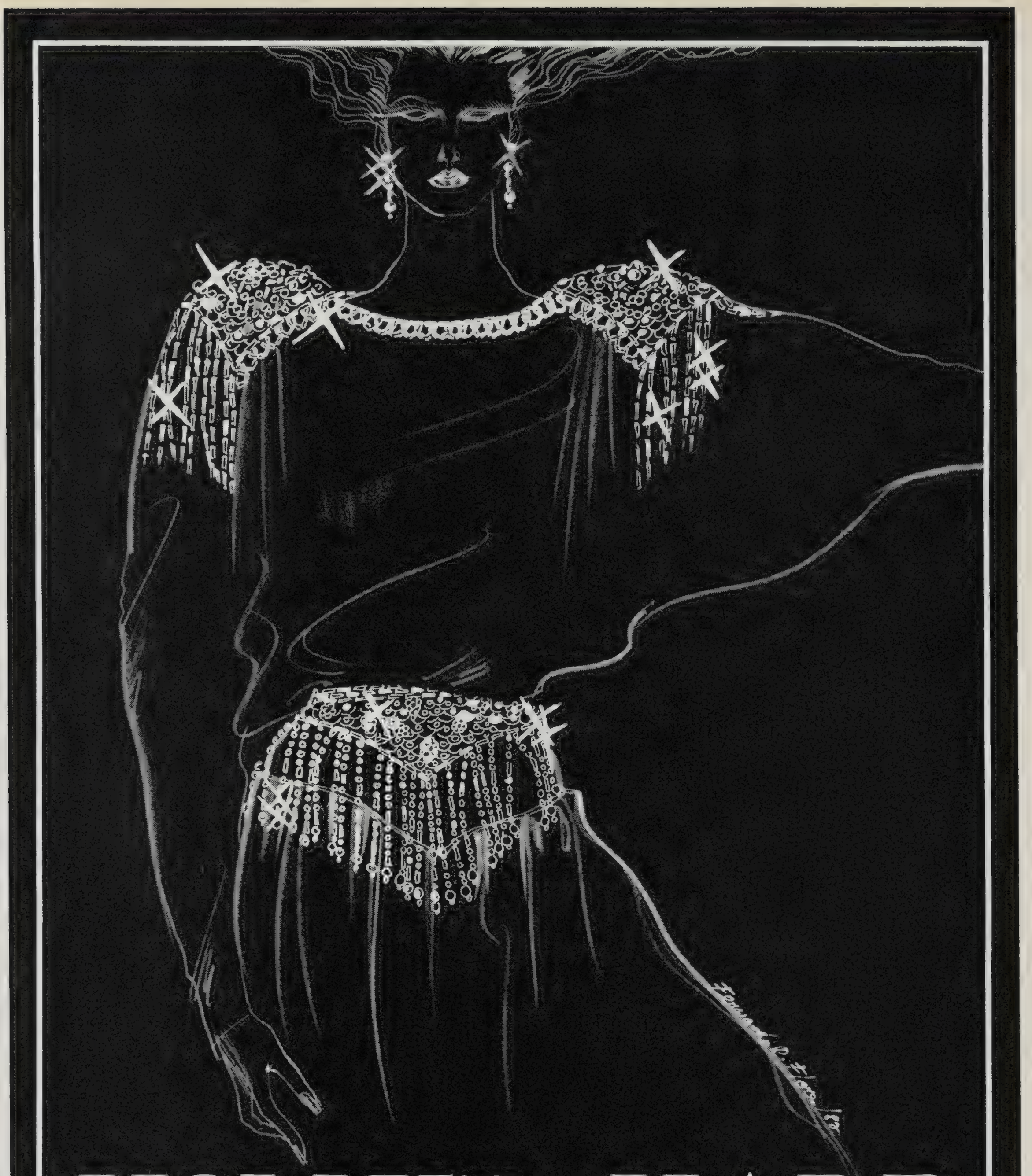
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Food

Frozen firsts—and lasts: herbal and fruit sorbets as appetizers, desserts

By Helen Hecht

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Helen Hecht, author of "Cold Cuisine" (Atheneum), is working on a book of seasonal menus and recipes, to be published in 1983. Within days, Helen, her husband, poet Anthony Hecht, and their son, Evan, will be moving to Washington, DC, where Anthony will take up his two-year appointment as Poetry Consultant to the Library of Congress.*

One way to help you and your guests cool off in hot, droopy weather is to serve light and refreshing dishes. And what could be more cooling than ices, sorbets, and sherbets distilled from the fresh fruits and herbs bountiful in the summer months? While frozen confections are popular and dependable summer desserts, frozen appetizers, although less familiar, are equally appealing and a bit more intriguing. Recipes for seven ices and sorbets follow—some designed to begin and others to conclude a meal—each with its own crisp and distinctive flavor.

These recipes do not require an ice-cream machine, but can be made simply and easily with a food processor. The ice is frozen in the top of your refrigerator until firm; then puréed in a food processor until smooth. A bonus—none of them requires any last-minute fuss in the kitchen because they all must be made well in advance of serving. Do not keep them too long however. Homemade ices are best in texture and flavor when eaten within 2 or 3 days.

LEMON-PARSLEY ICE
one pint

Serve this ice as an appetizer or, if you're in a Victorian mood, as a refresher between fowl and meat. Many variations can be worked on this recipe. You may substitute lime for the lemon, or basil or mint for the parsley.

¾ cup strained lemon juice
¼ cup strained fresh orange juice
¾ cup sugar
2 cups water
1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
1 tablespoon minced fresh parsley

For the garnish
Fresh parsley

Combine lemon juice and orange juice in a bowl or freezer container. Put sugar and 2 cups water in a saucepan and boil till a candy thermometer reaches 220°. Add to juice mixture. Soften gelatin in 2 tablespoons cold water and dissolve over low heat, stirring constantly. Combine with juice mixture and freeze till firm.

Break frozen ice into chunks and purée in food processor till smooth but not liquefied. Stir in minced parsley, refreeze immediately.

Garnish each serving with a sprig of parsley.

TOMATO-ORANGE ICE
three and one-half cups

Accented with mint or basil, this is a savory ice to be served as a first course or between-course refresher.

2 pounds fresh ripe tomatoes
2 tablespoons sugar
¾ cup strained fresh orange juice
Large pinch of salt
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1 tablespoon minced fresh mint or basil leaves
1 teaspoon grated orange rind

For the garnish
Fresh mint or basil

Immerse tomatoes, one at a time, in boiling water for about 20 seconds so they can be peeled easily. Peel, cut in half horizontally, scoop out seeds, and chop tomatoes coarsely. Put them in a large saucepan with sugar and cook, stirring occasionally, for 10 minutes over moderate heat, or till tomatoes are soft. Purée in food processor. Add 1/2 cup of orange juice and salt. Soften gelatin in remaining 1/4 cup orange juice and dissolve over low heat, stirring constantly. Add to tomato mixture and freeze till firm.

One hour before serving, remove ice from freezer, break it into chunks, and purée, in 2 batches, in food processor till perfectly smooth and creamy in texture. Stir in minced mint or basil leaves, grated orange rind, and refreeze till serving (about 45 minutes). Garnish each serving with sprig of mint or basil.

CUCUMBER-HONEYDEW ICE
approximately one quart

This delicately flavored ice has a very cooling effect; serve it as an appetizer on a sweltering August day.

2 medium-size cucumbers (10 ounces each), peeled, seeded, and chopped
3 cups puréed honeydew melon
2½ tablespoons light honey
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
1 tablespoon lime juice
1 tablespoon minced fresh mint leaves

For the garnish
Fresh mint

Purée cucumbers in a food processor. You should have 1½ cups purée. Combine with the honeydew-melon purée and the honey. Soften the gelatin in the cold water and lime juice and dissolve over low heat, stirring constantly. Add to the cucumber-honeydew mixture and freeze until firm.

One hour before serving, remove ice from freezer and break it into chunks. Purée, in two batches, in a food processor until perfectly smooth and creamy in texture. Stir in mint and refreeze till serving (about 45 minutes). Garnish each serving with a sprig of mint.

(Continued on page 168)

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FROZEN FIRSTS/LASTS

(Continued from page 166)

BOMBAY ICE
one pint

This unusual ice combines fresh mangoes, ginger, and chutney. Serve it as an appetizer preceding a roast lamb, beef, or duck dinner, or as accompaniment to an entree curry.

2 medium-size ripe Florida mangoes (1½ pounds)
6 tablespoons sugar
⅓ cup water
2 tablespoons syrup from jar of preserved ginger stem
2 tablespoons juice from jar of Sun Brand Major Grey's chutney
2 tablespoons fine-diced preserved ginger stem

For the garnish
Fresh mint

Peel mangoes and cut flesh off large center pits. Purée in food processor. You should have about 1¾ cups.

Combine sugar and water in small saucepan. Bring to a boil and boil to soft-ball stage, or 234° on a candy thermometer. Add sugar syrup, ginger syrup, and chutney juice to mango puree and place in freezer till firm.

Break into chunks and purée in food processor till smooth but not liquified. Stir in diced ginger stem and refreeze immediately.

Garnish each serving with a sprig of fresh mint.

STRAWBERRY-CASSIS ICE
five and one-half cups

4 pints strawberries
⅔ cup sugar
6 tablespoons cassis (black currant) syrup

Rinse and dry strawberries. Hull them and cut each in half. Put berries and sugar in large kettle and slowly bring to simmer. Cook gently, stirring frequently, for 5 or 6 minutes, or till berries are soft. Purée in food processor, reserving juice. Turn into bowl or freezer container and stir in reserved strawberry juice and cassis syrup. Freeze till firm. Break into chunks, purée, in four batches, in food processor till smooth but not liquefied. As each batch is puréed, return to freezer before it melts. Freeze till firm.

PEAR AND LEMON SHERBET
three and one-half cups

1 pound ripe Bartlett or Anjou pears, peeled, cored, and chopped fine
½ cup sugar
½ cup water
¼ cup lemon juice
1 cup heavy cream
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

Put chopped pears into heavy saucepan and cook over medium heat, stirring frequently, till they render juices. Turn up heat and cook, stirring until pears are very soft and most moisture has evaporated. Purée in food processor, turn into mixing bowl, reserve.

Stir together sugar and water in small, heavy saucepan. Bring to boil and cook to soft-ball stage or 234° on a candy thermometer. Cool slightly and stir into pear puree. Add lemon juice and place in freezer till firm.

Whip cream till it holds soft peaks. Remove frozen pear mixture from freezer and break into chunks. Purée till smooth but not liquefied in food processor. Fold whipped cream and lemon rind into pear mixture and refreeze immediately.

BELLINI ICE
five cups

This is the delicious Venetian cocktail made famous by Harry's Bar translated into a frozen dessert. Be sure to use an Italian spumante and not a grapy-tasting wine.

2 pounds ripe peaches
4–6 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons water
1½ cups Italian spumante such as Prosecco or Baldovino

Peel peaches by immersing in boiling water for 20 seconds so that skins can be slipped off easily. Cut each in half, discard pits, and purée fruit in food processor or blender. You should have about 3½ cups purée.

Stir 2 tablespoons water into 4 tablespoons sugar. Heat to boiling. Remove from heat and stir into peach purée. Stir in spumante and place in freezer till firm. Break into chunks and purée, in batches, in food processor till smooth but not liquefied. Taste and add 1 or 2 more tablespoons sugar if necessary. Refreeze immediately.

Serve in Champagne goblets.

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Your Well-Being

By Barbara Lang Stern

Having fun—a human need: why play is more than kid stuff

Play is important in your life—at any age. "Just as personal growth does not stop when childhood or adolescence ends, neither does the need for play," said Irwin Rosen, Ph.D., a psychoanalyst who is director of the Menninger Foundation's Adult Outpatient Department in Topeka, Kansas. "In fact, the development of a healthy capacity to play is as important an area for the promotion of self-growth as are work and education. The idea that children play, adults work, is a distortion. We need to learn that the development of a sense of playfulness and its appropriate use is a life task, not just a childhood one . . . play for self-growth, self-knowledge, replenishment, creativity, joy."

Like anyone who ever has watched a young child at play, most philosophers and psychologists agree that the central elements of true play are self-forgetfulness and absorption in the activity at hand. "Play fulfills its purpose only if the player loses himself in his play," wrote philosopher Hans-Georg Gadamer in *Truth and Method* (Continuum).

"Play involves having the inner security and sense of comfort with yourself to be able to relax defensiveness and self-vigilance, and to give yourself over to the joy of experiencing an activity for the intrinsic pleasure you get from what you're doing," explained Dr. Rosen. "Work has an ulterior goal. Play is an end in itself.

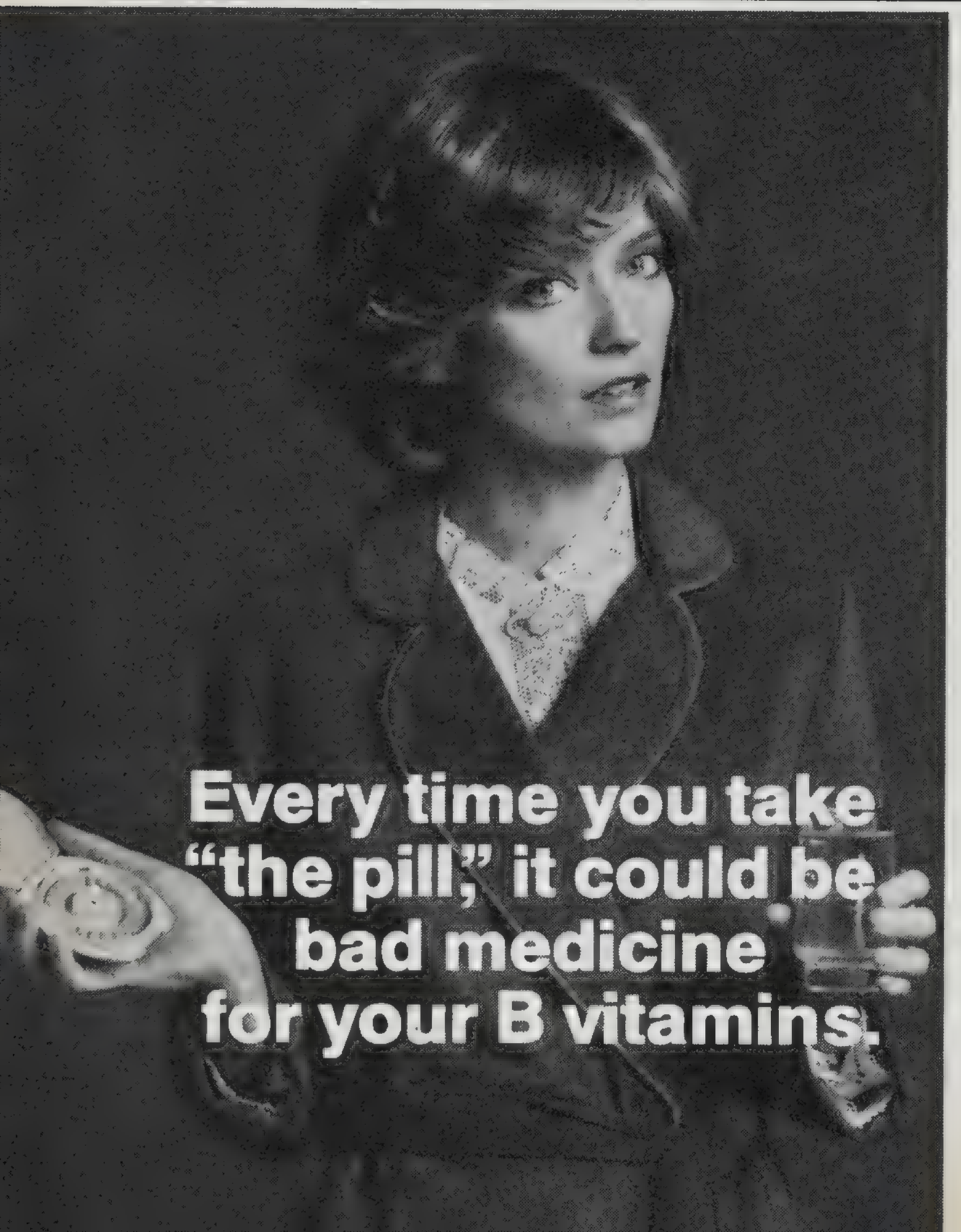
"Very rigid people can't play," continued Dr. Rosen. "They can't risk interrupting their critical self-scrutiny, or they can't admit certain kinds of feelings, or experience pleasure. And that's too bad, because they've lost a fulfilling and vital aspect of human life."

People can play alone, with others, with pets, plants, hairstyles, as well as with words, music, numbers, and theories. Ironically, the sports and games we most commonly associate with "play" may not involve much true playing in the psychological sense. First, the games have rules, limits, and objectives; and your awareness of these will naturally affect how totally you lose yourself in the process of playing. Moreover, as Dr. Rosen observed, "If you're in a golf, bridge, or tennis match, you may be trying to prove something to yourself, demonstrate mastery or impress someone else, and those goals can intrude upon play. W. Timothy Gallwey, in *The Inner Game of Tennis,* is trying to teach people to *really play* by dissolving their critical selves and becoming one with the racket and ball."

Too many fixed requirements or objectives, imposed from within or without, limit the playfulness of a game, vacation, conversation, or relationship. Conversely, you can encourage playfulness by cultivating an open, flexible approach. For example, to play with a child or pet, you most clearly need to be spontaneous; as soon as you start insisting on specific responses, you're starting to teach or train, not play. Similarly, as James S. Hans, Ph.D., wrote in *The Play of the World* (The University of Massachusetts Press), "When playing with an idea, one has to learn to follow it where it goes, not to channel it where one would like it to go."

If a sense of enjoyment is what lures us to play and keeps us engrossed (when you stop enjoying the activity, you've stopped playing), one of the astonishing features of this play-enjoyment is that it's inextricably bound up with learning. This isn't to suggest that learning is always play. But it's impossible to conceive of any play situation in which you merely repeat what you already know or are positive you can do. In order for it to *be* play, there's always some element of uncertainty or discovery, of challenge or change.

". . . at the very least, one plays because one finds the understanding achieved in that manner to be a necessary complement to the understanding achieved through, say, the scientific method or *(Continued on page 174)*



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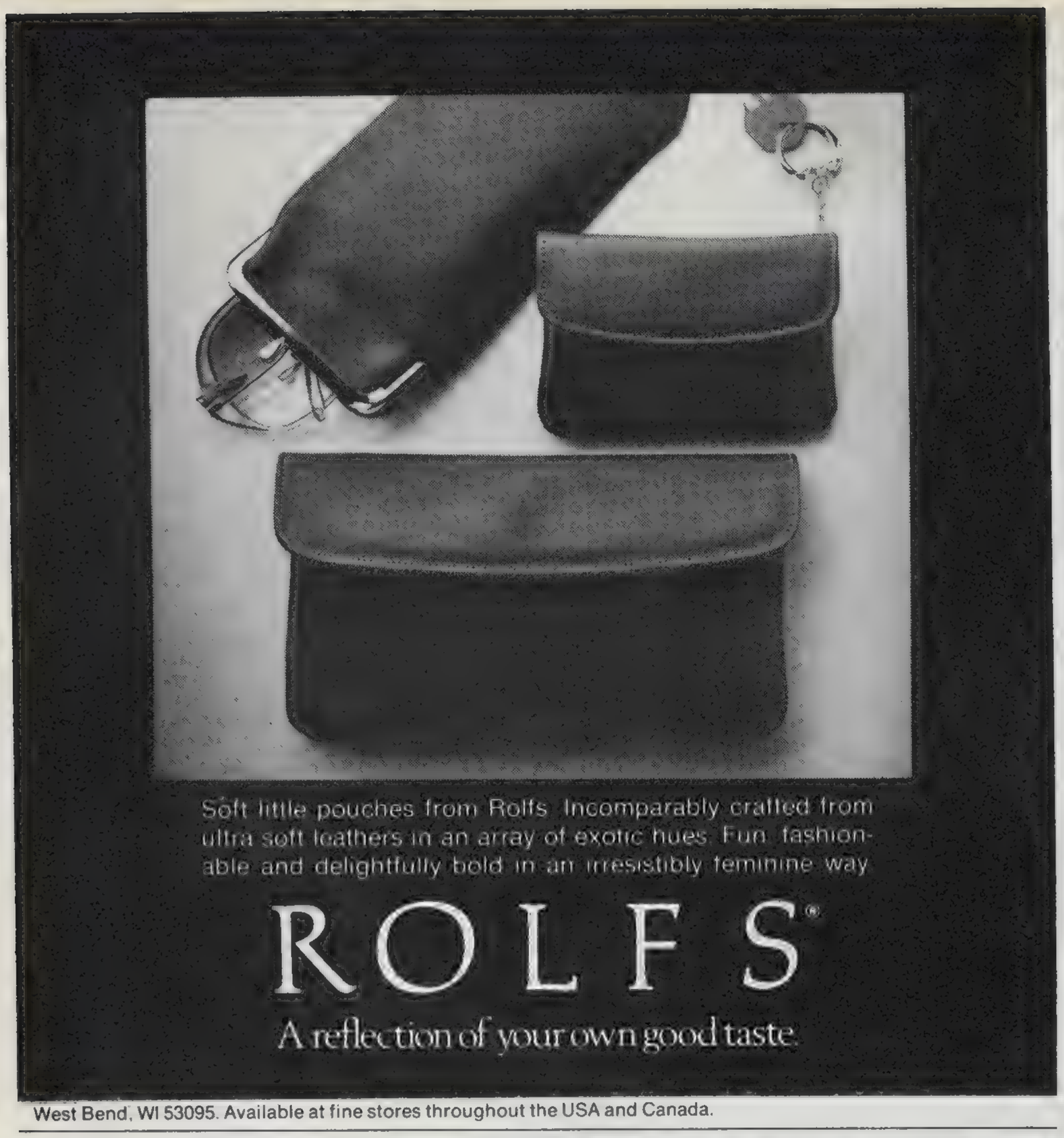

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YOUR WELL BEING

(Continued from page 170)

the method of formal logic," wrote Dr. Hans. "Play also provides understanding on other realms, testing the give and take between one's body and some aspect of the world. . . ."

According to Dr. Rosen, "When you play you take a temporary vacation from the need to be self-critical and goal oriented; you become freer, more open to ideas, sensations and emotions from deeper levels of awareness. You can be more imaginative, less self-censoring. Play thus is intimately associated with creativity, which often starts with some form of playfulness and then goes on to the 'work' of disciplining the creative product, holding it up against the strictures of reality."

Just as the desire and capacity to play vary among individuals, so does the form the play will take. A person may play enthusiastically with words or numbers or in solitude but be uncomfortable playing with other people.

"Play can't be imposed on others, although they can be invited to it," said Dr. Rosen. "Then they have to *allow* it to happen.

"The ability to play with someone else requires a very special relationship. You need the mutual trust that you can be free, open, spontaneous, and that the other person will accept you. In a sense, it's a little like whom you can drink with and trust enough to regress with a little. Play entails risk. In the end, we play only in what we feel is a familiar and safe environment."

"Why play and work have come to be understood as opposites is difficult to explain," wrote Dr. Hans. "People who believe in the work ethic do so because their work is also play for them, is also a central area in their lives where playful interaction with the world takes place. Our own society tends to value most highly those jobs with the greatest opportunity . . . to confront new situations and to play with them. . . ." ▽

YOUR LETTERS

(Continued from page 22)

Even the movie, which was good, was not nearly as good as what she originally wrote. The main difference being that in her original story Sidney was not a pathetic guy, he was bright, interesting and gay. He didn't want a family because he had no friends and was lonely but because he loved children and having them was the bonus of his life, something he never thought he would have, being gay. The girl was naive and from a small town and Sidney helped her to grow and change, taught her to dress, etc. Taught her values and later did the same for her child, which made sense and is why she—a bright lady—would stay with him.

As it stands now, why would an intelligent working woman let this man bring up her child? Makes no sense. Though Mrs. Baker gets credit for writing the original and also program consultant, I understand she never got a chance to consult. Too bad, her way they would have made TV history and had a really good part for Mr. Randall. Tracy O'Dwyer
New York NY

(Continued on page 178)

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YOUR LETTERS

(Continued from page 174)

I was distressed reading Gloria Emerson's review of *Love, Sidney* (April, 1982). I may be twenty-one but I'm sick of wiggle and jiggle on television. And a show like this is welcome.

Love, Sidney shows a very sensitive Surrogate Father. I see him as an inspiration to fathers who may not appreciate their own children. Sidney Shorr handles Patti's and Lori's problems with compassion and intellect.

Sidney's "asexualness" doesn't make a difference in the show. He seems to give and receive plenty of love from his family. The story lines are never repetitive or too impossible. I think Tony Randall does a wonderful job as a very sincere Sidney Shorr. Lori Schlichtorl
College Point NY

Items to savor

As a long-time subscriber, I look forward with delight to every issue of Vogue (my husband enjoys your articles also). Something I don't believe anyone has commented on is your series on "Where to Eat Now" by Leo Lerman. We travel frequently to New York and, with only one exception, that little memo has been worth its weight in gold! Thank you for an excellent job. Mrs. A. Bruce Cork
Lancaster OH

Controversy afoot?

Ellen Switzer's article, "Mirror of the Body; Your Feet," (April 1982) suffers from poor journalism at the very least. . . .

A podiatrist is a medical specialist who has had four years of podiatric medical school (all of which share medical faculty with neighboring M.D. medical schools) and has usually had one to three years in surgical residency. A podiatric resident in one year generally does more bunion, hammertoe, and other common foot surgeries than an orthopedic resident does in five years.

Ms. Switzer states, "If surgery is indicated, an orthopedist over a podiatrist should at least be consulted." Why? A second opinion is always a good idea, but any competent foot surgeon, be he orthopedist or podiatrist, is capable of that second opinion. The number of orthopedists that specialize in foot surgery is a small fraction of the total orthopedists.

Ms. Switzer goes on to say, ". . . most experts would advise going to an orthopedic surgeon." Who are these experts? Most experts in foot surgery by sheer numbers are podiatrists, and I don't believe they would recommend going to an orthopedist over a podiatrist for foot surgery.

Ms. Switzer says that podiatrists often do not have operating-room privileges in large, university-affiliated hospitals. Often they do, and in some of the country's most prestigious medical centers. But foot surgery is rarely life-or-death surgery, and patients are more comfortable in a smaller but first-class hospital where they can get more specialized attention.

Ms. Switzer implies that foot problems related to systemic problems are best seen by a physician. But the final audacity is when she states,". . . if a problem persists even after treatment by a podiatrist, a physician should be consulted." Just for the record, the reason the specialty of podiatry has evolved is because the foot has largely been ignored in M.D. medical school curricula. Every graduating podiatrist is competent in the disease processes that affect the foot; they are licensed to prescribe every medication every other medical specialist may prescribe, and they will consult with that patient's physician while treating any specific foot problem. Most M.D.s by their own admission, don't feel comfortable treating all foot problems because of the lack of emphasis on the subject in medical training.

The podiatrist is the ultimate specialist of the foot, be it an orthopedic problem, a biomechanical problem, a dermatologic problem, a neurologic problem, or a vascular problem. If there is any other specialist the podiatrist feels would serve the best interest of the patient, you can be assured he will consult with him or her, as any other specialist would do. . . .
Spencer S. Lockson, D.P.M
Sacramento CA

Author's reply: *Useful foot treatment can be provided by a variety of specialists, and Vogue's medical consultants are aware that podiatrists do perform both simple and complex foot surgeries. However, these experts (who are medical doctors and orthopedists) feel that any major bone procedure should be performed by a physician in a hospital operating room or in the operating room of a hospital-affiliated outpatient clinic.*

Regarding the comment that "most experts in foot surgery by sheer numbers are podiatrists . . .," these experts point out that the fact that a medical group is large does not ensure that all its members will offer expert care.

Don't forget the domestic help: the IRS doesn't!

Overlooking their Social Security taxes can be costly

BY JULIAN BLOCK

The Internal Revenue Service can play rough when it tracks down people who hire household help and fail to fork over Social Security taxes on their wages. Despite what you may have heard, warns the IRS, you are not off the hook for withholding just because a hard-to-hire housekeeper says she's unwilling to work unless you agree to forget about Social Security taxes.

It may take years for the IRS to uncover what you have left undone; the delayed day of reckoning can come when your helper retires and applies for Social Security benefits based on earnings that should have been reported in earlier years. Worse yet, your tax tab could turn out to be a lot more expensive than you think.

The IRS can hit you with a bill for all back taxes (not just *your* share, but also the *employee's* share that you were supposed to withhold), as well as interest, plus a slew of penalties for late payment and late filing.

This was made expensively clear a number of years ago to a Mississippi woman who employed two domestics for several years and chose to ignore Social Security taxes. She wound up paying more than $3700 in taxes, interest, and penalties. Today, her tab would be at least twice as much.

You are liable for Social Security taxes if you pay cash wages of $50 or more in a three-month calendar quarter to a household employee. This includes baby-sitters—whether adult or teenage—cooks, maids, and companions for convalescents or the elderly.

While all cash payments count, you do not have to include the value of room, board, clothing, or other non-cash items. Nor are any taxes due on what you pay to your spouse or to a son or daughter under twenty-one for household chores or to someone who works for you as an independent contractor—for instance, a painter or plumber.

When Social Security taxes fall due, you must file Form 942 (Employer's Quarterly Tax Return for Household Employees). For 1982, the return must be accompanied by your check for the 6.7 percent tax on the employee and the 6.7 percent on the employer's matching share, a total tax of 13.4 percent on the first $32,400 of earnings, plus any income taxes that your employee authorized you to withhold. You are responsible for paying the entire 13.4 percent whether or not you subtracted the domestic's share from his or her wages. ▽

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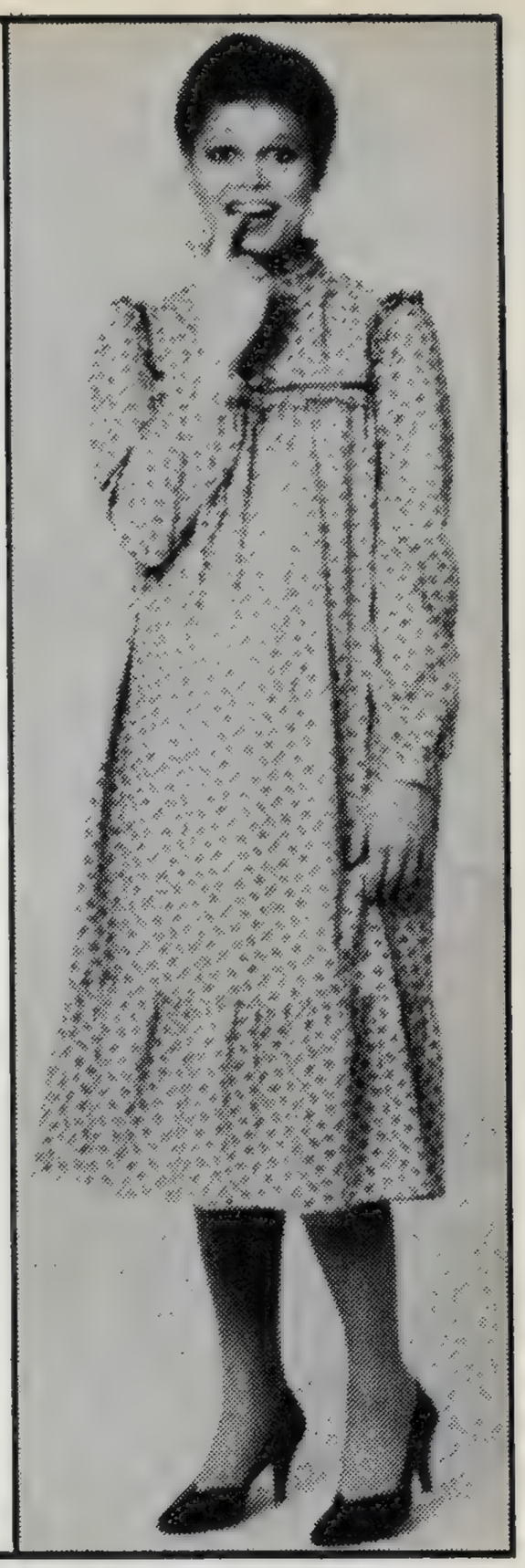

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Travel Now

Inside the "Orient-Express"... prime dining in Northern California...great day in China

By Richard Alleman

andmark remake. . . . Originally built as a stock and commodities exchange, Philadelphia's 1895 Bourse Building (above) has been totally renovated and transformed into a lavish new shopping-dining enclave. In the center of historic downtown Philadelphia at 21 South 5th Street, The Bourse—with marble floors and staircases, Corinthian columns, wrought-iron balustrades—is across from Independence Hall. Besides top shops (Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Cacharel, Rodier Paris), fast- and slow-food restaurants, The Bourse entertains with free concerts on weekends.

To thoroughly enjoy the romance of the overnight journey from London (or Paris) to Venice aboard the luxurious new *Venice Simplon Orient-Express* train, these tips from recent voyager Despina Messinesi: "Organize luggage. Before boarding, deposit large suitcases trainside at the special *Orient-Express* check-in counter. Take only a small bag and tote into the ravishing cozy compartment. Pack pyjama/nightie, robe and slippers (for the trek to the W.C. at the end of each car), evening clothes for the black-tie dinner. . . . Toilet articles fit snugly on the chrome shelves of the white, mirrored dressing room with washbasin hidden behind paneled marquetry doors in the corner of each compartment. . . . For stepping off the train in Venice in summer, take something cool and fresh to wear. For arrivals in the unpredictable summer climates of Paris and London, a lightweight coat, jacket, or raincoat may be a lifesaver. . . . A marvelous breakfast-brunch buffet *(left)* is offered in the restaurant cars—but passengers may have breakfast in their compartments. Stewards bring trays of coffee, tea, hot chocolate—plus crusty croissants picked up en route at Lausanne along with the peach-colored *Financial Times* and the *International Herald Tribune*. Sipping café au lait and reading world headlines while propped up in bed as the *Orient-Express* glides by snowed Alpine peaks and sparkling blue Italian lakes is true bliss. . . . Tip the car attendant for his services—baggage handling, bed making, serving drinks, breakfast in your compartment—about $10."—D.M.

CHINA FOR A DAY

If you're in Hong Kong and want an intriguing quick look at Mainland China, consider International Tourism's one-day outing to Zhongshan and Shiqi in Guangdong Province.

Day-trippers leave Hong Kong at 8:00 A.M. aboard a hydrofoil *(above)* bound for the Portuguese colony of Macau an hour away. After a brief tour of Macau, the group crosses the border and spends most of the rest of the day sight-seeing China aboard an air-conditioned Japanese bus. Besides passing farms and villages, the tour visits a commune, also stops at the big city of Shiqi for lunch, shopping, browsing. The tour returns to Hong Kong on the 5:00 P.M. hydrofoil.

Cost: $68—includes boat, bus, lunch, sightseeing, guides. *Note:* This package must be booked two days in advance in order to process visas—so contact International Tourism upon arrival in Hong Kong; telephone: 5-412-011. The trip can also be booked in the U.S. through travel agents . . . or write the Macau Tourist Bureau, P.O. Box 1860, Los Angeles, CA 90028. For more about this and other new mini-tours to China, see page 184.

Wine country dine-find . . . Auberge du Soleil in Northern California's Napa Valley. Hugging a lush hillside near the town of Rutherford, this new restaurant has extraordinary food by super-chef Masataki Kabayashi (formerly of Manhattan's cuisine-acclaimed Le Plaisir). Also extraordinary: views of vineyards, olive groves, blue skies from Auberge's terrace (above); (707) 963-1211.

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Ame de Soie

AMY GROSS

Transatlantic on the *QE2:* notes on a blissful crossing

Champagne, caviar, tradition—succumbing to the First Class life

BY AMY GROSS

The expectation of caviar can do a lot for a person's mood. The pouring of champagne is a rite of revival—hope is a thing with bubbles. I'm not talking about status here, but about festivity, shine, the side of life usually undermined by those, like me, who have an untoward fear of the frivolous.

The fear is of succumbing, in a hedonistic swoon, to the lure of bad values. Left to our own devices, for example, we who are afraid of the frivolous would never volunteer for an ocean cruise. If you're going somewhere, by crackers, get there fast—efficiency counts, so does economy. The leisure of a ship, the suspension of time and obligations, seem uninteresting. One thing we may certainly rule out as the purpose of living, and that is "to relax." The verb sounds tacky to my ears.

Fortunately, life does not abandon people completely to their own devices. Luck is the thing that comes along with a better idea and slides you into a new orbit. Luck, a while ago, danced over to me and offered me a transatlantic crossing on the *Queen Elizabeth 2*. Five days at sea, First Class.

I may be fearful, but I am not a fool. I accepted with an enthusiasm that was so uncool, it verged on the pitiful. I was *very very* tired.

Mine was the last transatlantic crossing of the year, starting out November 5th from Manhattan and docking in Southampton, England, on November 10. At the peak of the season, the ship must seem like a mobile tropical island, with its four pools (two indoors, two out), its sun decks, nightclubs, casino . . . music floating out on the night breeze while couples lean against the railing and the moon streaks the water. In my imagination, the women all wear slinky 'thirties evening gowns; the men, tuxedos: that's what comes of too much late-night TV. You could design a small film festival themed to the romance of the cruise ship.

Off-season, the ship offers another kind of theater. It's an enclave, a fiesta of lights bearing civilization through the wilderness. To walk on the deck at night is heady. We're traveling at almost thirty knots an hour, so the wind is vigorous, immaculate; it brushes your hair, mists your face, scrubs your brain clean. When you turn inside, the comfort—warmth and light—is tangible. We leave that first day just as night is beginning and the lights of the city are coming on. We slide by the torch of the Statue of Liberty and then aim straight into the darkness. It's thrilling—this radical departure from the known world. There will be much murmuring, during the five days, about our ancestors who similarly stepped off from the known world under conditions we strain to imagine. A residue of their adventure remains; a sense of amazement.

There you are at dinner, with the sounds of civilization in your ears—silver against china, clicking glasses, conversation's hum—and suddenly you notice the slight rhythmic ripple of the wine in a glass. You remember where you are: Your mind's eye zooms up, to some sky point, and from there you see the ship as a glow in an endless darkness.

The most ordinary things become extraordinary. You're in the ship's theater watching *Breaker Morant* and suddenly your attention splits from the screen. You remember where you are—nowhere, in the middle of nowhere. In a nightclub, a singer diiiii-rect from the Folies Bergère in Paris splashes onto the stage with feathers, songs, and French innuendo to perform for you . . . and where are you?

You wake up, rocked very gently in your bed as though *(Continued on page 184)*

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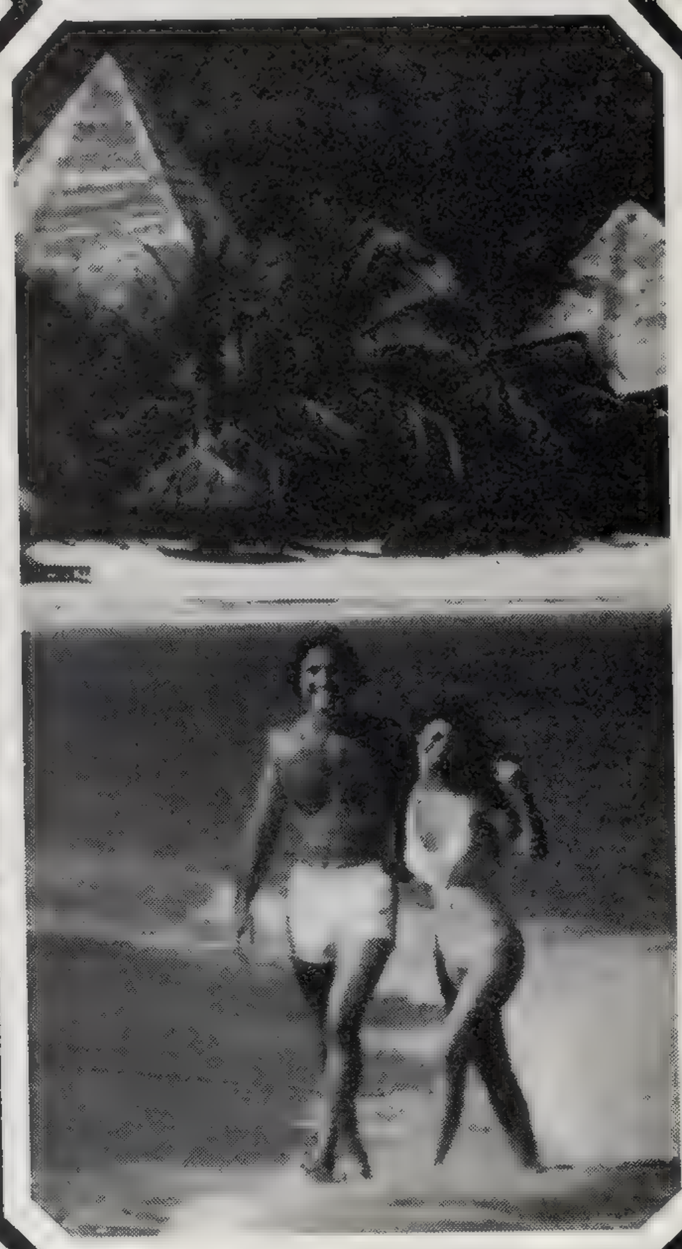

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TRAVEL: *QE2*

(Continued from page 183)

it were a cradle. You notice that you are strangely happy, suffused with an oddly sweet sense of well-being. Is it the lulling rhythms of the ocean? Are amniotic memories stirring? The theory that the womb is the original Eden is newly convincing. Because this is blissful—my edges seem to have melted. I am traveling with a group of six other people, all but one of them complete strangers, and I notice we get along as easily as seals, as waves, edgeless. For the edgy, the jittery, the irritated, this cruise is not frivolous but medicinal, I decide. The ship is a spa without alfalfa sprouts. Instead of discipline and deprivation, your treatment is indulgence.

Consider the care you get at the hands of the crew. For all that the service is proper and formal, it is not arrogant but coddling. The English are brilliant at anything touching on the nursery; and, on the ship, you are taken care of as though you were a precious child.

Mornings, for instance, when you arrive at your reserved deck chair, you are greeted by a chipper fellow in a navy-blue sweater you will want for your very own. He will wrap you in a handsome navy-blue and red blanket so thick it could warm a horse, and at about eleven, he will bring you a cup of hot bouillon. At four in the afternoon, rewrapped, you will be offered your own tea tray and cakes. What would I do for five days, I'd worried. I had no idea how much time it takes to be blissful. You lounge with your tea tray on your lap, and your eyes on the sky, the crack of blue, the shades of grey, the kite tail of smoke flying from the stack.

AMY GROSS

As though in a nursery, there's a schedule of activities—all games! Pamphlets and printed matter with suggested amusements are constantly slipped under your door, along with the *QE2 Times*, your only connection to the outside world. ("PLAYBOY JAILED," we read one morning. "Brazilian playboy Paul Street was sentenced to fifteen years in prison for murdering his girl friend. . . . 'Men will have to think twice before they kill women,' " said a leading Brazilian feminist actress.) There are diversions such as bridge, trapshooting, chess, lectures in art, architecture, commodities, gambling, flower arranging. There are invitations for beauty makeovers and chiropody demonstrations (there is a small pleasure in refusing invitations, even to chiropody demonstrations). You could fill a day with exercise, beginning with a run on the Quarter Deck in the morning, continuing with yoga, calisthenics, swims, sauna and steam bath, workouts in a machine-filled gym.

But the central activity, besides meditating on the water and the sky, is, of course, eating. Meals are the primary social occasion. Of the three First Class restaurants, we have been advised to choose the Princess Grill, and we are very content with its relatively cozy size—it is not at all like a hotel's dining room—and its plush burgundy-red coloring. To engage the imagination in the Princess Grill, there is a cast of other travelers. A British couple who seems so "U" they would dismiss the Windsors as Hanoverian *arrivistes*. A young foursome with an air of Hollywood—we speculate on whether one of the men is or is not a well-known scriptwriter. We don't care enough to ask. Two tables away there is Ian McKellen,

"You could theme a small film festival around the romance of the cruise ship"

the British actor who, along with Tim Curry, made *Amadeus* a dazzling evening on Broadway. (It is not unusual for traveling celebs to offer a lecture to their fellow passengers, and McKellen's, on the difference between Broadway and London's West End, managed to inflame a few New York chauvinists, which was exciting. English theater, McKellen suggested, is still about theater. Broadway's subject, to generalize, is "making it," survival, success, ambition. This seemed incontestably true and both explained my weariness and heightened my pleasure at leaving New York for a while.)

At table, our little group discovers that we may begin our multi-course meal with caviar every night if we wish. We wish. Those among us who have not yet acquired a taste for caviar at home, do so by Southampton. Our waiters do not resent our greed; rather, they seem to enjoy our gusto. They encourage us to order "off the menu"—one of the perks of First Class. Don't we want a beef Wellington? A rack of lamb? veal Cordon Bleu? How about crêpes Suzette? Now, ironically, most of these specialties have been forbidden by those who consider themselves people of taste. Flaming desserts indeed. But though you may have aspirations to be a person of taste, after observing even Lord and Lady U tuck into a flaming *banane*, and even Ian McKellen applaud as Headwaiter-Impresario John squeezes orange after orange into a chafing dish for crêpes Suzette . . . you say what the hell and order something silly and fantastic. Besides, you can be pretty sure that no one you know from home will walk in and catch you.

After dinner, you may migrate from table to nightclub. There is dancing all over the ship to music of several generations. A piano bar drew us because the pianist knows all the songs and who wrote them. "As Time Goes By," we learn, is the single most requested song. "Anyone know who wrote it?" the pianist asks. "No? It's Herman Hupfeld of New Jersey." Stick that in your memory bank.

There are also quiet bars and a crowded, smoky, authentic casino, and, always, a door nearby that opens onto a deck and sea air. The contrast between in and out, again, intensifies every pleasure. The comfort and luxuries of the ship would be merely comforts and luxuries in any first-class hotel, but at sea they become marvelous. For example, there is First Class, and then there's First Class. I have a room with a small refrigerator and a closet that, were it a foyer, would make many New Yorkers happy. Up another deck, though, there are rooms with verandahs, suites with brass beds, bathrooms with bidets and gold faucets. One stands amazed.

There's a kennel with its own deck, run by a terrific young woman, for rich cats and dogs. There's a large nursery—all white and primary colors—for children up to the age of ten. There's a separate "crèche"—a small room—for infants. There's even a tiny theater where cartoons are shown twice a day. This marvel is run by *two* terrific women, one of whom bears an unnerving resemblance to Julie Andrews' Mary Poppins. Child care is free, and one fantasizes that the really right way to bring up children is to entrust them to the *QE2*.

There is a hospital that is a miniaturist's joy. It has a surgery, high-tech dentist's office, intensive-care units, pharmacist, nurses, two doctors. One of the doctors informs us that seasickness has been mastered. At first symptom, passengers can pop down for a shot of Phenergan, which sedates the organ of balance in the middle ear. If you are going to get sick on a holiday, do it here, I say. Doctor to one of our party, queasy and headachy: "Do you think your tummy will take the aspirin?"

Charm rules the *(Continued on page 186)*

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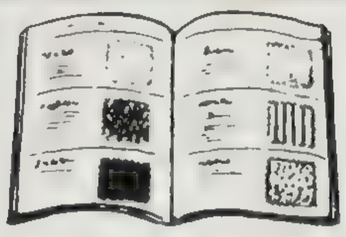

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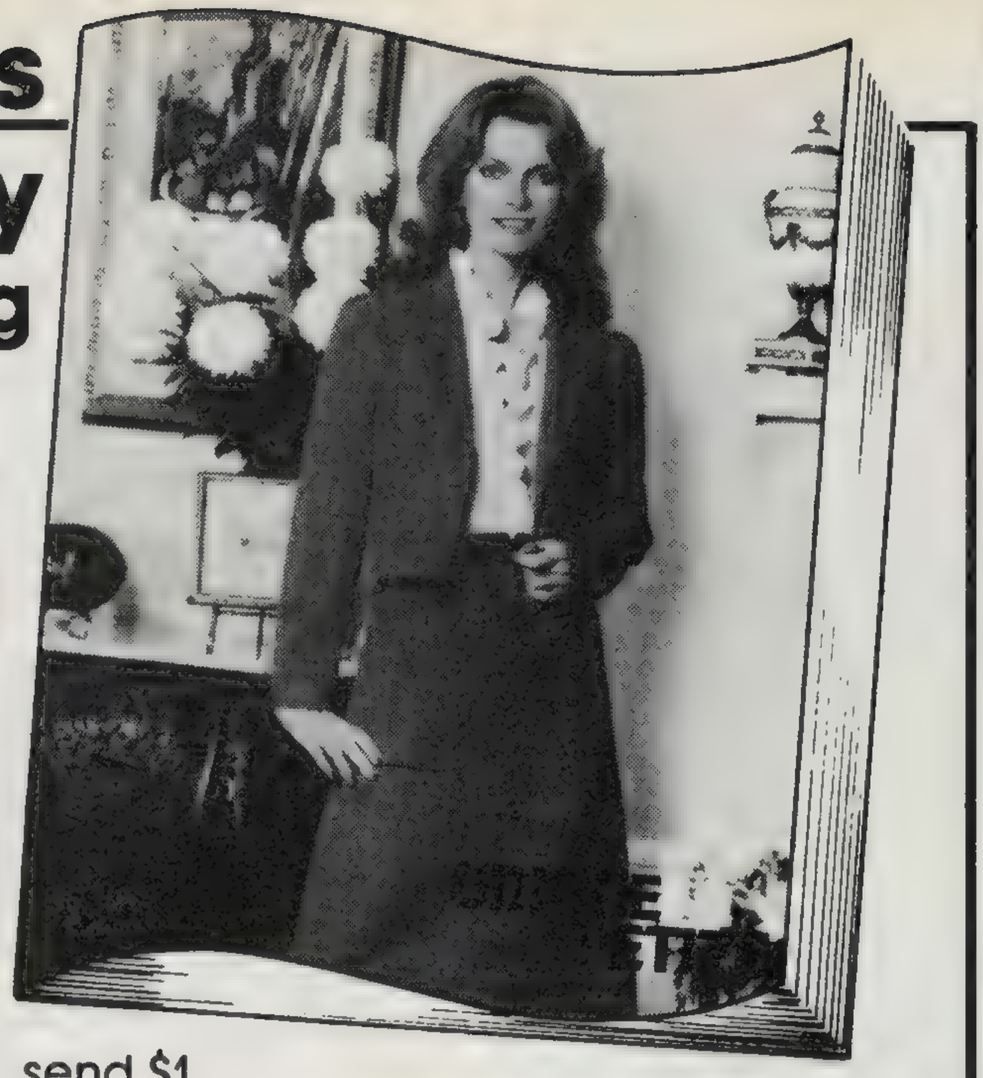

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TRAVEL: *QE2*

(Continued from page 185)

ship, from the tender doctor to the executive chef, an affable blond giant in a toque, to the baby-waiters (recent graduates of hotel training school, they may not shave yet, but already they're making with the jokes that encourage you to explore the sweets trolley), to the young man who boasts that the ship consumes fifty pounds of chocolate a day and from thirty-five to forty pounds of caviar every two days. (Our group flushes with pride at this last statistic—we are doing our bit.) Pride really is the word. Everyone seems to be in love with this ship, its size, its fittings, its magnificent appetite for caviar as well as fuel ("Every twenty-four hours, $80,000 of fuel is burned"). Everyone is aware of participating in a vanishing tradition. The *QE2*, all say, is the last luxury ship. Launched in 1969, at a cost of $60 million, it is irreplaceable. When it goes, they all say, that's it for transatlantic crossings.

This prediction lends urgency to this exercise in self-indulgence; it somehow ennobles the *apparently* frivolous consumption of caviar and sipping of champagne. So, after all, one is not merely relaxing on this cruise. One is repairing, resting, unwinding—this calm acquired will see me through to January at least. One is also having a historically significant experience. And one is, at the same time, getting there. All this and England too. ▽

THE *QE2* TRANSATLANTIC: A FEW FACTS, A FEW SUGGESTIONS

- As we go to press, the *QE2*, now a veteran of combat in the Falkland Islands, is being refitted in the style to which it is accustomed, and is scheduled to resume transatlantic crossings on August 14.
- The rates for a transatlantic crossing include free one-way air passage between England and the U.S. on British Airways. Also included: the first night in England in a Cunard Hotel if you're staying more than two nights, or 20 percent off accommodations if you're staying only one or two nights. Fares range from $1095 to $5725.
- Spa at sea: Through April, 1983, experts from California's Golden Door will be on board the *QE2*, offering travelers a double whammy of health—not only sea air but a spa regimen. A day begins with exercises, goes on to dance, yoga, biofeedback, relaxation techniques, stress-management courses. At table, the regular menu is starred with choices recommended by a spa chef. The program is available at no extra charge in both First and Transatlantic classes.
- Once you arrive at Southampton: A train meets the ship, speeds you directly to London. Or: Start your holiday in the south of England. Not far from Southampton is Chewton Glen, a dream of a country inn (my dream of an English inn has a remarkable French chef) where you could recover your land legs, and then set off for Stonehenge. Or, from Chewton Glen, take a ferry to the Isle of Wight to visit Osborne House, Queen Victoria's marine residence, a treasury of Victoriana—objects, memorabilia, furnishings, paintings (Landseers, Winterhalters), gardens. For more on England and the *QE2*, see page 184.—A.G.

Natalie Wood, Marilyn Monroe . . . & the Hollywood risk

BY ANNE TAYLOR FLEMING

It is the distinction of the newest graves to have the loveliest grass. With that in mind, I went one afternoon to search for Natalie Wood's grave in a small cemetery in Westwood, California. The graveyard is tucked into the middle of the bustling town that grew up around UCLA, full of hip kids and electronic game parlors and countless movie theaters, a town eminently, youthfully alive.

It was a bright, cold winter afternoon full of clouds. The cemetery was dark, kempt, immaculately mown, huge redwood trees presiding, mown that is but for one spot where the tender new shoots of grass tipped off the trespasser. I circled around that spot for a while, going first to the wall crypt where I knew Marilyn Monroe to be buried. Her ever-present red roses, four of them sent every three days by Joe DiMaggio, were just beginning to wilt in their slender clip-on vase. Often, people waiting to get into the movie theater just in front of the cemetery will, leaving someone in line to hold their places, straggle back and stare briefly at Monroe's engraved name, but this day there was no one, no one, in fact, anywhere in the three-and-a-half acre park.

I walked around the lawn reading this and that plaque, my eye teased by that unmown spot. I came unexpectedly upon the name of Dorothy Stratten, the *Playboy* centerfold who was shot to death, the year before last, by her estranged husband. Natalie Wood was forty-three when she died, Marilyn Monroe was thirty-six; Dorothy Stratten was twenty—I had not known she was buried there, too; another blond goddess, her extreme beauty glimpsed for a moment in the only movie she made, *They All Laughed*.

I had not really been aware of Dorothy Stratten until after her death just as, in a sense, I was not really aware of Marilyn Monroe when she was alive, because I was a bit young. I knew of her, of course, but as with Stratten, I wasn't really aware, until after the fact, of what had been lost. I was twelve when Marilyn Monroe died. Later, in my early twenties, I became somewhat obsessed with her, with the sheer languid loveliness of her—odd timing as the Women's Movement was in its first strident bloom and I was a sure sympathizer. For hours I stared at photographs of Monroe, not with any feminist consciousness, mind you, not with any sense that she had been exploited, but with sheer dumb joy. I remember catching sight of her famous nude calendar picture in some crummy auto repair garage, tacked on a bulletin board amidst various magazine centerfolds, and she looked so innocent there, so virginal among those pig-tailed *Penthouse* poopsies that I wanted to sneak her picture down and take it away with me.

Obviously that was a large part of it, of the appeal of both Monroe and Stratten, that vulnerability, the need to be protected, the strange naïveté with which they seemed to disrobe, no less appealing to another woman than to a man. But then there was Natalie Wood, the purpose of my pilgrimage. She did not fit; she did not seem to be the missing member of the troika. Dark, determined, a child star who had by all accounts beaten the odds, she had never appeared to be vulnerable the way the two blondes were. Yet here she lay with them. I walked over to her grave.

For those of us who grew up in L.A., child stars are our good-luck charms

There was as yet no official marker, simply a bunch of bouquets, most of them looking hand-picked and scraggly, afixed with fan notes—"I'm Mary, I came all the way from Pennsylvania to tell you how much I loved you. . ."—the kind of notes that would dwindle to none in a year's time, leaving only the flowers of the next of kin.

Staring at the notes, I couldn't figure out why I had come. *(Continued on page 188)*

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HOLLYWOOD RISK

(Continued from page 187)

Natalie Wood had not been a particular favorite of mine; I cannot pretend that I thought her a particularly fine actress nor a particular beauty, arresting certainly but not achingly beautiful in the soft, pliant way Monroe and Stratten were. But something about her, about the way she died, touched me and many other women I know who grew up in Los Angeles.

The day her death was announced, that Sunday after Thanksgiving, I had calls from friends in other parts of the country, who went away to college and never came back because they were faintly bothered by the sun and the sea and the sybaritic tilt of their native town. They felt sick about Natalie Wood, they said, how could it have happened. For them, her death was a kind of vindication of their flights from Los Angeles, yet there was no triumph in their voices. It was just, damn, she'd survived so much, she seemed happy, normal—that was the word they used, normal. She had a husband, in fact, the same one twice—such almost unbearable optimism in that, we all agreed, in marrying the same man twice. She had children and she had work to do, work

Living beside the ocean, you become numb to its power

which, even pre-eulogy, critics agreed was getting better all the time. So what went wrong? Why take a boat out at night into the dark sea, of which you've been quoted as saying you are passionately afraid? And why, why do we care so, my friends and I?

I guess because, unlike Dorothy Stratten and Marilyn Monroe, Natalie Wood did seem so normal, as normal as a pretty girl growing up in this town can be, not only in this town but in front of a camera. That's part of it, too, the fact that—again, unlike Stratten and Monroe—Wood was a child star and for those of us who grow up here, child stars are our good-luck charms. If they survive their distorted childhoods and find reasonable happiness, if they beat their odds, which are lousy, then surely we will beat ours. And if something bad happens to one of them, we feel directly imperiled. I think that that is what my friends were trying to get at when they called that day.

The way she died, that didn't help; it increased our sense of imperilment. Growing up beside the ocean, you become numb to its power and it's only when someone drowns in it that the power reasserts itself in your imagination. Now, when I walk along the ocean cliffs and look out, across to Catalina—the island off which she drowned—I do not do so without a shiver, no matter how blue the water, how beautiful the day. The morning they found Natalie Wood was the beginning of such a day which grew lustrous under a warm sun and was mocking in its luster, a day so different in temperament from the chilly one on which, months later, I found myself drawn to her grave. ▽

MANNERS AND MORALS

The trouble with truth

BY HOLLY BRUBACH

Honesty may have been the best policy for centuries, but no more. During the late 'sixties and early 'seventies, the meaning of honesty changed, and what had always been just another word for telling the truth when asked became a bigger, more encompassing term for baring one's soul. Being honest came to mean being "open," coming right out and saying whatever was on your mind, even if what was on your mind wasn't very nice—communication was the thing.

With this new, revised definition, people who prided themselves on a clear conscience were now obliged to be honest with a vengeance. "I hate those status watches," a woman who wears a Cartier Tank watch was told. "Well, maybe if you'd had better direction . . .," one theatergoer at an opening-night disaster reassured a friend in the cast. "You know," a guest at a recent dinner party told the hostess to her face, "this chicken is overcooked." Sensible people presumably know better than to take remarks like these personally. Personally, I can't imagine anyone being that sensible.

Since human beings are designed to think faster than they can talk, a lot of the ideas that come flitting across our field of inner vision never see the light of day. And it's a good thing, too—most thoughts aren't worth the time it would take to put them into words. Others, once you've voiced them, don't sound so good. Spoken thoughts carry more weight than unspoken ones (and written ones tend to carry even more), so any thought spoken aloud had better be able to stand up under other people's scrutiny. A thought is your personal property until you state it, when it goes public.

All that considered, there are many things better left unsaid. For example: a man tells his wife that he thinks one of her friends is ravishing. Now, this man is happy with his wife and has no intention of embarking on an affair; he's just looking, that's all, and no one would deny him the right to window-shop. But people's attitudes toward one another are implicit in the way they act. Chances are that the wife and her friend would have taken note of his admiration even if he hadn't felt compelled to be honest. The occasional admiring glance should suffice, whereas a declarative sentence, spoken aloud, might make too much of something small.

> ***There are many things better left unsaid. . . . "Your hair, I think, looked better before you got it cut."***

Our self-assurance relies largely on the delusion that other people think we're wonderful. To inform someone that, to your mind, he's not so wonderful and why, is to chip away at the rock he's standing on, which in most instances can only make matters worse. It is their sure footing that enables people to act from the better part of themselves, whenever they can. Honesty gone overboard frays the social fabric; people's confidence in themselves wears thin.

Having let it all hang out, we must now pull some of it back in: discretion is the better part of silence. Honesty from here on should be governed by a sense of what's appropriate, what's called for by the situation at hand. "Did you or did you not shoot your wife?" There will always be a place in the world for an honest answer to questions like that one. It's not truth in those Old Testament terms that has gotten out of hand, it's the compulsive kind of truth, the honest answer that doesn't bother to wait for a question. On a recent trip to Paris, I met an American who asked me where I lived. "Oh," she said when I told her, "the only thing I love more than visiting New York City is leaving it—the filth, the noise, the fight to get a cab. . . ." Now why, I thought to myself, is this woman telling me this? New York is my home.

The snobbery-in- *(Continued on page 190)*

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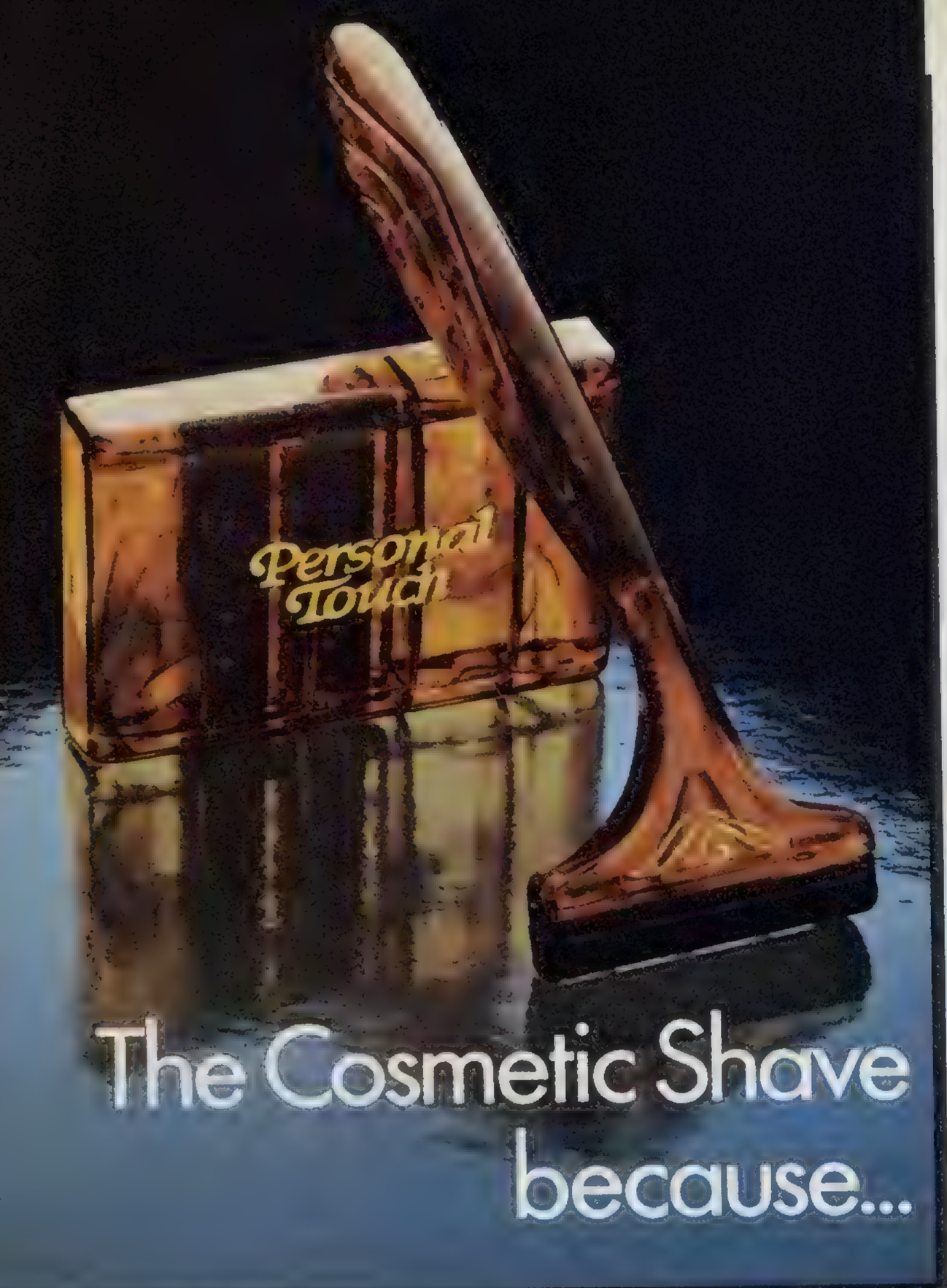

She's arranging the world the way she thinks it should be. But is your hairstyle your friend's responsibility? No. In fact, it's none of her goddam business. Each to his or her own, and then let well enough alone.

Some situations between friends call for a compliment. Then neither the truth, if it's not flattering, nor silence will do. Ordinarily, these special cases declare themselves: someone you know has put his time and effort, heart and soul into a project, and nothing less than a piece of his identity is at stake. Abandon your highest principles for the time being. Does Julia Child have the right to leave her chicken on the plate if her hostess for the evening hasn't cooked it to her liking? No. She should swallow the chicken with her pride and make some appreciative remark. She need not lie—not exactly. But she had better not tell the truth.

The obligatory opening-night visit to a friend's dressing room after the show, which was just awful; the party in honor of a friend who wrote a book so boring you can't get beyond the first chapter—the finesse it takes to get through these awkward moments gracefully comes only with practice. An informal, highly subjective survey of people who navigate these treacherous social straits on a regular basis—actors' girlfriends, literary agents, critics in any field—turns up the following guidelines for those who just can't bring themselves to lie through their teeth:

1. Smile. What you say doesn't matter nearly so much as how you say it—with great enthusiasm and conviction. Work on your delivery.
2. Learn to say nothing whatsoever while saying something or other. Be vague: "That was unlike anything I've ever seen." "You must be very proud." "I couldn't be more surprised." "You were *on* that stage." Or be specific: "The way you stubbed your cigarette in that last scene reminded me of Ralph Richardson in this same role." "What I love about your paintings is the way you combine different textures."

But be cagey. The truth—the whole truth—ought to be deferred. Fifty years from now, when you and your friend will have survived economic depression, the deaths of loved ones, success and failure, you will have a lot to review and the time in which to review it. Turn then to your friend and say: "That play you were in back in 1982 was one of the worst things I ever saw on any stage." Or, "I never did like your second novel." From the safe distance of all those years, you can recall last night's dinner party—"Wasn't that the time you overcooked the chicken?" The day of reckoning is tomorrow, next week, later, maybe never. But not now. There's entirely too much truth on the loose as it is. ▽

TROUBLE WITH TRUTH

(Continued from page 189)

reverse that rates a sleepy Southern town higher than Manhattan, the upside-down scale of values that ranks a beat-up Volkswagen above a new Mercedes-Benz or puts more store by a Timex than a watch from Cartier—this is a blueprint for the world drawn up by people who, for the most part, haven't got the means to acquire such luxuries anyway, and they need to convince themselves that the quality of their lives isn't any the worse for it. Of course it's not, unless the only rewards they know how to appreciate are material ones. These people aren't knocking the symbols of status, they're lashing out at the status attached to objects beyond their reach; their own lives, in their view, take on a slightly tragic air.

But enough of this sympathy—the best defense is often downright offensive, and no amount of understanding the rationale behind insults that try and pass for honesty can take away their sting. The real issue here isn't deceit, it's bitterness, which is another kind of failure—failure that comes under the category of Generosity. And we were talking about Honesty. . . .

Confusion also results when honesty takes the form of "constructive criticism." There are those fields in which everybody is an expert—how to dress, how to decorate your living room, how to wear your hair so it looks most becoming. Mothers are among the biggest experts the world knows. Their advice comes out of a sense of duty: they must instill good taste in their children. In the event that your mother lives too far away to perform this service on a regular, ongoing basis, some friends can be counted on to volunteer their unsolicited but honest opinions. "Your hair, I think, looked better before you got it cut." "Are you sure you want green curtains in this room? *Green* curtains?" "Listen, that's a beautiful jacket, but on you, it's a little too long." Now, even if you're of a mind to change your hairstyle or your curtains or even your clothes to suit your friends, the fact is that none of these remarks is really on the side of right, though they pretend to be; all of them come down to personal taste. A friend may think she has your best interest at heart, but it's really her own standards she's promoting.

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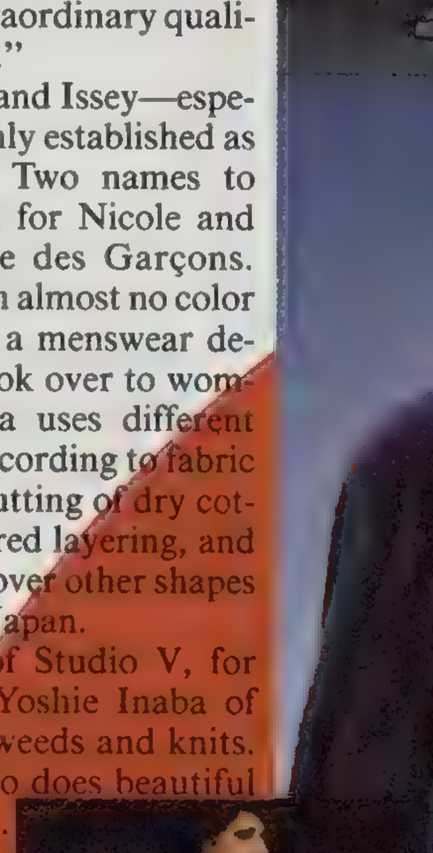
Edited by Mary Russell

East Meets West in TOKYO

A new wave of young Japanese designers presented fall ready-to-wear collections in Tokyo

Left: Soft jersey layering by Pink House. Below left: Matsuda for Nicole menswear look. Below: Studio V—bright color-blocked knits. Below right: Yuki Torii's bright plastic raincoat.

Top left: Madame Hanai's Oriental layerings. Top right: Comme des Garcons—long shirt and jacket, minimal colors. Above: Bigi big coat over leather apron. Right: Issey Myake's new "Plantation" flannels.



MARY RUSSELL

LYNN STUPPA LEVY

get ready fashion world, here comes Japan! Following the "first" generation of Japanese designers: Hanai Mori, Kenzo, Issey Myake, Kansai Yamamoto, who made their names in Paris, the "new" generation is based in Tokyo. Japan's fascination with the West, combined with its rich cultural heritage and a new way of working with fabric of extraordinary quality, is bound to make "raves."

The influences are Kenzo and Issey—especially Issey—who is now firmly established as Japan's foremost designer. Two names to watch are Yoshiro Matsuda for Nicole and Rei Kawakuba for Comme des Garçons. They do minimal clothes with almost no color and accessories. Matsuda is a menswear designer, and he carries this look over to women's clothes. Rei Kawakuba uses different blacks, their hue changing according to fabric and light. Her asymmetric cutting of dry cottons and knits, kimono-inspired layering, and renting of loose shapes worn over other shapes are the most avant-garde in Japan.

Other new names: Irie of Studio V, for young, bright sportswear. Yoshie Inaba of Bigi, for clean and boyish tweeds and knits. Jurgen Lehl, a German, who does beautiful fabrics and colorful knits. Yuki Torii for kicky sportswear. Madame Hanai's Oriental-inspired print evening separates and Yoshi Yamamoto's "Y's" collection, already a big hit in Paris and New York.

("View" continued page 194)

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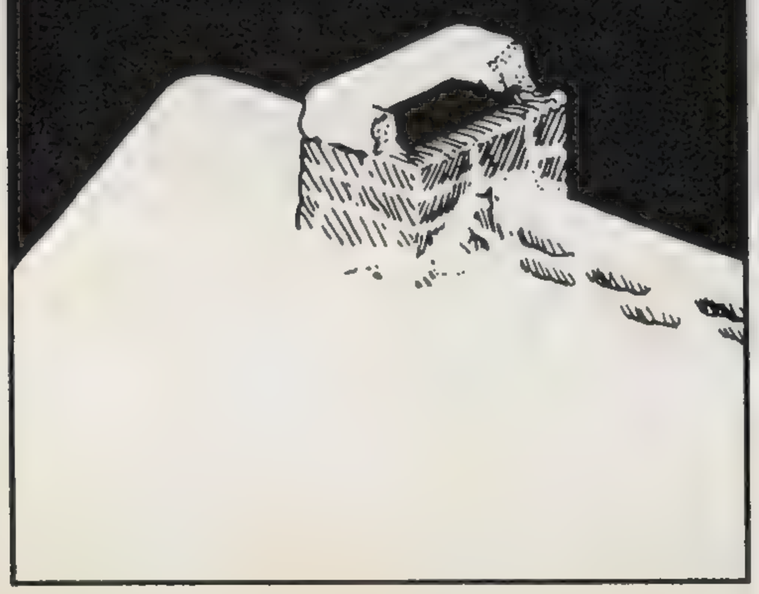


VOGUE'S *View*

IT'S ALL IN YOUR ATTITUDE

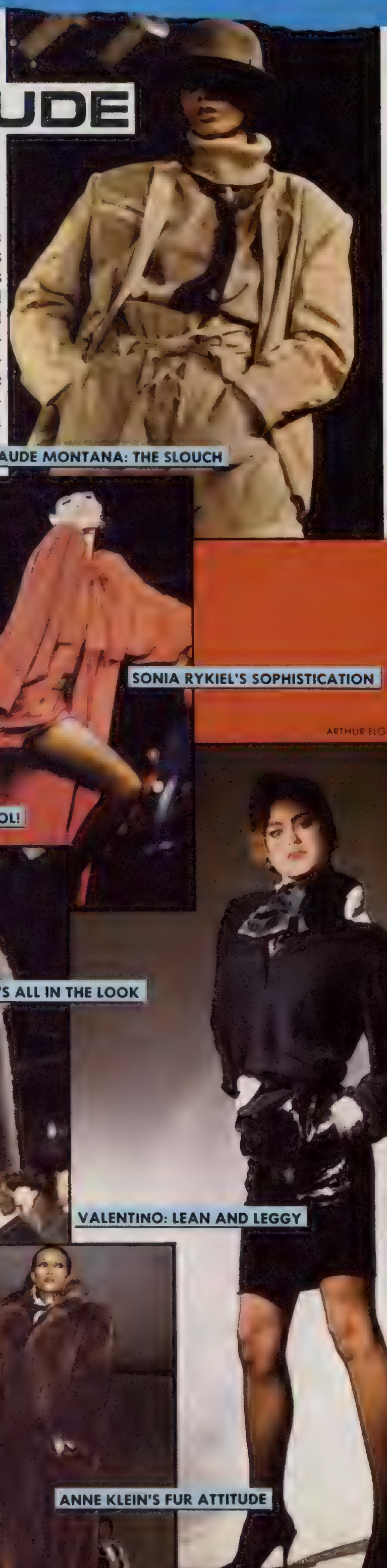
This year it's not only the clothes that count, but the way you wear them. . .

The word is attitude . . . that certain stance, or shrug, or slouch that gives clothes life and style. Perhaps it is because the clothes offered for fall and winter 1982 are so simple and uncluttered. One wonders if designers were thinking about women inside the clothes when they were working on them, then choreographed their showings with this in mind.

During the ready-to-wear showings in Europe and New York, there was no disco-dancing beat. Models moved with a new sense of security and femininity. In New York, the most interesting ambience was in Zoran's downtown loft where the girls walked nonchalantly, talking to other models and the audience, many dressed in similar Zoran separates. There was no music, the girls wore little makeup and no jewelry.

"I choose models who have 'more' than just a body or a pretty face," says Zoran. "It is this intelligence that comes through to create an attitude. Attitude is security."

("View" continued on page 196)



AT CLAUDE MONTANA: THE SLOUCH

MARY RUSSELL

SONIA RYKIEL'S SOPHISTICATION

ARTHUR ELGORT

KARL LAGERFELD AT CHLOÉ: COOL!

YSL: IT'S ALL IN THE LOOK

ZORAN'S NONCHALANCE

PIERRE SAHIB-RAN

VALENTINO: LEAN AND LEGGY

ANNE KLEIN'S FUR ATTITUDE

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VOGUE'S *View*

A Season for Skirts

COME FALL, WOMEN WILL BE LOOKING FOR EXACTLY THE "RIGHT" SKIRT . . .

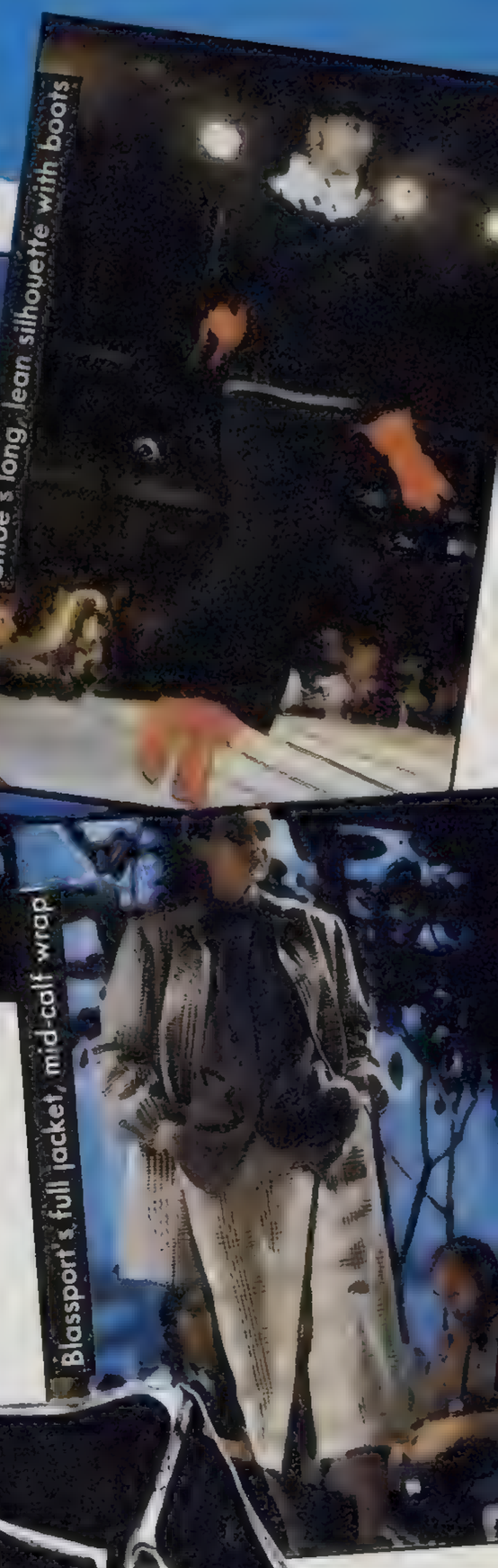
If it is a skirt, which one will it be? One of the best skirts shown for fall was by Armani. His drop-waisted wrap skirt in poplin, velvet, or wool was a knockout to go with a variety of tops.

In Paris, Ungaro showed an above-the-knee velvet skirt that can work for day or night with blouse and accessory changes. Ditto for YSL's softly gathered velvet knee-grazing skirt shown with snappy high boots. Karl Lagerfeld *for Chloé* did long, narrow skirts with schoolgirl blouses and ties. Walter Steiger did a perfect boot for this length with a two-inch heel.

In New York, Calvin Klein's narrowest of narrow midcalf skirts went under suit jackets or on their own with a similar Steiger boot. For those who like the peasant look, Ralph Lauren has long tweed or patchwork skirts with winter petticoats. Or, perhaps, a luxurious cashmere wrap skirt with a delicious silk blouse from Chanel . . .

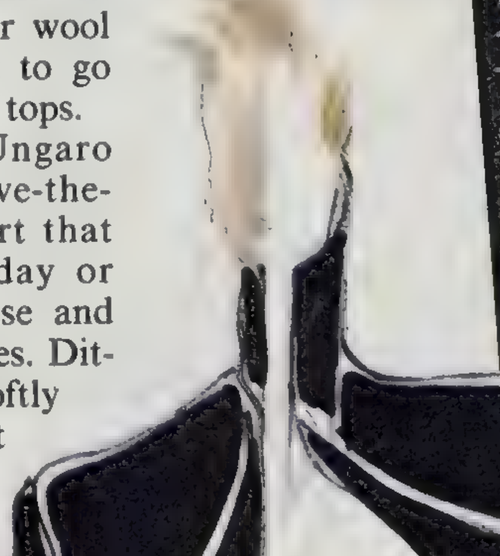
("View" continued on page 198)

Armani's low-slung below-knee wrap suede



Chloé's long, lean silhouette with boots

Blassport's full jacket, mid-calf wrap



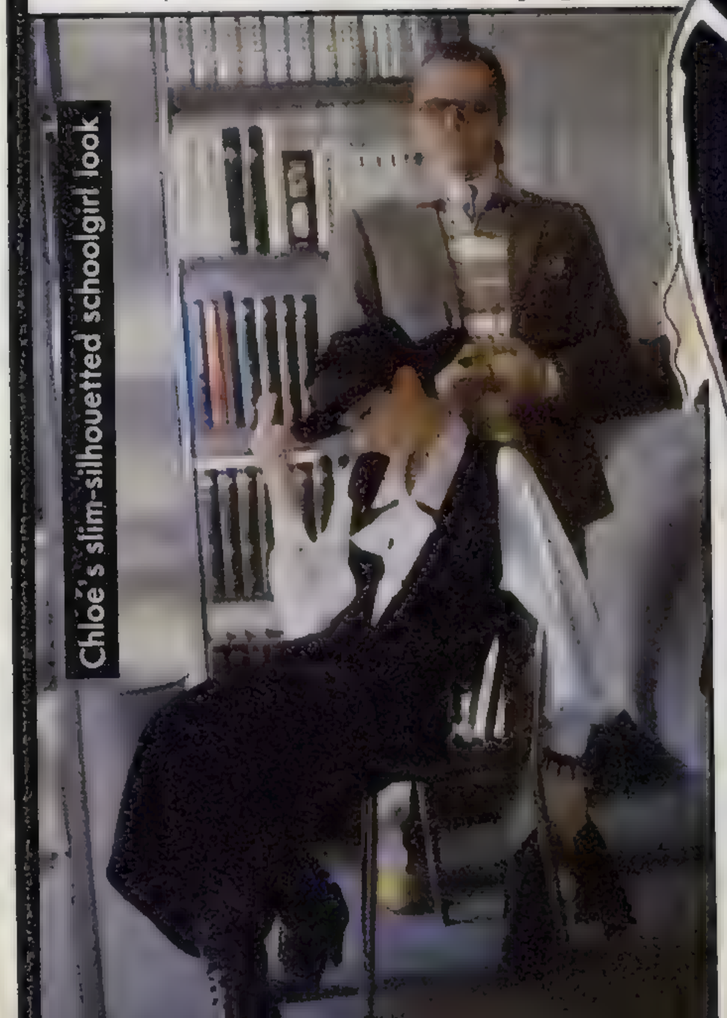
Calvin Klein's slim hip-hugging suit, with boots

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTONY VERAMONTES

YSL's knee-skimming soft velvet, with boots

Ungaro's short, straight and sexy

PIERRE SHERMAN



Chloé's slim-silhouetted schoolgirl look

GianniVersace

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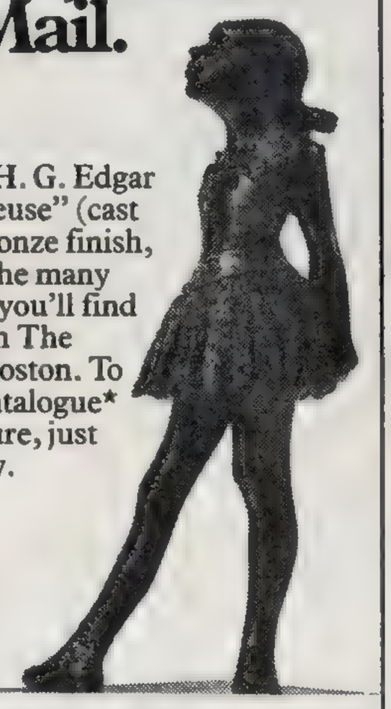

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VOGUE'S

View

Bus Fashion, Jitney Style:

From the Office, to Bus, to Beach, people are dressing in an interesting new way. . .

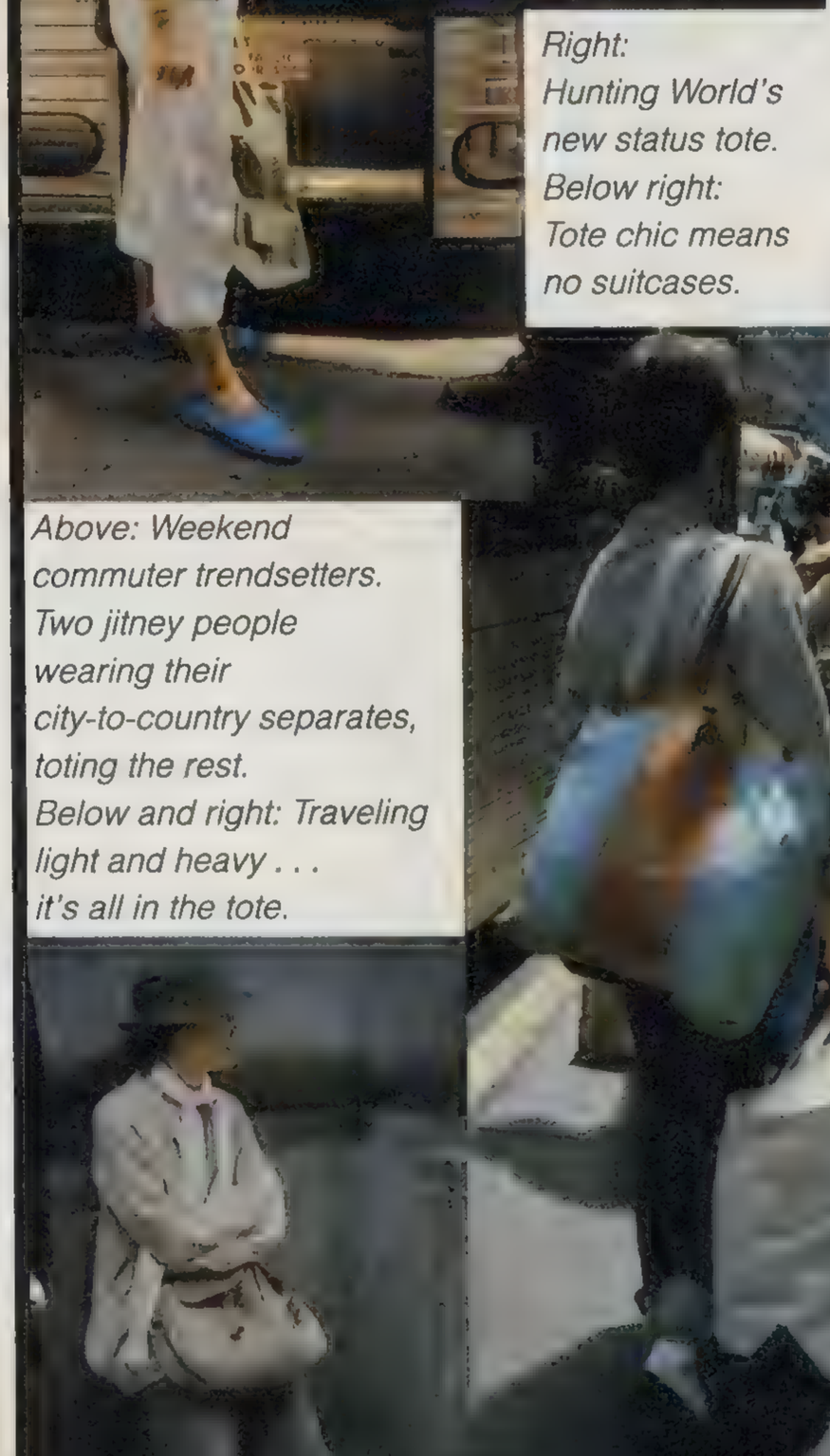
every Friday night, at Forty-fifth Street and Lexington Avenue in NYC, chic weekenders bound for the Hamptons board the Jitney, Long Island's special bus service that even offers you a glass of Saratoga water or Champagne (on holidays). Jitney people are upwardly mobile fashionwise. No faded jeans or sweats. (Unless they are by Kamali!) Bus "uniforms" are usually an easy long gypsy skirt with a big sweater, or blouson jackets with leather or unpressed poplin pants.

Status is the tote one carries. Canvas yachting totes in bright colors or anything from Fendi. Striped hemp totes with leather straps serve as second totes. The most "in" tote of the season is a big two-tone brown "leather lux" one from Hunting World.

("View" continued on page 200)

The Hampton Jitney, *above:* unexpected carrier of Style. . .

Above: Weekend commuter trendsetters. Two jitney people wearing their city-to-country separates, toting the rest. Below and right: Traveling light and heavy . . . it's all in the tote.



Right: Hunting World's new status tote. Below right: Tote chic means no suitcases.

TIM SHEAFFER

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VOGUE'S

View

BARBARA WARNER...A MODERN APPROACH

How a fashion professional takes the "edge" off designer dressing

What happens when you wear a white T-shirt under a designer original? What happens when you mix an old Armani jacket with a pair of white Army-Navy pants? What happens when you spend hours at the hairdresser and end up with a "non" haircut? The answer: You project an eclectic, slighty off-beat fashion personality with fresh modern appeal. A perfect example is Barbara Warner, who as merchandise manager of the Woman's Division at Barney's travels the world over in search of "news" for the store and, en route, picks up some interesting things to add to her own imaginative wardrobe. "My philosophy is one of dichotomy. I love expensive designer clothes but I don't let them wear me. I like to 'break' a look by adding a T-shirt or a pair of running shoes."

"What makes it work...is a lot of work, careful planning but not letting the clothes take over..."

Barbara works ten-hour days, six days a week. When she is not off on buying trips she keeps a close eye on her "floor" at the store, where the sales people are as attractive as the customers. It is here that she picks up the basics for her wardrobe. "The rest comes from my collection of 'old favorites' and my favorite Army-Navy store on Fifty-ninth Street."

As a back-up for such a fast-paced fashion life, Barbara takes precious time out for what she calls "My hedonistic overhaul." This consists of a once-every-three-weeks manicure, pedicure, facial, and leg waxing by Bessie Wong, who comes to Barbara's apartment after work. She has her hair streaked by Robert Penn (colorist to Faye Dunaway and Jill Clayburgh), and a "non"-cut by Roger Thompson. "He knows I like a very natural cut. He takes one look at someone and relates to their needs and image." Barbara drives her white VW convertible to and from work and spends the rest of her precious time in her airy penthouse with her two cats, Victor and Simon.

("View" continued on page 202)

In the plant market, a white "T" with Kamali striped skirt, running shoes. *Above*: On the "floor" at Barney's with V.P. Gene Pressman. *Below*: Relaxing with Victor at home. Vintage Armani jacket with "T" and white cotton Dee Cee pants.

Above: "I feel like a closet princess sometimes," with Bessie Wong for her "overhaul." *Left*: Typical city look—Versace's rumpled separates with Hanes "T."

"My ladies dress" for lunch at Le Relais.

Claus Wickrath

DELLE CELLE, New York
PANACHE, Millburn

Lei di LANCETTI

VOGUE'S

View

PEOPLE IN **FASHION** ARE TALKING ABOUT **WHAT'S COMING...**

Women designers: out in front...new takes on suits for night, on handbags, trousers, gloves...what's selling? Dresses

People are talking about . . . women—and women designers this season. In the fall collections, in New York, any number of women designers stood out: younger women or new names—Rebecca Moses, Catherine Hipp, Izabel Lam, Pinky & Dianne, Adrienne Vittadini, plus the design pros—such as Donna Karan (of the Donna Karan-Louis Dell'Olio Anne Klein team), Gloria Sachs, Pearl Nipon, Liz Claiborne, Mary McFadden—who have had, this year, some of their strongest and best-selling seasons. Clearly, there's no "female" style: as a group, these women have as much diversity—and individuality—as you'll find anywhere on Seventh Avenue. But in this fall/winter season of soft sportswear pieces and some decidedly feminine clothes, we're hearing quite a lot from women designers. . . .

Call them what you will—restaurant suits, dinner suits, suit-dressing for night: designers are coming up with a wide variety of evening skirt, jacket, and blouse workings for this winter that have nothing to do with the look of a man's "black tie." That may mean anything from an Adolfo sequined cardigan and skirt to Calvin Klein's narrow black-wool suit and lace-edged black charmeuse blouse to Geoffrey Beene's below-calf taffeta dirndl, small reversible wool jacket, and flowered challis blouse. There are many kinds of suit dressing that, in terms of a woman's wardrobe, fill a large gap for night. . . . Nail colorings, as much as clothes now, are taking on a dark, rich slant: there are deep berry colors with as much enameled shine as you see in new car paint, colors that have in them a large dose of black. . . . Clearly, we've gone off the gold standard; and if you find metallic this season, it's more likely to be silver than gold: silver used as a detail—as threads on a challis scarf at YSL—or in a single piece like Giorgio Sant'Angelo's evening sweater that's a silvery knit. Mary McFadden has silver lace for night that almost seems frosted; Geoffrey Beene's lace dress falls, in coloring, somewhere between silver and gold. Bill Blass's evening jackets are more opalescent grey than shiny silver . . . and that, it seems, is the key to silver now: sheen to brighten things, not overwhelm them.

> *"What's happened to pants: almost all the odd shapes and lengths have disappeared from the market"*

What's selling? Dresses, it seems: especially when they're short, soft, and made of wool jersey. For designers who did them, they've been some of the top sellers this season: black jersey dresses at Andre van Pier; taupe jersey that's trimmed with suede and silk damask at John Anthony; off-white, with suede, at Kasper for Joan Leslie; a many-color jersey T-shirt dress at Beene Bag. . . . Interesting, what's happened to pants: This fall, almost all of the odd or nontraditional shapes and lengths in pants have disappeared from the market. There are a few exceptions: Norma Kamali has added pedal pushers to her "sweats" repertoire; Pinky & Dianne have evening pants that taper to the ankle; Perry Ellis did tartan walking shorts. But almost everywhere, now, you'll find mostly trousers: long, classic, pleated, and neat—in every fabric from tweeds and leather to silk velvet.

You'll find, too: more gloves, this year, than you've seen in a long time. Designers, consistently, have showed them with their clothes; and, like shoes this year, they come in rich jewel colors and soft polished leathers. Like Saint Laurent's slate-grey kid gauntlet gloves or LaCrasia's black-beaded-fringe gloves, the best gloves are long enough to crunch up on your arm or tuck into a sleeve; most come to mid-forearm length. . . .
If you talk about fashion success stories this summer, you have to talk about Zoran and his new—inexpensive—group of cotton-knit pieces. He took his familiar pared-down shapes and translated them for hot weather into red, black, camel, or white knit separates (T-shirts, shorts, skirts); and women, this summer, clearly wanted them. In June, at Bergdorf Goodman's NYC store, customers lined up at the Zoran boutique waiting for new deliveries.
In two weeks, Bergdorf sold over 2500 of these Zoran pieces. . . . One attraction: each item cost between $20 and $70.

A number of New York designers—Norma Kamali, Koos Van Den Akker, and Shamask among them—have made design names working out of their own stores, designing special clothes for women customers. Now, it seems, that's a California trend: more and more California designers are becoming retailers, opening L.A. outlets (as Esprit de Corp and Loré have), becoming involved—as Holly's Harp, Nancy Stolkin are—in making one-of-a-kind pieces. The plusses? Profit, more freedom to try new designs, more feedback from women. And that's—almost every designer will say—a very large advantage. . . . The appeal of a shorter—above-knee—skirt? Ask any model. They're buying them—and wearing them—this summer. And doing it in large numbers. . . . If there's a handbag shape you see more and more of now, it's a soft pouch—duffel bag—anything with a drawstring. It may be a beautiful brown or navy drawstring leather bag from Hermès or a water-buffalo bag in almost any size from Carlos Falchi. Carlos Falchi this winter has one of the neatest nighttime shoulderbags around: tiny, with a drawstring, in black satin.

—KATHLEEN MADDEN

BOOT AND BAGS DESIGNED BY **BARBARA BOWMAN**

Photographers: Matthew Rolston/Stephen Clark, in association

Ottorino bossi

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PRESCRIPTIVES

A NEW SENSE OF FASHION PRIORITIES—

DETAILS THAT MAKE THE DIFFERENCE... THE DELIGHT

By now you've seen enough of the news to know what's what for the season at hand. The time has come to make choices; to select those things that are going to work best for you. Once you've made those initial choices, the priority moves to accessories. After all, how you wear something is as important as what you wear. More than that: accessories perform a unique role—they are the details that give a different beat to fashion in this—in any—season, and they do it instantly. When accessories are good—and they're very good now—they have enough strength to shift the balance of a look, to change it, and to change the way you feel. This issue is all about the best new accessories . . . about the details that count for fall . . . about small differences that ultimately make a big difference . . .

What strikes you first about accessories this season, not unexpectedly: the changes in texture and color. Texture has become a modern fashion barometer; textural changes are indicative of the fashion climate as a whole and their effects are far-reaching. The news: matte textures—rich, dense, unshiny. Matte is a word that applies to everything now: to makeup, where the look of a matte berry-stained mouth is one of the prettiest day options and the look of matte skin "sets off" evening makeup . . . to leather—new matte textures in belts, in bags, and in gloves (in every texture, gloves come through as the season's surprise accessory hit) . . . to lingerie—where the simplest teddies and body stockings have a new appeal and new definition of shape in matte lace . . . to the world of shoes and boots—rich, matte-textured suede, worked simply for day, more ornamentally at night.

An equally significant shift—in coloring, with the move to black, to deep jewel colors, and sometimes to a combination of both. There's no question, it's an extraordinary season for black—not in the sense of "dressing in black" head-to-toe, but black *with* something, black as the element that changes the look of things. The blouse you like under a suit jacket—whether the jacket is in sage-green gabardine or tweed—is black and softly tied . . . the hat that's most appealing is soft—and black . . . the watch that looks raciest has a black face . . . the earring you reach for is a black square set with chunky blue stones . . . even the bag you go for now is black—and it's been a long time since you were tempted by a black bag. What makes the difference—these are not shiny black calfskin bags—but a soft shoulderpouch in wonderful matte-textured ink-blottery black . . . or a shoulder-bag in textured black studded with gunmetal grommets . . . or a sleek "working" portfolio in grained black leather. The sophisticated working out of color-plus-texture is the *sine qua non* of fashion today—for accessories, for everything.

Some of the season's best effects come from the new mix of black with color . . . the look of a black satin tie on a midnight-blue suede top . . . colored stones in a black roughened lava-textured cuff . . . twisted-strand chokers of black with ruby-colored beads . . . an emerald-colored stone stitched on a black leather glove. . . . And colored stones, in and of themselves, are everywhere and are very effective on everything from tweeds to silk to cashmere . . . whether it's a necklace in a variety of gutsy stone shapes and colors, or tailored colored stones set in a classic chain or classic gold bracelet.

There are times when color alone—an extra bite of brighter color—is enough to make a difference. It's the difference between a neutral luggage-brown glove and that same glove in claret leather or in forest-green leather or in purple. The difference between a grey cashmere muffler and one in yellow—a streak of brightness with a tweed coat or with fur. It's the smile when you see, under tailored grey flannel trousers, a peek of a thin, silky magenta or turquoise sock. Even the smallest color change—a watch strap in Burgundy lizard instead of black—not only gives your watch a lift, but gives you a lift: having that color difference in something you always wear all the time simply makes you feel better.

What was once an underrated accessory—a stocking—is being paid new attention this fall. With good reason: you'll find a range of colors and patterns and textures to wear with pumps or with boots. Together, they give "finish" to a look—and to a hemline. If it's a shorter length, you need color and texture to "dress" the leg. And with a longer skirt, a boot and patterned stocking make the proportion work, they give it a racier look. An irresistible stocking now—one in lace . . . and the difference it makes—when you see the contrast of a white lacy leg with a brown herringbone tweed skirt for day or the surprise of a red lacy leg glimpsed under a side-slit black dress at night—is a difference you're going to love.

There's a different approach to leather this season—away from all-of-a-piece leather dressing to leather as a key separate piece, as another kind of accessory. If you had a short, narrow black leather skirt—straight, simple—it becomes a foil for almost every top and sweater you own. And the best separate jackets now—outer jackets, especially—are leather: oversized, gutsier, sometimes fur-lined. They have dash, a certain swagger, part of which comes from scale and from shape borrowed from menswear.

In fact, one of the sneakiest "small" changes this season is a menswear influence in dressing. It isn't only true of jackets—in coats and in fur that scale, that attitude—define the season's best looks—roomy, relaxed, a little bit looser. The shapes are familiar, welcome: steamer coats and reefers; polo coats and balmacaans. And the same menswear influence continues into accessories: most obviously, in the fedoras and other soft hats . . . in ties that go under the collar of a blouse . . . and in tucked white tuxedo shirts that go with black trousers and a terrific unexpected belt for an easy easy-evening look. The secret to making any of these "men's" looks work: in avoiding the complete package—go for only one thing at a time. Even when you've singled out that one thing, it should have a personal twist. If you're wearing a shirt and tie—open that shirt collar, pull it up; loosen the tie and pull that down a little—small details, but they shift the look in a very attractive way.

By now, it's abundantly clear: the little things in fashion count—they give you more and add a real sense of pleasure. But, in the end, whether's it's accessories or something bigger, what counts the most—and it's where we started—a certain selectivity. In a year of total-look dressing, the woods are full of coats and suits, and the simple truth is: not every one is going to be terrific. There's often a fine line between news and an exaggeration of that news, a fine line between what's classic in a sharp way and what's just a little bit dull. You have to know what's best, you have to know what's really going to work for you in clothes, in accessories, in makeup, in everything. We've made it that much easier. What we've selected, starting on the following page—is the best of the news—clothes and accessories that have a recognizable style, an absolute dependability. The choice is yours . . .

These ten pages are about the way most of us live today and about the way most of us want to look. They are about clothes that give you an edge: totally dependable without being dull, attractive without being excessive, new without being trendy, and pulled-together without being uptight—the attitude is always just a little bit looser. They are about accessories that work hard and look terrific…about makeup that's natural, easy to use… about walking to work and exercising on the way home… about having too little time and too much to do… and about everything you can do for yourself to make it all that much easier…they are about a new…

ACTIVE STYLE

A SENSE OF PRIORITIES… NO MATTER WHAT THE SEASON AND THE FASHION CHANGES IT BRINGS, YOUR OWN FASHION REQUIREMENTS ARE FAIRLY CONSTANT. THERE ARE ALWAYS CERTAIN THINGS YOU KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO NEED. OBVIOUSLY, IF YOU WORK 9-TO-5 EVERY DAY, YOU NEED A STRONG "OFFICE" WARDROBE…AND IF YOUR WORKING LIFE INVOLVES MANY DRINKS-WITH-CLIENTS EVENINGS OR SMALL BUSINESS DINNERS, YOU NEED DAY CLOTHES THAT CAN MAKE THAT KIND OF TRANSITION EASILY. IF YOU LIVE A DIFFERENT EVENING LIFE—REVOLVING AROUND BIG-TIME CHARITY EVENTS, FOR EXAMPLE—YOU NEED EVENING CLOTHES ON ANOTHER LEVEL. IN PLANNING A SEASON, FIRST CONSIDER YOUR NEEDS. THEN LOOK AT THE NEWS WITH AN EYE TO ANSWERING THOSE NEEDS. DOING IT THE OTHER WAY AROUND CAN LEAD TO SOME EXPENSIVE MISTAKES: CLOTHES YOU LIKE BUT NEVER HAVE THE OCCASION TO WEAR. ON THE OTHER HAND, DON'T THINK YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO BUY REPEATS: THERE ARE NEW VERSIONS OF WHAT'S ON YOUR LIST— THESE PAGES BEING A GUIDE TO MOST OF THEM

The Fitness Connection…

There's no question that this active life style requires stamina and energy. To put it another way: you simply can't afford not to feel your best. Which brings us to a sound fitness program as the base for everything.

Throughout these pages, we'll have tips on how to schedule-in more exercise, how to put more constructive movement in your day. But the first step is making up your mind to start doing the things you know you should be doing

Off to a fast start every day—that's what it's really all about; *opposite*, in one of the best new coats, from Halston Originals. Like all good coats this season it's roomier, bigger in scale, and it anchors a whole look. Here, over a narrow matching wrap skirt, nailhead-studded cashmere top and scarf. Dressed like this—nothing gets in the way! Coat and skirt, about $1200; sweater, about $900. Late September at Altman's; Charles Sumner, Boston; Jacobson's; Frederick & Nelson. To order at Sakowitz. These ten pages: hair by Christiaan; makeup, George Newell. Fashion details, last pages.

Arthur Elgort

Makeup Tip: The unexpected neutral for eyes—a soft, smoky blue. To keep it "light" for day: blending and more blending. Here, Revlon's Deepglow Sapphire eyeshadow

You want to move fast, look good, feel on top of things...

Arthur Elgort

Makeup Tip: **To give longer life to lip color—blot, reapply, repeat. The pretty neutral: Helena Rubinstein's Medicus Wine.**

● It isn't enough for a suit to have "uniform" reliability: it has to have more. A suit with a lot more, *opposite,* from Calvin Klein in gabardine, with a longer jacket, elasticized at the waist; soft tie black silk crêpe de Chine blouse. Jacket, about $330; skirt, about $130; blouse, about $170. Bloomingdale's; Saks-Jandel; Montaldo's; Rich's; Marshall Field's; Dayton's. Earrings, Les Must de Cartier.

● A word about working bags. *Opposite,* a good-looking attaché in black—not too big, not too masculine. Hunting World. About $375. Other accessories, stores, last pages, this issue.

● Another great thing about coats this season: their softness. From Michael Kors, *above right,* a coat that's as soft as a robe. In black wool jersey over a white linen blouse, and leggy magenta wool crêpe skirt. Coat, about $400 (Jasco Fabrics); blouse, (Hamilton Adams) about $260; skirt, about $150. Bergdorf Goodman; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Ruth Shaw, Baltimore; Cartouche, Cleveland OH; Ultimo, Chicago; Jackson Graves, Minneapolis. Details, stores, last pages.

Trademark accessories: a sleek watch, a tailored bracelet—things you wear, rely on every day with everything. From Bulgari, above, a new dark-faced watch in stainless-and-gold, heavy-link gold bracelet (and just glimpsed—diamond/emerald ring).

The Fitness Connection.... Find a health club or exercise studio with flexible hours....Invest in a stationary bicycle—an excellent aerobic exercise....Walk!... everywhere, starting with, if it's at all possible, to and from work each day....Whatever you do—do it now: procrastination is the greatest exercise enemy

Hat trick You should be able to bash a hat on and go—without elaborate arranging in front of a mirror. You want something soft, racy; something like a man's hat. Don't fall for gimmicks. And don't feel it's something you always need.

One of the best things about this way of dressing: the ongoing sense of pleasure— these are clothes you'll love wearing again and again and again

Things to do for yourself... The first thing: take time for yourself—every day—even if it means getting up earlier... Make appointments for yourself and keep them... Learn to recognize the fact that self priorities should be high priorities...

A NEW ACTIVE STYLE

What to watch: the difference between a total look and a total fashion "message"

The watch: from Corum. . . . Soft briefcase, *this page*, in wine. Salvatore Ferragamo, about $350. . . .

● The new impact of colored stones in gold: *far right*, Barry Kieselstein-Cord's 18k bangles with rubies and sapphires. The luxurious Porsche Design watch—18k-gold, navy face.

● A dress that goes on as fast as a sweater, *above left*, from Fernando Sanchez in embossed velvet; the high cowl and cuffs faced in white satin. Acetate/rayon, about $585. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Hattie; Jackson-Graves, Minneapolis MN; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin, San Francisco and Beverly Hills.

● The perfect tailored suit, *above*: Ralph Lauren's navy-blue lamb's wool flannel with a narrow, one-button jacket. And the perfect white linen blouse. Jacket, about $430; pants, about $278; blouse, about $218. October at Bloomingdale's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Coconut Grove FL; Ruth, Evansville IN; Ralph Lauren, Phoenix; Bullock's. Details, stores, last pages.

● The softest approach to coat dressing, *opposite*—Geoffrey Beene's light, open-weave tweed coat that just ties at the neck. Over a fleecy-brown alpaca/wool jacket with contrasting tweed facing, brown sweater, and soft flannel skirt. Coat, about $1290. Suit, about $1990. Jacket and coat fabric by Agnona. Late September at Altman's, NYC; Nan Duskin; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin, Los Angeles and Beverly Hills. Suit at D.H. Holmes; New Orleans LA; Swansons on the Plaza.

● More about bags: a good-looking, roomy shoulder-tote *far left*—blue-black leather with black straps. Maud Frizon, about $250.

Arthur Elgort

MAKEUP TIP: THE RIGHT LIPSTICK IS A GREAT SIMPLIFIER—IT LOOKS GOOD WITH ALMOST EVERYTHING. ONE SUCH NEUTRAL CHOICE: LANCÔME'S ALMONDINE

A NEW ACTIVE STYLE

MAKEUP TIP: ANOTHER INTERESTING-COLOR NEUTRAL EYE. THE "BASE"—CHANEL'S HIGHLIGHTING OMBRE CRISTALLINE IN BRONZE, WITH GREY SMUDGE EYELINER. CARTIER EARRINGS

Everything counts in this way of dressing— down to a new colored glove...

Things to do for yourself...

Eat a good breakfast: whole-grain bread or muffin, poached egg, citrus fruit; or whole-grain cereal, skim milk, fruit—it gives you a sound nutritional start, and it gives you energy throughout the day.... Best way to avoid afternoon slump: ....As an afternoon pick-up, fruit juice "cut" by club soda ...A healthy habit to cultivate: drinking water avoid alcoholic beverages at lunch.... Best after-work reviver: an exercise class and/or brisk walk home.... No matter how busy you are in the office: get up, stretch, move around—walk stairs, if they're handy, walk around the block (fresh air is another reviver).... Be aware of your posture: don't slouch, slump. If you carry a lot—and most of us carry too much—papers, books, extra shoes—balance the weight

Makeup Tip: The most foolproof neutral eye-shadow—Halston's Bone Perfect Blend Cream Eye Shadow

Arthur Elgort

● A suit worn with a more relaxed attitude, *right:* a checked wool tweed longer jacket, narrow wool trouser skirt; silk faille blouse. Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. Jacket, about $370; skirt, about $220; blouse, about $220; tie, about $22. Late August at Lord & Taylor; John Wanamaker; Burdines; Hudson's; Balliet's; Bullock's. . . .

● When all that stands between the end of your working day and the start of your evening is twenty minutes—the dress that does it all—fast, *near left:* Geoffrey Beene's, in black wool jersey (Jasco Fabrics). About $1000. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin Los Angeles and Beverly Hills. . . .

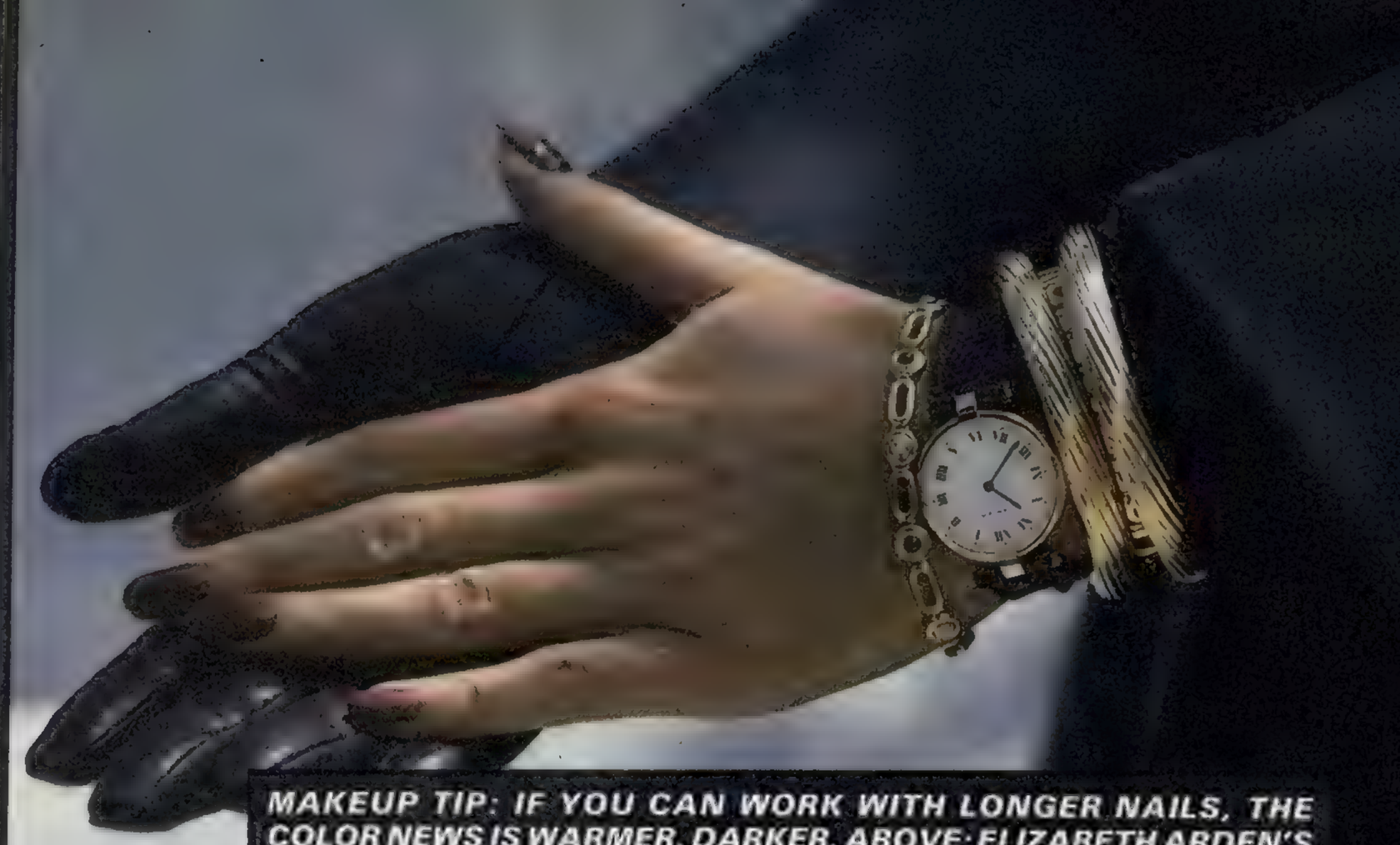
● Day, night, anywhere in the world—this is a look to count on, *opposite below*—Halston Originals 3/4 coat in black double-faced wool, narrow black skirt. And—the key piece—his longer wool jacket in brilliant purple. Coat, about $700; jacket and skirt, about $800. Late September at Jacobson's; Sakowitz. To order at Bergdorf Goodman.

● New versions of pieces you'd never put away. . . . *Above, far left:* the round-faced gold Les Must de Cartier Vendome Santos watch; three gold Love bracelets set with stones; diamond ring—all, Cartier. . . . *Below:* Beautiful gloves—in red! Bottega Veneta. About $65. . . . Re-interpretation of the Maltese cross—silver with hematite. M&J Savitt, about $630. . . . New texture/color in Victor Carranza's bracelet of matte gunmetal links with one big "jewel" (about $140), and matching necklace (about $180). . . . And—a big black cashmere square, piped in wine snake. David at La Crasia. About $450.

Details, more stores,
last pages.

Makeup Tip: For a fast day-to-night change: add "silver" to lips, eyes. Here, Max Factor's Waterproof Shadowmaker in Raindrop Silver; Charcoal pencil; Starlight Blue shadow

Things that can simplify your life—what you're always looking for



MAKEUP TIP: IF YOU CAN WORK WITH LONGER NAILS, THE COLOR NEWS IS WARMER, DARKER. ABOVE: ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MYSTERIOUS MAUVE. ON SHORTER NAILS, CLEAR OR SHEER PINK, WHITENING PENCIL UNDER TIPS. A GOOD LENGTH: FROM PALM SIDE, NAILS SHOULD JUST PEEK OVER FINGERTIPS

● Nobody has to tell you: on most days a suit is going to be your best bet. What's interesting about suits this fall—when they're good, they're neither boring nor gimmicky. But they are different enough to be "new"—one of the biggest differences being the way a suit feels on. "Ease" has a real-life meaning—these are clothes you can move in—which is the whole point. . . . A sharp new navy suit from Christian Dior Sportswear, *right*—with an elongated jacket and narrow skirt in shadow-striped navy wool gabardine, a pretty white silk blouse underneath. Jacket, about $290; skirt, about $150; blouse, about $140. Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Burdines; Gidding-Jenny; Bullock's. . . . And from Perry Ellis, who always gives a twist to the news, *opposite page*—his softer, longer flared-hem jacket and narrow skirt in a charming plaid (under the jacket, a sleeveless sweater and scarf in plaid). Jacket, about $330; skirt, about $140; sweater, about $170. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago; Swanson's on the Plaza; Balliet's.

● Sleek and still roomy: Fendi's new briefcase in textured brown leather, *near right*—inside and outside pockets, a neat short handle. About $420.

● Perfect accessory combination—no matter what, *top of page:* Les Must de Cartier's classic round Vendome L.C. watch on a not-so-classic wine lizard strap; two textured gold bracelets and two link bracelets set with stones—all Cartier. Manicure, Josephine Allen of il-makiage. Details, stores, last pages.

Makeup Tip: A pretty change for lips—a matte, berry-stain mouth. Here, Christian Dior's Precisely Pink lipstick

This season's boots are outstanding—in their look, in the luxury and variety. But a boot isn't always the answer; there are times when you want something a little less sportif. The alternative: a high-heeled pump—and, always, a marvelous texture on the leg (good example, right). There are new patterned stockings—ribs, stripes, tweeds. And new lacy textures in black, in white, even in red!

Arthur Elgort

A NEW ACTIVE STYLE

THINGS TO DO FOR YOURSELF....THINK ABOUT TIME A LITTLE DIFFERENTLY—AND YOU CAN GET MORE FROM THE LIMITED NUMBER OF HOURS YOU HAVE. LUNCH HOUR, FOR EXAMPLE—PERFECT FOR AN EXERCISE CLASS, A FRENCH LESSON—ONCE A WEEK, ADDS UP TO ABOUT FIFTY A YEAR! ....IF YOU SPEND MORE TIME AT YOUR DESK THAN ANYWHERE ELSE, KEEP THE THINGS YOU NEED CLOSE AT HAND. A MOISTURIZER...A DUAL-FINISH FOUNDATION (APPLY WET IN THE MORNING, RETOUCH DRY DURING THE DAY)...A SMALL MINERAL WATER SPRAY (EVIAN MAKES ONE) TO SET MAKEUP, REVIVE YOUR SAGGING FOUR O'CLOCK SPIRITS....

Makeup Tip: Eye color is never bright this fall. To get a muted effect—mix grey with other colors. Or, as here, start with sandy-brown neutrals: Prescriptives Tobacco shadow; Golden Ginger pencil

Devoted to fitness—professionally and personally—these three high-energy women practice what they preach: they're star examples of what proper exercise, rest, good eating do for you. What it's done for them, on these eight pages...their personal regimens, tips on how to improve your level of fitness

"The secret of energy is activity. When you do something physical, you increase your energy reserves and create more energy. You must understand how to build your energy sources. In class, we go for vitality —that's important. . . . I try to make women understand the spirit of movement. It's magnetic. If you direct energy correctly— and utilize your body in a stronger way—your energy level increases. Our bodies are made to *move!*"—Lisa Dobloug, *near right,* executive director, Intercontinental Hotel/Spa at Bonaventure; owner, The Saga Club.

"Your goal today is not to spend a week at a spa, try to lose a few inches and pounds quickly, and then go back to old habits but to *change your life style.* That's what fitness in the '80s is all about: creating new awarenesses, making subtle changes. If you care about *you,* about your own worth, you're going to find the time to exercise . . . *daily.*" —Chris Silkwood, *center,* director, The Phoenix Spa.

"Women—as they approach their forties and fifties—tell me they *have* to change the way they look and feel. They want to regain power and control over their lives. I feel sorry when women are discouraged, because it's so simple. Exercise is the first step toward regaining that control. Anyone—at any age—can improve. I wish women believed that. Involve yourself in physical activity for two or three months and schedule everything else around it. Be patient. Everyone can get back in shape." —Lydia Bach, *far right,* owner of The Lotte Berke Method Ltd.

These pages: Hair, Bob Fink for Pipino-Buccheri; makeup, Fran Cooper. Fashion details, stores, last pages

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Michel Comte

s makers

Michel Comte

the fitness makers

Lisa Dobloug, in her forties, has been committed to fitness since her girlhood in Norway, where she studied physical education and psychology. On an exchange program, she met fitness expert Anne-Marie Bennstrom—"my great inspiration"—who convinced her she should remain in the States, where she has taught at The Golden Door, The Greenhouse, and Palm-Aire spas. For the past six months, in addition to her staffing and planning of the fitness program at the Bonaventure/Fort Lauderdale spa, where she spends five days a week, Lisa's dream of her own city spa has become reality. The Saga Club in Washington, DC, is where Lisa commutes on her two days "off." "I burn my candle from both ends, but I try to pace myself."

The most important thing a woman can do for herself is to improve her posture...to exercise her back, shoulders, to work on alignment. It may not improve cardiac fitness, but it improves your image. It's something we all can do

EXERCISE I always try to be active every day—whether it's running three to five miles in the evening . . . or an hour of fencing practice, I always spend at least one hour.

I always work out in my own classes, too. At The Saga, I generally teach at least two to three classes a day; at Bonaventure, a class every other day. I communicate through my body, and I really "work" myself—even in an easy class—and I have seen a big difference in my weight.

My classes are high intensity. The level of each class is phenomenal. There's a lot of speed work and strength work, as well as aerobics. My system is different: I believe in a lot of body and leg work—but not lying down. I work legs through the weight of the body. I do lunge-like positions for the thighs (*below and left*), working the torso weight into the thighs—it's like adding a thirty- or forty-pound weight to the thigh. If I do any leg work lying down, I try to add weights—it's more effective, more intense.

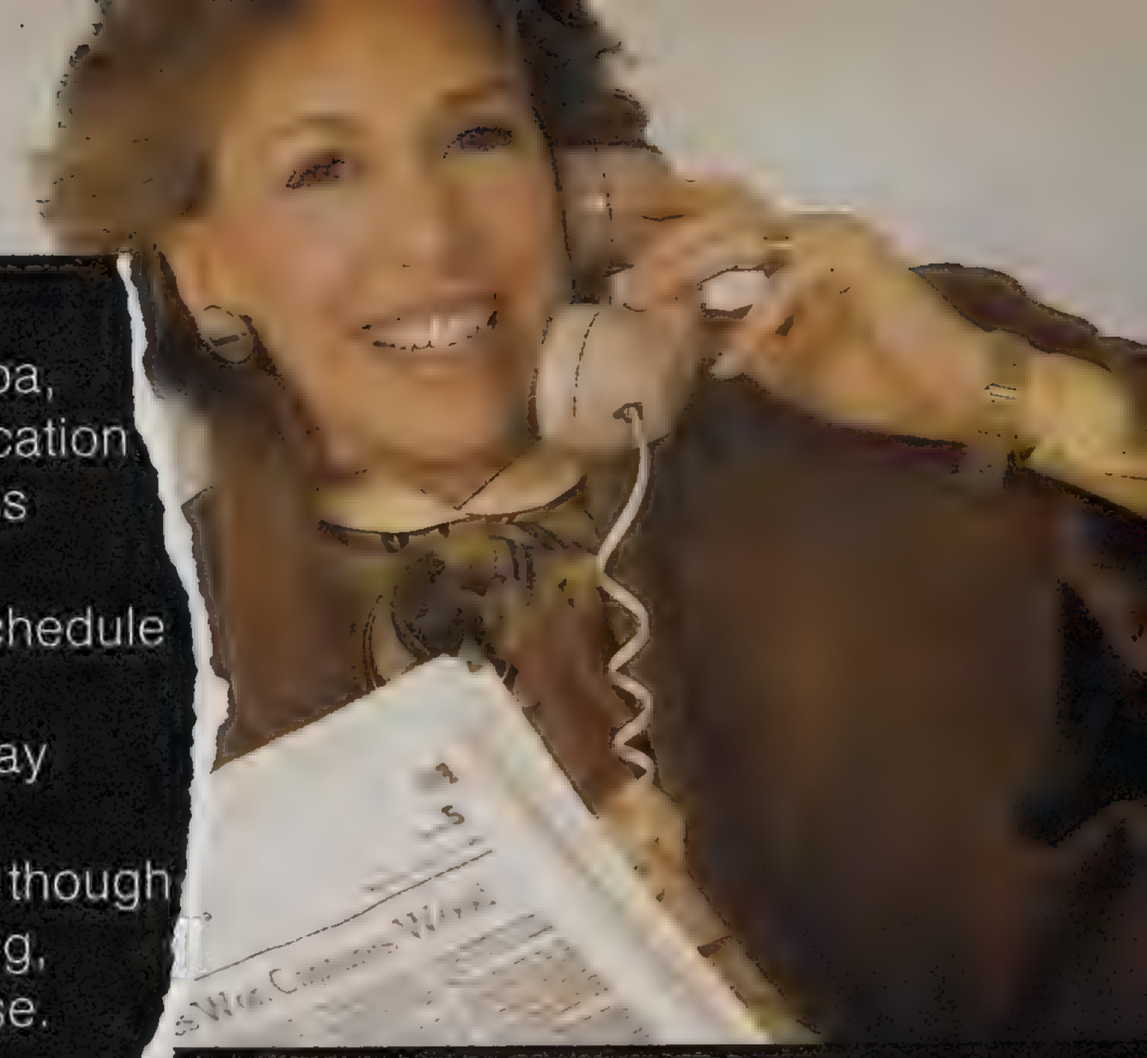
DIET My preference is for lots of small meals rather than three big ones. If I have lunch, it's a salad—seafood or vegetable—to aid digestion. If I'm "running," just an apple or plain yogurt with some tea—I very rarely eat hot meals in the middle of the day.

Dinner is light—that's my general eating pattern—but I enjoy a good meal, an occasional glass of wine, and I enjoy going out to dinner. If I do—and eat a lot—then, automatically, I pace myself the next *(Continued on page 311)*

Fashion details, next to last pages

the fitness makers

Chris Silkwood, about-to-turn thirty, is the fitness director of The Phoenix spa, Houston, with degrees in physical education and psychology and a decade of fitness teaching behind her—including a stint at The Golden Door. Chris's packed schedule is not hampered by the fact she's an insulin-dependent diabetic—"the way I have to eat is, for everyone, one of the healthiest styles of eating." Even though Chris's teaching schedule is demanding, still she takes time for personal exercise. The reason: "When I teach, it's not an opportunity for me to escape. I'm not really working out for *me*."



EXERCISE A combination of running and teaching—about nine or ten classes a week—ranging from aerobic dance and toning to stretching and water exercise. I run at least four nights a week, three-mile distances; and I play a fair amount of racquetball, usually an hour and a half at a time. I tone up with weights, concentrating on my upper body *(right)*, and do a very comprehensive stretch program. Not including teaching, I work out six days a week, an average of one to two hours a day.

I don't count teaching as exercise because, when I teach, I stop often to check women's positions, so I'm not really working out for myself; I'm much more concerned about my clients.

DIET I'm in a different league because I'm an insulin-treated diabetic, but my eating plan is good for everyone. I get the greatest concentration of food through complex carbohydrates—fruits, vegetables, whole grains. The protein I eat is very lean—chicken (skinned) or fish, prepared without oils, sauces. Also, protein from nuts, seeds, skim or low-fat dairy products. Fat intake is minimal, primarily unsaturated fat. And lots of fluid—water, herb teas, fresh-fruit juice. That's very important. *(Continued on page 305)*

Be kind to yourself. Learn how to be selfish. I mean that in a very positive sense. You have to be responsible for yourself first; when you have that priority in order, your productivity level will be a lot higher

Michel Comte

Fashion details, stores, next to last pages

the fitness makers

ydia Bach, in her forties, is owner of the Lotte Berk Method Ltd. with studios in NYC and Bridgehampton (and, to come, in Houston and Los Angeles). It was in London that she went to Lotte Berk as a client, "for all those reasons women do when they reach thirty . . . I went every day—for hours—and I saw phenomenal changes. I knew, then, what I wanted to do: make the Lotte Berk method available in the States. I realized that women who don't exercise at all, who work, sleep, and (just) meet obligations are not fulfilling their potential. When women put exercise back in their lives, everything changes . . ."

When women stop exercising, they start to feel life's problems are more serious than they are, that challenges can't be met. There are real, positive feelings that come from regular exercise

Fashion details, stores, next to last pages

Michel Comte

FITNESS AND AGE I've seen changes. Women as young as twenty-five come to the studio and tell me they think some things are over for them—they've put on weight, they're unfit. Their muscles are so unused, they're afraid they can never get fit again. At any age, anyone can feel limitations; but you create your own mentality. I've had high and low levels of fitness; I've been borderline out of shape, but I see the incredible change exercise makes—especially when something pulls me away from it.

I see changes in my face—not just from stress, but from lack of exercise. When you're under stress, in fact, is when you most need to exercise.

The body is meant to be used. If your job doesn't work your body, you must exercise and do stretching, strengthening, and aerobics, *left.* Walking is wonderful, but there are so many ways to *move.*

What's important: firmness, power, stretch . . . *and* energy. Women who have that are beautiful, they feel beautiful, men think they're beautiful, too. There's something about a woman who exercises hard.

I tell women: you must be active every single day . . . for me, the mornings have always been the right time. Then I feel relaxed, ordered. Exercise gives unity to my day. Just do something *(Continued on page 305)*

BLACK ON BLACK ON

THE NEWS IN ACCESSORIES

Unmistakably, the two biggest changes in all accessories this year: a change to black and darkened tones— and a change in texture: to matte, richly dense textures with more "body," more strength. And, beyond color and texture, on these ten pages, the season's best—key—new accessories . . .

Starting here with the total picture, *left,* a total look based on black: the charm of a small, black felt fedora (the only kind of hat you want), the punch of a big, square earring—blue set in matte black. And, continuing—a prettier neckline: the bowed black satin tie and wing collar of Calvin Klein's lapis blue suède smock dress—in a year of dressing in black, this says it all. Hat, Patricia Underwood at N. L. Kaplan, about $145. Jerry Kott earrings, about $25. . . . *Beauty Note:* Key to wearing black, makeup that stands up to it. The look here, from L'Oréal; eyes rimmed in Kohl-Kajal pencil, shadowed in Bow Bleu and Pink Mystique. Lip color, Mauved over Sealilly. . . . The news of a glove, *right,* one of the season's key accessories. And in a season of dark color, the best—Yves Saint Laurent's gauntlet in dark anthracite-grey leather. Hair, cut and styled by John Sahag; makeup, Alberto Fava. Details, stores, see next to last pages this issue.

BLACK

Penn

BLACK ON BLACK ON BLACK

Matte black . . . in a mix of changing leather textures—strong, dark, dense—in smaller, softer shoulder-bags, in belts, in gloves (one of the season's surprise accessories). *From the left:* Updated classic—the Coach Leatherware shoulderbag in matte black leather. About $84.... A perfect "man's" belt—Calvin Klein's bluish-black snakeskin. Calvin Klein Belts, about $64.... A soft, smaller black leather-and-suède drawstring pouch, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, about $275.... From LaCrasia, long black leather gloves with fold-back wine-colored cuffs, about $40.... Two terrific "working" bags from Carlos Falchi: soft, roomy, in a range of sizes—and in dense, textured black leather with his embossed signature seal. Large bag, about $450; the small, about $180.... Ruza for Elegant's dull-black leather belt . . . even has a black buckle. About $22. Details, stores last pages.

Penn

BLACK ON BLACK ON BLACK

Matte black . . . in an armful of roughened lava-like bracelets *left,* in gunmetal/charcoal darks, set with bright, faceted stones. Paulo Salvador for H. V. Studios' bracelets, about $90 each. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Ultimo, Chicago. . . . *Beauty note:* New—darkened-bright nail color: Foxfire Brown overglazed with Super Frost Florentine. Both, Sally Hansen. Manicure here, Yvonne Burgos for Garren. The dash of dressing in black, heightened with same-color accessories, *right:* Calvin Klein's long-length "formal" muffler in black silk satin embroidered with a rhinestone feather, worn with his "smoking," in black wool. Dressing in black with more black: the set-in-black rhinestone earrings from Jerry Kott. Muffler by Calvin Klein Scarves, about $285. Bergdorf Goodman. Earrings, about $52. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago; Sakowitz. . . . *Beauty note:* Makeup from Estée Lauder—Soft-smudge Black, pencil Silvered Lilac and Silvered Wine eye shadow, Alfresco Brick lip color glossed with Sunlit White. Hair, Garren at The Plaza; makeup, Richard Adams.

Another approach to black: the impact—the strong look—of black worn with bright color. . . . here, the fling of Halston Original's brilliant fuchsia-colored cashmere shawl, *left,* as a knockout accessory, with his silver-studded black suede pants, matching suede vest. Pants, about $800; vest about $700; shawl, about $600; blouse, about $450. Jerry Kott earrings. Hair, John

BLACK ON BLACK ON BLACK

Killebrew of Xavier N.Y.; makeup, Richard Adams. . . . . And, more black-with-color—and texture, in the newest-looking necklaces, *right:* a trio of twisted coal-black bead chokers, mixed with deep-blue beads. Stephen Dweck chokers, each about $300. Black wool jersey (Jasco Fabrics) cowled dress, Fernando Sanchez. Fashion details, stores, last pages. . . .

Beauty Note: With black—or black with deep color—a paled, but still strong lip color: Here, from Halston, a mix of two shades, Azalea and Opal Shimmer. Hair, Garren at The Plaza; makeup, Richard Adams.

BLACK ON BLACK ON BLACK

Matte black. . .in new lingerie: textures outlining—playing up—pure shape. More of the news—matte black and texture in a stocking—lacier, prettier, it finishes the look .... *This page, left:* Christian Dior Intimates Antron/Lycra matte black underwired bodysuit, thin-strapped, with a sheer, lacy neckline. About $31. Textured panty stockings by Elbeo,NY. . . . *Right:* Crystal-pleated black teddy with tiny lace edging, from Olga's Christina. About $31. Swirl-patterned lace panty stockings, Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doone. . . .

Penn

Left: Underwire-style teddy (Antron III fabric) in matte black lace, also lace-edged, from Ce Soir by Flexnit. About $30. Semi-opaque black tights, Gerbe. . . . *Above:* Hanro of Switzerland thin black merino wool bodysuit with a diagonal sheer lace "V." About $70. Floral lace panty stockings, Pierre Mantoux by I.L.C.A.T. Body makeup by Jac Colello. All stores, details, see last pages this issue.

REVLON BEAUTY IN ACTION

BY SHIRLEY LORD

MAKING WOMEN BETTER LOOKING FOR FIVE DECADES—MORE SCIENCE THAN ART

It started fifty years ago with color . . . unheard-of color, as far removed from the subtle shimmer of hues you take so much for granted today as light is from dark.

It started in 1932, when Charles Revson introduced his first beauty product, a nail enamel that, by employing pigments instead of dyes, was able to produce vibrant pinks, reds, corals—colors never possible before, which—perhaps without even realizing how great a contribution it was—Revson found had a texture that gave nails "polish," too.

It was the beginning of a long relationship between the American woman and cosmetics . . . the beginning of her slow appreciation that with a wide range of colors—as opposed to the one uniform dark red shade then available—there was a chance to repudiate sameness in appearance, to express individuality, and best of all to use makeup for a simple—and no longer dubious—reason, to make herself better looking.

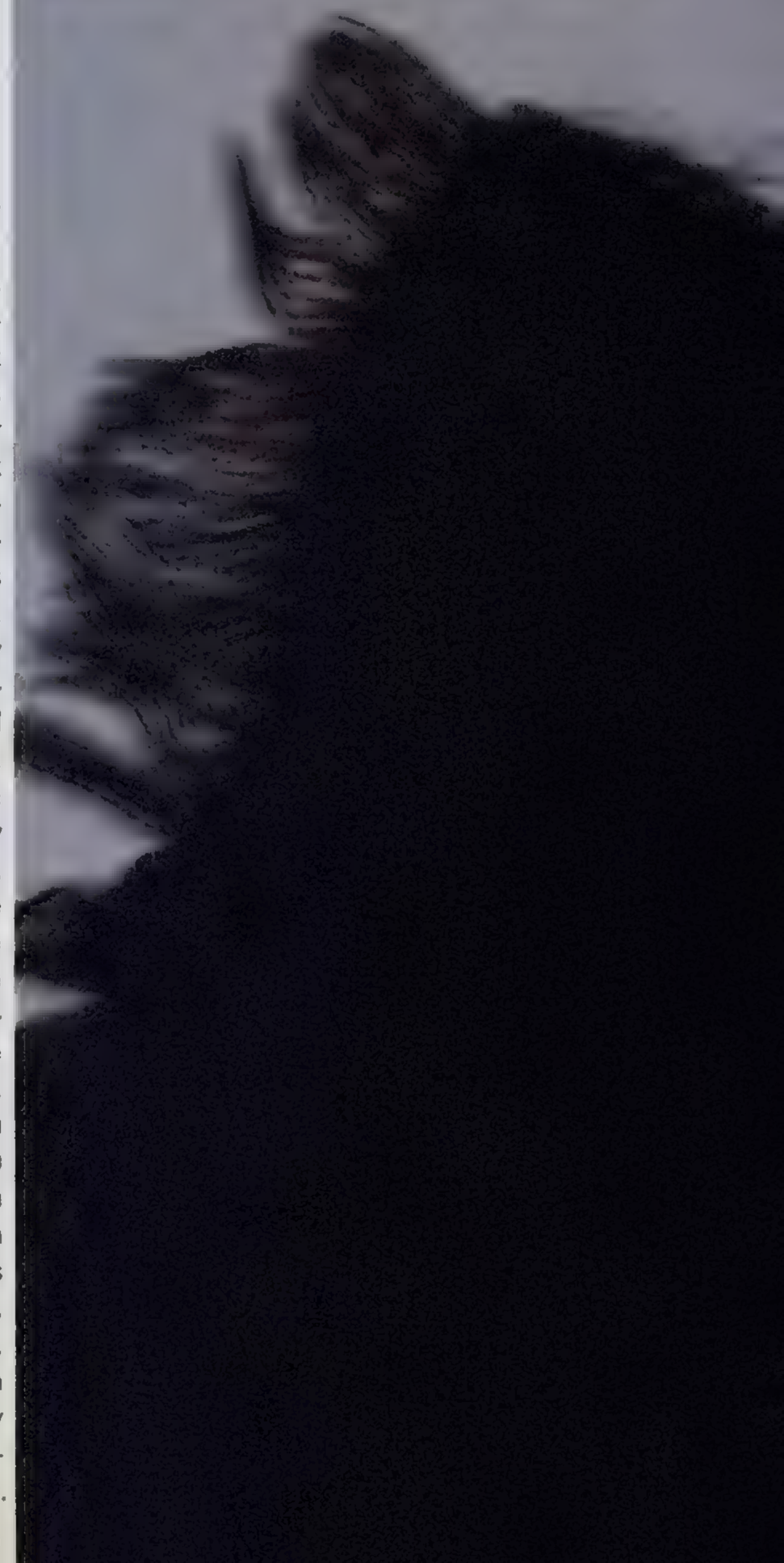
Today, celebrating its fiftieth anniversary in a kaleidoscopically changing industry, Revlon never deviates from its policy of closely studying no less than the world, evaluating life styles, trends, appetites, current values—in order "to design cosmetics to relate to the fashions of the times," as one company spokesman puts it, "to fit a woman's mental image of herself as well as to inspire her to greater goals of self-improvement."

Nothing has proved this more than Revlon's approach to women back in the 'forties, women who were only just beginning to feel comfortable—and so excited—about wearing makeup. By matching "lips to fingertips" for the first time, and then distinguishing gradations of the same color (the famous reds, Love That Red, Fire and Ice, and Windsor are still bestsellers), Revlon's sales increased by over 50 percent in one year alone.

There were a number of product "firsts": from a new way to add color to the face (Blush-on) to stabilizing emulsion in liquid makeup (Touch and Glow) to a pressed powder makeup that never changed color—a previous drawback—from skin oils or perspiration (Love Pat).

As Revlon learned more about women (growing as it did so into a mammoth international company), so women learned more about their own capabilities, relying on the judicious use of makeup to help foster the images they wanted.

With the influx of big dollars into skincare research *(Continued on page 310)*



On the right . . . the way to look this fall, with rich, warm, really deep colors from Revlon's latest collection, "Meanwhile back at the Ranch. . ." colors worked on for over a year and inspired by feedback from consumer conversations carried out by special Revlon focus groups all over the country. Here, Deepened Olive, Society Mint eyeshadow, Candlelight blusher, Big Deal Blackberry lipstick. . . . More "looking ahead": in October, a totally new form of fragrance arrives, devised especially for the active woman, Charlie Perfume-in-Cologne spray, a unique encapsulation of real perfume within a cologne formula. A. M., you spray on for a light aura; P. M., all you need to do is rub your skin to release full-strength Charlie perfume from its encapsulation. . . . Here, hair by John Sahag, makeup by Wesley Dunn for Garren. Earrings, Jerry Kott. Scarf, Perry Ellis. Details, stores, see last pages.

Hiro

FUR

WHATA DIFFERENCE

Hiro

One of the keys to why this is a great fur year: designers are bringing to furs the same creativity and excitement they bring to clothes. On these six pages you'll see—at its best—what a difference that makes! (On page 131, a detailed fur report.) More of the season's important differences: Coats are news. They're loose, easy, generously scaled. The best looking, most versatile lengths—below mid-calf or just above the knee. And classics are news: Simple, straightforward shapes, often borrowed from a man's. Nothing trendy. No high colors. No tricky techniques. What you'll see: luxurious furs, handled in luxurious ways...always with something new and different in detail and in design

Bill Blass's wonderful long steamer coat *opposite* says it all! In natural Umber Glow Lunaraine mink—double-breasted, with a shawl collar, patch pockets, a vent in the back—it's pure luxe, but no more inhibiting to wear than navy cashmere. Bill Blass for Mohl Fur. About $9000. Kaufmann's; L.S. Ayres; Marshall Field's, Chicago and Houston; Colbert's, Amarillo TX; Bullocks Wilshire. ... The new, works-with-everything 9/10 length, *this page,* is sensuous natural silver fox from Yves Saint Laurent, with this season's fuller shoulder and sleeve. Perfect proportion over the short suède skirt you see; over pants; a long dress at night. Coat, Yves Saint Laurent for Alixandre. About $10,500. September at Bergdorf Goodman; Saks-Jandel; I. Magnin, Chicago; I. Magnin, San Francisco. These six pages: hair, John Sahag; makeup, Wesley Dunn for Garren. Details, last pages.

FUR...WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

Hiro

In typical, racy Perry Ellis style, *opposite*, a long natural baum marten steamer coat—cut exactly like a man's with a notched collar, cuffed sleeves, belted back—and just as much dash as the checked jacket and skirt it's worn over. Coat, Perry Ellis for Alixandre, about $25,000. September at Bergdorf Goodman: I. Magnin, Chicago. The jacket and skirt by Perry Ellis.... One of the season's strengths: fur-lined coats. One of the best, *right*, in typical low-key Ralph Lauren style, his cozy classic navy cashmere, wrapped and belted, with a shawl collar and lining of natural wild mink. Ralph Lauren Furs. About $8500. Available late August at Polo/Ralph Lauren, Short Hills NJ; Marshall Field's; Schlampp's Minneapolis; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Houston; Perkins Shearer, Denver; I. Magnin. For fashion details, see next to last pages.... *Beauty Note:* For a memorable but low-key scent: Lauren by Ralph Lauren.

FUR...WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

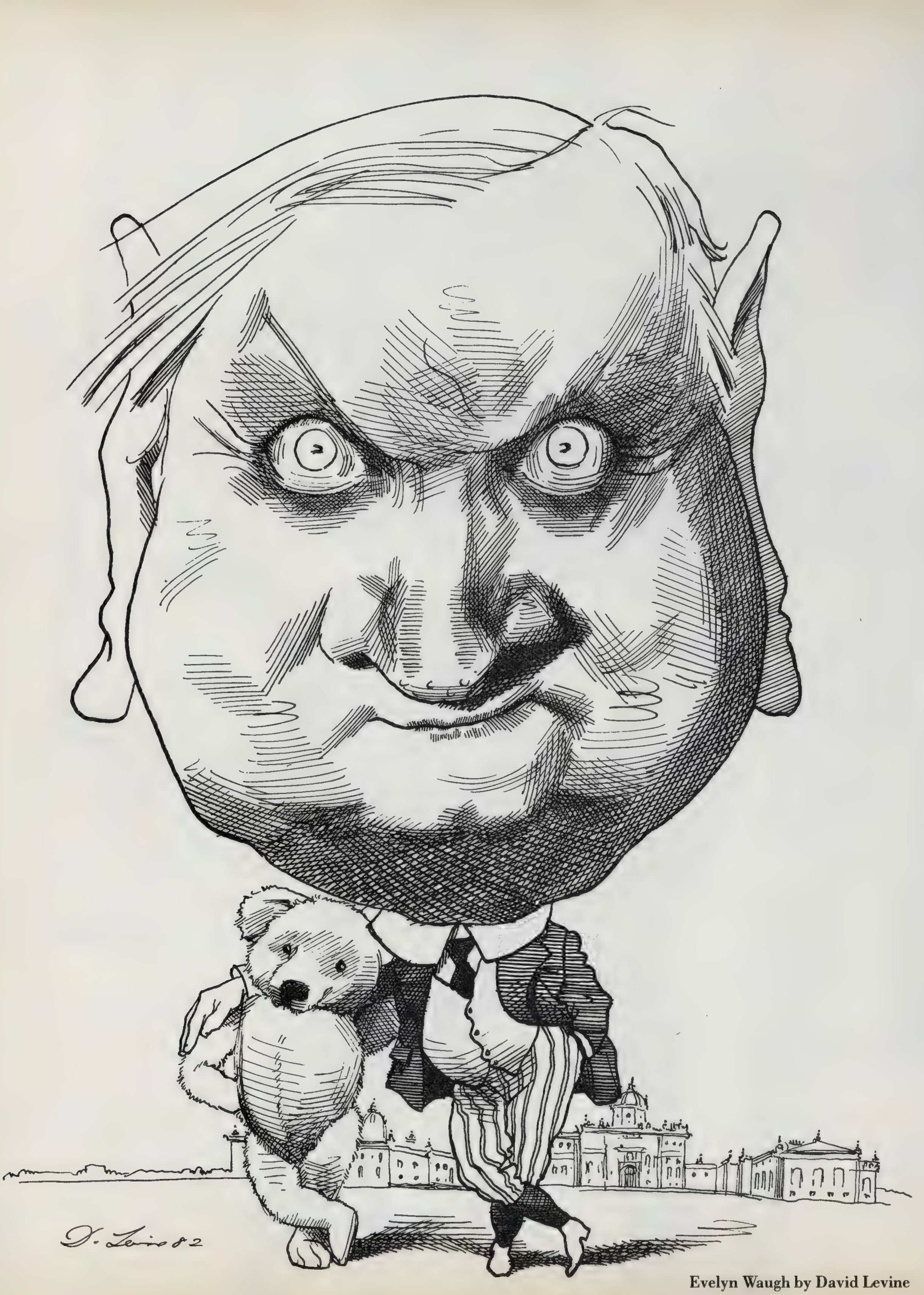
Hiro

. The news in color: how little color there is! When you see fur dyed, it's either in warm, natural shades of chestnut or brown . . . or deep, rich jewel tones like Oscar de la Renta's multicolor velvety sheared mink, *opposite*. Oscar de la Renta for Wagner Fur. About $10,000. Available September. Revillon Boutique at Saks Fifth Avenue; Dittrich Furs, Detroit; N.H. Rosenthal Furs, Chicago; Leppert Roos Fur Co., St. Louis MO; Sakowitz; Bullock's. . . . More warm, deep color—a natural Canadian fisher stadium coat, *this page*—sophisticated but casual. By Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio, Anne Klein & Co. for Michael Forrest. Perfect at night or for day. Coat, about $36,500. September at Bergdorf Goodman; Diutsh-Furs, Boston; Carl W. Herrmann Furs, Pittsburgh; Furs by Weiss, Cleveland OH; I. Magnin, Chicago; The Denver Dry Goods Co., Denver. Fashion details, stores, last pages.

HIT "NINE"!

A real star takes over, outshines. In Broadway's prize-prizer musical "Nine," the real star is never seen on-stage. But director-choreographer Tommy Tune's prodigious invention, his sharp sense of the gorgeous, the goony, the high-glitter campy is "Nine." It's the prodigal half inch that Tune added to Fellini's "8½" that makes "Nine" the musical of the season. Tommy peopled his sex fable with one tormented man (Raul Julia), four little boys, and twenty-one superb women, including five fantastic showstoppers who, on these pages, carry the Tune perfectly. Left to right: Kathi Moss, healthy sex; Anita Morris, slinky sex; Karen Akers, wifely sex; Shelly Burch, movie-goddess sex; Liliane Montevecchi, ooh-la-la sex with a heart of steel. "Tommy did it," says one of his redoubtables. "He's a star-maker, a star's star." "I see it all," says Tommy Terrific. "I see everything."—L.L.

Avedon



Evelyn Waugh by David Levine

CHARLES RYDER'S SCHOOLDAYS

By Evelyn Waugh

Here—published for the first time in the United States—a lost Evelyn Waugh manuscript, a prelude to Brideshead Revisited. The unfinished novel was discovered recently in a 1970 contract file in the London office of Waugh's literary agent. Based on the writer's own 1919 diaries, Schooldays deepens Charles Ryder's character as we see it later in Brideshead, and gives a penetrating, witty, pain-shot view of the tribal rites of English public school, from its merciless "fagging" to tightly reined adolescent longings of all kinds....

I

There was a scent of dust in the air; a thin vestige surviving in the twilight from the golden clouds with which before chapel the House Room fags had filled the evening sunshine. Light was falling. Beyond the trefoils and branched mullions of the windows the towering autumnal leaf was now flat and colourless. All the eastward slope of Spierpoint Down, where the College buildings stood, lay lost in shadow; above and behind, on the high lines of Chanctonbury and Spierpoint Ring, the first day of term was gently dying.

In the House Room thirty heads were bent over their books. Few form-masters had set any preparation that day. The Classical Upper Fifth, Charles Ryder's new form, were "revising last term's work" and Charles was writing his diary under cover of Hassall's *History*. He looked up from the page to the darkling texts which ran in Gothic script around the frieze. *"Qui diligit Deum diligit et fratrem suum."*

"Get on with your work, Ryder," said Apthorpe.

Apthorpe has greased into being a house-captain this term, Charles wrote. *This is his first evening school. He is being thoroughly officious and on his dignity.*

"Can we have the light on, please?"

"All right. Wykham-Blake, put it on." A small boy rose from the under-school table. "Wykham-Blake, I said. There's no need for everyone to move."

A rattle of the chain, a hiss of gas, a brilliant white light over half the room. The other light hung over the new boys' table.

"Put the light on, one of you, whatever your names are."

Six startled little boys looked at Apthorpe and at one another, all began to rise together, all sat down, all looked at Apthorpe in consternation.

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"Oh, for heaven's sake."

Apthorpe leaned over their heads and pulled the chain; there was a hiss of gas but no light. "The byepass is out. Light it, you." He threw a box of matches to one of the new boys who dropped it, picked it up, climbed on the table and looked miserably at the white glass shade, the three hissing mantles and at Apthorpe. He had never seen a lamp of this kind before; at home and at his private school there was electricity. He lit a match and poked at the lamp, at first without effect; then there was a loud explosion; he stepped back, stumbled and nearly lost his footing among the books and ink-pots, blushed hotly and regained the bench. The matches remained in his hand and he stared at them, lost in an agony of indecision. How should he dispose of them? No head was raised but everyone in the House Room exulted in the drama. From the other side of the room Apthorpe held out his hand invitingly.

"When you have quite finished with my matches perhaps you'll be so kind as to give them back."

In despair the new boy threw them towards the house-captain; in despair he threw slightly wide. Apthorpe made no attempt to catch them, but watched them curiously as they fell to the floor. "How very extraordinary," he said. The new boy looked at the match-box; Apthorpe looked at the new boy. "Would it be troubling you too much if I asked you to give me my matches?" he said.

The new boy rose to his feet, walked the few steps, picked up the match-box and gave it to the house-captain, with the ghastly semblance of a smile.

"Extraordinary crew of men we have this term," said Apthorpe. "They seem to be entirely half-witted. Has anyone been turned on to look after this man?"

"Please, I have," said Wykham-Blake.

"A grave responsibility for one so young. Try and convey to his limited intelligence that it may prove a painful practice here to throw match-boxes about in evening school, and laugh at house officials. By the way, is that a work-book you're reading?"

"Oh yes, Apthorpe." Wykham-Blake raised a face of cherubic innocence and presented the back of the *Golden Treasure.*

"Who's it for?"

"Mr. Graves. We're to learn any poem we like."

"And what have you chosen?"

"Milton-on-his-blindness."

"How, may one ask, did that take your fancy?"

"I learned it once before," said Wykham-Blake and Apthorpe laughed indulgently.

"Young blighter," he said.

Charles wrote: *Now he is snooping round seeing what books men are reading. It would be typical if he got someone beaten his first evening school. The day before yesterday this time I was in my dinner-jacket just setting out for dinner at the d'Italie with Aunt Philippa before going to* The Choice *at Wyndhams.* Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore. *We live in water-tight compartments. Now I am absorbed in the trivial round of House politics. Graves has played hell with the house. Apthorpe a house-captain and O'Malley on the Settle. The only consolation was seeing the woe on Wheatley's fat face when the locker list went up. He thought he was a cert for the Settle this term. Bad luck on Tamplin though. I never expected to get on but I ought by all rights to have been above O'Malley. What a tick Graves is. It all comes of this rotten system of switching round house-tutors. We ought to have the best of Heads instead of which they try out ticks like Graves on us before giving them a house. If only we still had Frank.*

Charles's handwriting had lately begun to develop certain ornamental features—Greek Es and flourished crossings. He wrote with conscious style. Whenever Apthorpe came past he would turn a page in the history book, hesitate and then write as though making a note from the text. The hands of the clock crept on to half past seven when the porter's handbell began to sound in the cloisters on the far side of Lower Quad. This was the signal of release. Throughout the House Room heads were raised, pages blotted, books closed, fountain-pens screwed up. "Get on with your work," said Apthorpe; "I haven't said anything about moving." The porter and his bell passed up the cloisters, grew faint under the arch by the library steps, were barely audible in the Upper Quad, grew louder on the steps of Old's House and very loud in the cloister outside Head's. At last Apthorpe tossed the *Bystander* on the table and said "All right."

The House Room rose noisily. Charles underlined the date at the head of his page—*Wednesday Sept. 24th, 1919*—blotted it and put the notebook in his locker. Then with his hands in his pockets he followed the crowd into the dusk.

To keep his hands in his pockets thus—with his coat back and the middle button alone fastened—was now his privilege, for he was in his third year. He could also wear coloured socks and was indeed at the moment wearing a pair of heliotrope silk with white clocks, purchased the day before in Jermyn Street. There were several things, formerly forbidden, which were now his right. He could link his arm in a friend's and he did so now, strolling across to Hall arm-in-arm with Tamplin.

They paused at the top of the steps and stared out in the gloaming. To their left the great bulk of the chapel loomed immensely; below them the land fell away in terraces to the playing-fields with their dark fringe of elm; headlights moved continuously up and down the coast road; the estuary was just traceable, a lighter streak across the grey lowland, before it merged into the calm and invisible sea.

"Same old view," said Tamplin.

"Give me the lights of London," said Charles. "I say, it's rotten luck for you about the Settle."

"Oh, I never had a chance. It's rotten luck on *you.*"

"Oh, I never had a chance. But *O'Malley.*"

"It all comes of having that tick Graves instead of Frank."

"The buxom Wheatley looked jolly bored. Anyway, I don't envy O'Malley's job as head of the dormitory."

"That's how he got on the Settle. Tell you later."

From the moment they reached the Hall steps they had to unlink their arms, take their hands out of their pockets and stop talking. When Grace had been said Tamplin took up the story.

"Graves had him in at the end of last term and said he was making him head of the dormitory. The head of Upper Dormitory never has been on the Settle before last term when they moved Easton up from Lower Anteroom after we ragged Fletcher. O'Malley told Graves he couldn't take it on unless he had an official position."

"How d'you know?"

"O'Malley told me. He thought he'd been rather fly."

"Typical of Graves to fall for a tick like that."

"It's all very well," said Wheatley, plaintively, from across the table; "I don't think they've any right to put Graves in like this. I only came to Spierpoint because my father knew Frank's brother in the Guards. I was jolly bored, I can tell you, when they moved Frank. I think he wrote to the Head about it. We pay more in Head's and get the worst of everything."

"Tea, please."

"Same old College tea."

"Same old College eggs."

"It always takes a week before one gets used to College food."

"I never get used to it."

"Did you go to many London restaurants in the holidays?"

"I was only in London a week. My brother took me to lunch at the Berkeley. Wish I was there now. I had two glasses of port."

"The Berkeley's all right in the evening," said Charles, "if you want to dance."

"It's jolly well all right for luncheon. You should see their hors d'oeuvres. I reckon there

were twenty or thirty things to choose from. After that we had grouse and meringues with ices in them."

"I went to dinner at the d'Italie."

"Oh, where's that?"

"It's a little place in Soho not many people know about. My aunt speaks Italian like a native so she knows all those places. Of course, there's no marble or music. It just exists for the cooking. Literary people and artists go there. My aunt knows lots of them."

"My brother says all the men from Sandhurst go to the Berkeley. Of course, they fairly rook you."

"I always think the Berkeley's rather rowdy," said Wheatley. "We stayed at Claridges after we came back from Scotland because our flat was still being done up."

"My brother says Claridges is a deadly hole."

"Of course, it isn't everyone's taste. It's rather exclusive."

"Then how did our buxom Wheatley come to be staying there, I wonder?"

"There's no need to be cheap, Tamplin."

"I always say," suddenly said a boy named Jorkins, "that you get the best meal in London at the Holborn Grill."

Charles, Tamplin and Wheatley turned with cold curiosity on the interrupter, united at last in their disdain. "*Do* you, Jorkins? How very original of you."

"Do you *always* say that, Jorkins? Don't you sometimes get tired of *always* saying the same thing?"

"There's a four-and-six-penny table d'hôte."

"Please, Jorkins, spare us the hideous details of your gormandising."

"Oh, all right. I thought you were interested, that's all."

"Do you think," said Tamplin, confining himself ostentatiously to Charles and Wheatley, "that Apthorpe is keen on Wykham-Blake?"

"No, is he?"

"Well, he couldn't keep away from him in evening school."

"I suppose the boy had to find consolation now his case Sugdon's left. He hasn't a friend among the underschools."

"What d'you make of the man Peacock?" (Charles, Tamplin and Wheatley were all in the Classical Upper Fifth under Mr. Peacock.)

"He's started decently. No work tonight."

"Raggable?"

"I doubt it. But slack."

"I'd sooner a master were slack than raggable. I got quite exhausted last term ragging the Tea-cake."

"It was witty, though."

"I hope he's not so slack that we shan't get our Certificates next summer."

"One can always sweat the last term. At the University no one ever does any work until just before the exams. Then they sit up all night with black coffee and strychnine."

"It would be jolly witty if no one passed his Certificate."

"I wonder what they'd do."

"Give Peacock the push, I should think."

Presently Grace was said and the school streamed out into the cloisters. It was now dark. The cloisters were lit at intervals by gas-lamps. As one walked, one's shadow grew fainter before one until, approaching the next source of light, it disappeared, fell behind, followed one's heels, shortened, deepened, disappeared and started again at one's toes. The quarter of an hour between Hall and Second Evening was mainly spent in walking the cloisters in pairs or in threes; to walk four abreast was the privilege of school prefects. On the steps of the Hall, Charles was approached by O'Malley. He was an ungainly boy, an upstart who had come to Spierpoint late, in a bye-term. He was in Army Class B and his sole distinction was staying-power in cross-country running.

"Coming to the Graves?"

"No."

"D'you mind if I hitch on to you for a minute?"

"Not particularly."

They joined the conventional, perambulating couples, their shadows, lengthened before them, apart. Charles did not take O'Malley's arm. O'Malley might not take Charles's. The Settle was purely a House Dignity. In the cloisters Charles was senior by right of his two years at Spierpoint.

"I'm awfully sorry about the Settle," said O'Malley.

"I should have thought you'd be pleased."

"I'm not, honestly. It's the last thing I wanted. Graves sent me a postcard a week ago. It spoiled the end of the holidays. I'll tell you what happened. Graves had me in on the last day last term. You know the way he has. He said, 'I've some unpleasant news for you, O'Malley. I'm putting you head of the Upper Dormitory.' I said, 'It ought to be someone on the Settle. No one else could keep order.' I thought he'd keep Easton up there. He said, 'These things are a matter of personality, not of official position.' I said, 'It's been proved you have to have an official. You know how bolshie we were with Fletcher.' He said, 'Fletcher wasn't the man for the job. He wasn't my appointment.' "

"Typical of his lip. Fletcher was Frank's appointment."

"I wish we had Frank still."

"So does everyone. Anyway, why are you telling me all this?"

"I didn't want you to think I'd been greasing. I heard Tamplin say I had."

"Well, you are on the Settle and you are head of the dormitory, so what's the trouble?"

"Will you back me up, Ryder?"

"Have you ever known me back anyone up, as you call it?"

"No," said O'Malley miserably, "that's just it."

"Well, why d'you suppose I should start with you?"

"I just thought you might."

"Well, think again."

They had walked three sides of the square and were now at the door of Head's house. Mr. Graves was standing outside his own room talking to Mr. Peacock.

"Charles," he said, "come here a minute. Have you met this young man yet, Peacock? He's one of yours."

"Yes, I think so," said Mr. Peacock doubtfully.

"He's one of my problem children. Come in here Charles. I want to have a chat to you."

Mr. Graves took him by the elbow and led him into his room.

There were no fires yet and the two armchairs stood before an empty grate; everything was unnaturally bare and neat after the holiday cleaning.

"Sit you down."

Mr. Graves filled his pipe and gave Charles a long, soft and quizzical stare. He was a man still under thirty, dressed in Lovat tweed with an Old Rugbeian tie. He had been at Spierpoint during Charles's first term and they had met once on the miniature range; in that bleak, untouchable epoch Charles had been warmed by his affability. Then Mr. Graves was called up for the army and now had returned, the term before, as House Tutor of Head's. Charles had grown confident in the meantime and felt no need of affable masters; only for Frank whom Mr. Graves had supplanted. The ghost of Frank filled the room. Mr. Graves had hung some Medici prints in the place of Frank's football groups. The set of *Georgian Poetry* in the bookcase was his, not Frank's. His college arms embellished the tobacco jar on the chimney-piece.

"Well, Charles Ryder," said Mr. Graves at length, "are you feeling sore with me?"

"Sir?"

Mr. Graves became suddenly snappish. "If you choose to sit there like a stone image, I can't help you."

Still Charles said nothing.

"I have a friend," said Mr. Graves, "who goes in for illumination. I thought you might like me to show him the work you sent in to the Art Competition last term."

"I'm afraid I left it at home, sir."

"Did you do any during the holidays?"

"One or two things, sir."

"You never try painting from nature?"

"Never, sir."

"It seems rather a crabbed, shut-in sort of pursuit for a boy

of your age. Still, that's your own business."

"Yes, sir."

"Difficult chap to talk to, aren't you, Charles?"

"Not with everyone. Not with Frank," Charles wished to say; "I could talk to Frank by the hour." Instead he said, "I suppose I am, sir."

"Well, I want to talk to you. I dare say you feel you have been a little ill-used this term. Of course, all your year are in rather a difficult position. Normally there would have been seven or eight people leaving at the end of last term but with the war coming to an end they are staying on an extra year, trying for University scholarships and so on. Only Sugdon left, so instead of a general move there was only one vacancy at the top. That meant only one vacancy on the Settle. I dare say you think you ought to have had it."

"No, sir. There were two people ahead of me."

"But not O'Malley. I wonder if I can make you understand why I put him over you. You were the obvious man in many ways. The thing is, some people *need* authority, others don't. You've got plenty of personality. O'Malley isn't at all sure of himself. He might easily develop into rather a second-rater. You're in no danger of that. What's more, there's the dormitory to consider. I think I can trust you to work loyally under O'Malley. I'm not so sure I could trust him to work under you. See? It's always been a difficult dormitory. I don't want a repetition of what happened with Fletcher. Do you understand?"

"I understand what you mean, sir."

"Grim young devil, aren't you?"

"Sir?"

"Oh, all right, go away. I shan't waste any more time with you."

"Thank you, sir."

Charles rose to go.

"I'm getting a small hand printing-press this term," said Graves. "I thought it might interest you."

It did interest Charles intensely. It was one of the large features of his day-dreams; in chapel, in school, in bed, in all the rare periods of abstraction, when others thought of racing motor-cars and hunters and speed-boats, Charles thought long and often of a private press. But he would not betray to Mr. Graves the intense surge of images that rose in his mind.

"I think the invention of movable type was a disaster, sir. It destroyed calligraphy."

"You're a prig, Charles," said Mr. Graves. "I'm sick of you. Go away. Tell Wheatley I want him. And try not to dislike me so much. It wastes both our time."

Second Evening had begun when Charles returned to the House Room; he reported to the house-captain in charge, despatched Wheatley to Mr. Graves and settled down over his Hassall to half an hour's day-dream, imagining the tall folios, the wide margins, the deckle-edged mould-made paper, the engraved initials, the rubrics and colophons of his private press. In Third Evening one could "read"; Charles read Hugh Walpole's *Fortitude.*

Wheatley did not return until the bell was ringing for the end of evening school.

Tamplin greeted him with "Bad luck, Wheatley. How many did you get? Was it tight?"; Charles with "Well, you've had a long hot-air with Graves. What on earth did he talk about?"

"It was all rather confidential," said Wheatley solemnly.

"Oh, sorry."

"No, I'll tell *you* some time if you promise to keep it to yourself." Together they ascended the turret stair to their dormitory. "I say, have you noticed something? Apthorpe is in the Upper Anteroom this term. Have you ever known the junior house-captain anywhere except in the Lower Anteroom? I wonder how he worked it."

"Why should he want to?"

"Because, my innocent, Wykham-Blake has been moved into the Upper Anteroom."

"Tactful of Graves."

"You know, I sometimes think perhaps we've rather misjudged Graves."

"You didn't think so in Hall."

"No, but I've been thinking since."

"You mean he's been greasing up to you."

"Well, all I can say is, when he wants to be decent, he *is* decent. I find we know quite a lot of the same people in the holidays. He once stayed on the moor next to ours."

"I don't see anything particularly decent in that."

"Well, it makes a sort of link. He explained why he put O'Malley on the Settle. He's a student of character, you know."

"Who? O'Malley?"

"No, Graves. He said that's the only reason he is a schoolmaster."

"I expect he's a schoolmaster because it's so jolly slack."

"Not at all. As a matter of fact, he was going into the Diplomatic, just as I am."

"I don't expect he could pass the exam. It's frightfully stiff. Graves only takes the Middle Fourth."

"The exam is only to keep out undesirable types."

"Then it would floor Graves."

"He says schoolmastering is the most *human* calling in the world. Spierpoint is not an arena for competition. We have to stop the weakest going to the wall."

"Did Graves say that?"

"Yes."

"I must remember that if there's any unpleasantness with Peacock. What else did he say?"

"Oh, we talked about people, you know, and their characters. Would you say O'Malley had poise?"

"Good God, no."

"That's just what Graves thinks. He says some people have it naturally and they can look after themselves. Others, like O'Malley, need bringing on. He thinks authority will give O'Malley poise."

"Well, it doesn't seem to have worked yet," said Charles, as O'Malley loped past their beds to his corner.

"Welcome to the head of the dormitory," said Tamplin. "Are we all late? Are you going to report us?"

O'Malley looked at his watch. "As a matter of fact, you have exactly seven minutes."

"Not by my watch."

"We go by mine."

"Really," said Tamplin. "Has your watch been put on the Settle, too? It looks a cheap kind of instrument to me."

"When I am speaking officially I don't want any impertinence, Tamplin."

"His watch *has* been put on the Settle. It's the first time I ever heard one could be impertinent to a watch."

They undressed and washed their teeth. O'Malley looked repeatedly at his watch and at last said, "Say your dibs."

Everyone knelt at his bedside and buried his face in the bedclothes. After a minute, in quick succession, they rose and got into bed; all save Tamplin who remained kneeling. O'Malley stood in the middle of the dormitory, irresolute, his hand on the chain of the gas-lamp. Three minutes passed; it was the convention that no one spoke while anyone was still saying his prayers; several boys began to giggle. "Hurry up," said O'Malley.

Tamplin raised a face of pained rebuke. "*Please,* O'Malley. I'm saying my dibs."

"Well, you're late."

Tamplin remained with his face buried in the blanket. O'Malley pulled the chain and extinguished the light, all save the pale glow of the bye-pass under the white enamel shade. It was the custom, when doing this, to say "Goodnight"; but Tamplin was still ostensibly in prayer; in this black predicament O'Malley stalked to his bed in silence.

"Aren't you going to say 'Goodnight' to us?" asked Charles.

"Goodnight."

A dozen voices irregularly took up the cry. "Goodnight, O'Malley . . . I hope the official watch doesn't stop in the night . . . happy dreams, O'Malley."

"Really, you know," said Wheatley, "there's a man still

saying his prayers."

"Stop talking."

"*Please,*" said Tamplin, on his knees. He remained there for half a minute more, then rose and got into bed.

"You understand, Tamplin? You're late."

"Oh, but I don't think I can be, even by your watch. I was perfectly ready when you said 'Say your dibs.' "

"If you want to take as long as that you must start sooner."

"But I couldn't with all that noise going on, could I, O'Malley? All that wrangling about watches?"

"We'll talk about it in the morning."

"Goodnight, O'Malley."

At this moment the door opened and the house-captain in charge of the dormitory came in. "What the devil's all this talking about?" he asked.

Now, O'Malley had not the smallest intention of giving Tamplin a "late." It was a delicate legal point, of the kind that was debated endlessly at Spierpoint, whether in the circumstances he could properly do so. It had been in O'Malley's mind to appeal to Tamplin's better nature in the morning, to say that he could take a joke as well as the next man, that his official position was repugnant to him, that the last thing he wished to do was start the term by using his new authority on his former associates; he would say all this and ask Tamplin to "back him up." But now, suddenly challenged out of the darkness, he lost his head and said, "I was giving Tamplin a 'late', Anderson."

"Well, remind me in the morning and for Christ's sake don't make such a racket over it."

"Please, Anderson, I don't think I was late," said Tamplin; "it's just that I took longer than the others over my prayers. I was perfectly ready when we were told to say them."

"But he was still out of bed when I put the light out," said O'Malley.

"Well, it's usual to wait until everyone's ready, isn't it?"

"Yes, Anderson. I did wait about five minutes."

"I see. Anyhow, lates count from the time you start saying your dibs. You know that. Better wash the whole thing out."

"Thank you, Anderson," said Tamplin.

The house-captain lit the candle which stood in a biscuit-box shade on the press by his bed. He undressed slowly, washed and, without saying prayers, got into bed. Then he lay there reading. The tin hid the light from the dormitory and cast a small, yellow patch over his book and pillow; that and the faint circle of the gas-lamp were the only lights; gradually in the darkness the lancet windows became dimly visible. Charles lay on his back thinking; O'Malley had made a fiasco of his first evening; first and last he could not have done things worse; it seemed a rough and tortuous road on which Mr. Graves had set his feet, to self-confidence and poise.

Then, as he grew sleepier, Charles's thoughts, like a roulette ball when the wheel runs slow, sought their lodging and came at last firmly to rest on that day, never far distant, at the end of his second term, the raw and gusty day of the junior steeplechase when, shivering and half-changed, queasy with apprehension of the trial ahead, he had been summoned by Frank, had shuffled into his clothes, run headlong down the turret stairs and with a new and deeper alarm knocked at the door.

"Charles, I have just had a telegram from your father which you must read. I'll leave you alone with it."

He shed no tear, then or later; he did not remember what was said when two minutes later Frank returned; there was a numb, anaesthetized patch at the heart of his sorrow; he remembered, rather, the order of the day. Instead of running he had gone down in his overcoat with Frank to watch the finish of the race; word had gone round the house and no questions were asked; he had tea with the matron, spent the evening in her room and slept that night in a room in the Headmaster's private house; next morning his Aunt Philippa came and took him home. He remembered all that went on outside himself, the sight and sound and smell of the place, so that, on his return to them, they all spoke of his loss, of the sharp severance of all the bonds of childhood, and it seemed to him that it was not in the uplands of Bosnia but here at Spierpoint, on the turret stairs, in the unlighted boxroom passage, in the windy cloisters, that his mother had fallen, killed not by a German shell but by the shrill voice sounding across the changing-room, "Ryder here? Ryder? Frank wants him at the double."

II

Thursday, September 25th, 1919. Peacock began well by not turning up for early school so at five past we walked out and went back to our House Rooms and I read Fortitude *by Walpole; it is strong meat but rather unnecessary in places. After breakfast O'Malley came greasing up to Tamplin and apologised. Everyone is against him. I maintain he was in the right until he reported him late to Anderson. No possible defence for that—sheer windiness. Peacock deigned to turn up for Double Greek. We mocked him somewhat. He is trying to make us use the new pronounciation; when he said* oü *there was a wail of "ooh" and Tamplin pronounced subjunctive soobyoongteeway—very witty. Peacock got bored and said he'd report him to Graves but relented. Library was open 5–6 tonight. I went meaning to put in some time on Walter Crane's* Bases of Design *but Mercer came up with that weird man in Brent's called Curts-Dunne. I envy them having Frank as housemaster. He is talking of starting a literary and artistic society for men not in the sixth. Curtis-Dunne wants to start a political group. Pretty good lift considering this is his second term although he is sixteen and has been at Dartmouth. Mercer gave me a poem to read—very sloppy. Before this there was a House Game. Everyone puffing and blowing after the holidays. Anderson said I shall probably be centre-half in the Under Sixteens—the sweatiest place in the field. I must get into training quickly.*

Friday 26th. Corps day but quite slack. Reorganisation. I am in A Company at last. A tick in Boucher's called Spratt is platoon commander. We ragged him a bit. Wheatley is a section commander! Peacock sent Bankes out of the room in Greek Testament for saying "Who will rid me of this turbulent priest" when put on to translate. Jolly witty. He began to argue. Peacock said, "Must I throw you out by force?" Bankes began to go but muttered "Muscular Christianity." Peacock: "What did you say?"; "Nothing, sir"; "Get out before I kick you." Things got a bit duller after that. Uncle George gave Bankes three.

Saturday 27th. Things very dull in school. Luckily Peacock forgot to set any preparation. Pop. Sci. in last period. Tamplin and Mercer got some of the weights that are so precious they are kept in a glass case and picked up with tweezers, made them red hot on a bunsen burner and dropped them in cold water. A witty thing to do. House Game—Under Sixteen team against a mixed side. They have put Wykham-Blake centre-half and me in goal; a godless place. Library again. Curtis-Dunne buttonholed me again. He drawled "My father is in parliament but he is a very unenlightened conservative. I of course am a socialist. That's the reason I chucked the Navy." I said, "Or did they chuck you?" "The pangs of parting were endured by both sides with mutual stoicism." He spoke of Frank as "essentially a well-intentioned fellow." Sunday tomorrow thank God. I may be able to get on with illuminating "The Bells of Heaven."

III

Normally on Sundays there was a choice of service. Matins at a quarter past. On the first

Sunday of term there was Choral Communion for all at eight o'clock.

The chapel was huge, bare, and still unfinished, one of the great monuments of the Oxford Movement and the Gothic revival. Like an iceberg it revealed only a small part of its bulk above the surface of the terraced down; below lay a crypt and below that foundations of great depth. The Foundation had chosen the site and stubbornly refused to change it so that the original estimates had been exceeded before the upper chapel was begun. Visiting preachers frequently drew a lesson from the disappointments, uncertainties and final achievement of the Founder's "vision". Now the whole nave rose triumphantly over the surrounding landscape, immense, clustered shafts supporting the groined roof; at the west it ended abruptly in concrete and timber and corrugated iron, while behind, in a waste land near the kitchens, where the Corps band practiced their bugles in the early morning, lay a nettle-and-bramble-grown ruin, the base of a tower, twice as high as the chapel, which one day was to rise so that on stormy nights, the Founder had decreed, prayers might be sung at its summit for sailors in peril on the sea.

From outside the windows had a deep, submarine tinge, but from inside they were clear white, and the morning sun streamed in over the altar and the assembled school. The prefect in Charles's row was Symonds, editor of the Magazine, president of the Debating Society, the leading intellectual. Symonds was in Head's; he pursued a course of lonely study, seldom taking Evening School, never playing any game except, late in the evenings of the summer term, an occasional single of lawn tennis, appearing rarely even in the Sixth Form, but working in private under Mr. A.A. Carmichael for the Balliol scholarship. Symonds kept a leatherbound copy of the *Greek Anthology* in his place in chapel and read it throughout the services with a finely negligent air.

The masters sat in stalls orientated between the columns, the clergy in surplices, laymen in gowns. Some of the masters who taught the Modern Side wore hoods of the newer universities; Major Stebbing, the adjutant of the OTC, had no gown at all; Mr. A.A. Carmichael—awfully known at Spierpoint as "A.A."—the splendid dandy and wit, fine flower of the Oxford Union and the New College Essay Society, the reviewer of works of classical scholarship for the *New Statesman,* to whom Charles had never yet spoken; whom Charles had never yet heard speak directly, but only at third hand as his *mots,* in their idiosyncratic modulations, passed from mouth to mouth from the Sixth in sanctuary to the catechumens in the porch; whom Charles worshipped from afar—Mr. Carmichael, from a variety of academic costume, was this morning robed as a baccalaureate of Salamanca. He looked, as he stooped over his desk, like the prosecuting counsel in a cartoon by Daumier.

Nearly opposite him across the chapel stood Frank Bates; an unbridged gulf of boys separated these rival and contrasted deities, that one the ineffable dweller on cloud-capped Olympus, this the homely clay image, the intimate of hearth and household, the patron of threshing-floor and olive-press. Frank wore only an ermine hood, a BA's gown, and loose, unremarkable clothes, subfusc today, with the Corinthian tie which alternated with the Carthusian, week in, week out. He was a clean, curly, spare fellow; a little wan for he was in constant pain from an injury on the football field which had left him lame and kept him at Spierpoint throughout the war. This pain of his redeemed him from heartiness. In chapel his innocent, blue eyes assumed a puzzled, rather glum expression like those of an old-fashioned child in a room full of grown-ups. Frank was a bishop's son.

Behind the masters, out of sight in the side aisles, was a dowdy huddle of matrons and wives.

The service began with a procession of the choir: "Hail Festal Day," with Wykham-Blake as the treble cantor. At the rear of the procession came Mr. Peacock, the Chaplain and the Headmaster. A week ago Charles had gone to church in London with Aunt Philippa. He did not as a rule go to church in the holidays, but being in London for the last week Aunt Philippa had said, "There's nothing much we can do today. Let's see what entertainment the Church can offer. I'm told there is a very remarkable freak named Father Wimperis." So, together, they had gone on the top of a bus to a northern suburb where Mr. Wimperis was at the time drawing great congregations. His preaching was not theatrical by Neapolitan standards, Aunt Philippa said afterwards; "However, I enjoyed him hugely. He is irresistibly common." For twenty minutes Mr. Wimperis alternately fluted and boomed from the pulpit, wrestled with the reading-stand and summoned the country to industrial peace. At the end he performed a little ceremony of his own invention, advancing to the church steps in cope and biretta with what proved to be a large silver salt cellar in his hands. "My people," he said simply, scattering salt before him, "you are the salt of the earth."

"I believe he has something new like that every week," said Aunt Philippa. "It must be lovely to live in his neighborhood."

Charles's was not a God-fearing home. Until August 1914 his father had been accustomed to read family prayers every morning; on the outbreak of war he abruptly stopped the practice, explaining, when asked, that there was now nothing left to pray for. When Charles's mother was killed there was a memorial service for her at Boughton, his home village, but Charles's father did not go with him and Aunt Philippa. "It was all her confounded patriotism," he said, not to Charles but to Aunt Philippa, who did not repeat the remark until many years later. "She had no business to go off to Serbia like that. Do you think it was my duty to marry again?"

"No," said Aunt Philippa.

"Nothing would induce me to—least of all my duty."

The service followed its course. As often happened, two small boys fainted and were carried out by house-captains; a third left bleeding at the nose. Mr. Peacock sang the Gospel over-loudly. It was his first public appearance. Symonds looked up from his Greek, frowned and continued reading. Presently it was time for Communion; most of the boys who had been confirmed went up to the chancel rails, Charles with them. Symonds sat back, twisted his long legs into the aisle to allow his row to pass, and remained in his place. Charles took Communion and returned to his row. He had been confirmed the term before, incuriously, without expectation or disappointment. When, later in life, he read accounts of the emotional disturbances caused in other boys by the ceremony he found them unintelligible; to Charles it was one of the rites of adolescence, like, being made, when a new boy, to stand on the table and sing. The Chaplain had "prepared" him and had confined his conferences to theology. There had been no probing of his sexual life; he had no sexual life to probe. Instead they had talked of prayer and the sacraments.

Spierpoint was a product of the Oxford Movement, founded with definite religious aims; in eighty years it had grown more and more to resemble the older Public Schools, but there was still a strong ecclesiastical flavour in the place. Some boys were genuinely devout and their peculiarity was respected; in general profanity was rare and ill-looked-on. Most of the Sixth professed themselves agnostic or atheist.

The school had been chosen for Charles because, at the age of eleven, he had had a "religious phase" and told his fa-

ther that he wished to become a priest.

"Good heavens," his father said; "or do you mean a parson?"

"A priest of the Anglican Church," said Charles precisely.

"That's better. I thought you meant a Roman Catholic. Well, a parson's is not at all a bad life for a man with a little money of his own. They can't remove you except for flagrant immorality. Your uncle has been trying to get rid of his fellow at Boughton for ten years—a most offensive fellow but perfectly chaste. He won't budge. It's a great thing in life to have a place you can't be removed from—too few of them."

But the "phase" had passed and lingered now only in Charles's love of Gothic architecture and breviaries.

After Communion Charles sat back in his chair thinking about the secular, indeed slightly anti-clerical, lyric which, already inscribed, he was about to illuminate, while the masters and, after them, the women from the side aisles, went up to the rails.

The food on Sundays was always appreciably worse than on other days; breakfast invariably consisted of boiled eggs, overboiled and lukewarm.

Wheatley said, "How many ties do you suppose A.A.'s got?"

"I began counting last term," said Tamplin, "and got to thirty."

"Including bows?"

"Yes."

"Of course, he's jolly rich."

"Why doesn't he keep a car, then?" asked Jorkins.

The hour after breakfast was normally devoted to letter-writing, but today a railway strike had been called and there were no posts. Moreover, since it was the start of term, there was no Sunday Lesson. The whole morning was therefore free and Charles had extracted permission to spend it in the drawing school. He collected his materials and was soon happily at work.

The poem—Ralph Hodgson's " 'Twould ring the bells of Heaven The wildest peal for years, If Parson lost his senses And people came to theirs. . ."—was one of Frank's favourites. In the happy days when he had been House Tutor of Head's, Frank had read poetry aloud on Sunday evenings to any in Head's who cared to come, which was mostly the lower half of the House. He read "There swimmeth One Who swam e'er rivers were begun, And under that Almighty Fin The littlest fish may enter in" and "Abou Ben Adhem, may his tribe increase" and "Under the wide and starry sky" and "What have I done for you, England, my England. . . ?" and many others of the same comfortable kind; but always before the end of the evening someone would say "Please, sir, can we have 'The Bells of Heaven'?" Now he read only to his own house but the poems, Frank's pleasant voices, his nightingales, were awake still, warm and bright with remembered firelight.

Charles did not question whether the poem was not perfectly suited to the compressed thirteenth-century script in which he had written it. His method of writing was first to draw the letters faintly, freehand in pencil; then with a ruler and ruling pen to ink in the uprights firmly in India ink until the page consisted of lines of short and long black perpendiculars; then with a mapping-pen he joined them with hair strokes and completed their lozenge-shaped terminals. It was a method he had evolved for himself by trial and error. The initial letters of each line were left blank and these, during the last week of the holidays, he had filled with vermilion, carefully drawn, "Old English" capitals. The *T* alone remained to do and for this he had selected a model from Shaw's *Alphabets,* now open before him on the table. It was a florid fifteenth-century letter which needed considerable ingenuity of adaption, for he had decided to attach it to the decorative tail of the *J.* He worked happily, entirely absorbed, drawing in pencil, then tensely, with breath held, inking the outline with a mapping-pen; then, when it was dry—how often, in his impatience, he had ruined his work by attempting this too soon—rubbing away the pencil lines. Finally he got out his water colours and his red sable brushes. At heart he knew he was going too fast—a monk would take a week over a single letter—but he worked with intensity and in less than two hours the initial with its pendant, convoluted border was finished. Then, as he put away his brushes, the exhilaration left him. It was no good; it was botched; the ink outline varied in thickness, the curves seemed to feel their way cautiously where they should have been bold; in places the colour overran the lines and everywhere in contrast to the opaque lithographic ink it was watery and transparent. It was no good.

Despondently Charles shut his drawing book and put his things together. Outside the Drawing School, steps led down to the Upper Quad past the doors of Brent's House—Frank's. Here he met Mercer.

"Hullo, been painting?"

"Yes, if you can call it that."

"Let me see."

"No."

"Please."

"It's absolutely beastly. I hate it, I tell you. I'd have torn it up if I wasn't going to keep it as a humiliation to look at in case I ever begin to feel I know anything about art."

"You're always dissatisfied, Ryder. It's the mark of a true artist, I suppose."

"If I was an artist I shouldn't do things I'd be dissatisfied with. Here, look at it, if you must."

Mercer gazed at the open page. "What don't you like about it?"

"The whole thing is nauseating."

"I suppose it *is* a bit ornate."

"There, my dear Mercer, with your usual unerring discernment you have hit upon the one quality that is at all tolerable."

"Oh, sorry. Anyway, I think the whole thing absolutely first-class."

"Do you, Mercer. I'm greatly encouraged."

"You know you're a frightfully difficult man. I don't know why I like you."

"I know why I like you. Because you are so extremely easy."

"Coming to the library?"

"I suppose so."

When the library was open a prefect sat there entering in a ledger the books which boys took out. Charles as usual made his way to the case where the Art books were kept but before he had time to settle down, as he liked to do, he was accosted by Curtis-Dunne, the old new boy of last term in Brent's. "Don't you think it scandalous," he said, "that on one of the few days of the week when we have the chance to use the library, we should have to kick our heels waiting until some semi-literate prefect chooses to turn up and take us in? I've taken the matter up with the good Frank."

"Oh, and what did he say to that?"

"We're trying to work out a scheme by which library privileges can be extended to those who seriously want them, people like you and me and I suppose the good Mercer."

"I forgot for the moment what form you are in."

"Modern Upper. Please don't think from that I am a scientist. It's simply that in the Navy we had to drop Classics. My interests are entirely literary and political. And of course hedonistic."

"Oh."

"Hedonistic above all. By the way I've been looking through the political and economic section. It's very quaintly chosen, with glaring lacunae. I've just filled three pages in the Suggestions Book. I thought perhaps you'd care to append your signature."

"No, thanks. It's not usual for people without library privileges to write in the Suggestions Book. Besides. I've no interest in economics."

"I've also written a suggestion about extending the library privileges. Frank needs something to work on, that he can put before the committee."

He brought the book to the

Art bay; Charles read "That since seniority is no indication of literary taste the system of library privileges be revised to provide facilities for those genuinely desirous of using them to advantage."

"Neatly put, I think," said Curtis-Dunne.

"You'll be thought frightfully above yourself, writing this."

"It is already generally recognized that I *am* above myself, but I want other signatures."

Charles hesitated. To gain time he said, "I say, what on earth have you got on your feet? Aren't those house shoes?"

Curtis-Dunne pointed a toe shod in shabby, soft black leather; a laced shoe without a toe-cap, in surface like the cover of a well-worn Bible. "Ah, you have observed my labour-saving device. I wear them night and morning. They are a constant perplexity to those in authority. When questioned, as happened two or three times a week during my first term, I say they are a naval pattern which my father, on account of extreme poverty, has asked me to wear out. That embarrasses them. But I am sure you do not share these middle-class prejudices. Dear boy, your name, please, to this subversive manifesto."

Still Charles hesitated. The suggestion outraged Spierpoint taste in all particulars. Whatever intrigues, blandishments and self-advertisements were employed by the ambitious at Spierpoint were always elaborately disguised. Self-effacement and depreciation were the rule. To put oneself explicitly forward for preferment was literally not done. Moreover, the lead came from a boy who was not only in another house and immeasurably Charles's inferior, but also a notorious eccentric. A term back Charles would have rejected the proposal with horror, but today and all this term he was aware of a new voice in his inner counsels, a detached, critical Hyde who intruded his presence more and more often on the conventional, intolerant, sub-human, wholly respectable Dr. Jekyll; a voice, as it were, from a more civilized age, as from the chimney corner in mid-Victorian times there used to break sometimes the sardonic laughter of grandmama, relic of Regency, a clear, outrageous, entirely self-assured disturber among the high and muddled thoughts of her whiskered descendants.

"Frank's all for the suggestion, you know," said Curtis-Dunne. "He says the initiative must come from us. He can't go pushing reforms which he'll be told nobody really wants. He wants a concrete proposal to put before the library committee."

That silenced Jekyll. Charles signed.

"Now," said Curtis-Dunne, "there should be little difficulty with the lad Mercer. He said he'd sign if you would."

By lunch-time there were twenty-three signatories, including the prefect-in-charge.

"We have this day lit a candle," said Curtis-Dunne.

There was some comment around Charles in Hall about his conduct in the library.

"I know he's awful," said Charles, "But he happens to amuse me."

"They all think he's balmy in Brent's."

"Frank doesn't. And anyway I call that a recommendation. As a matter of fact, he's one of the most intelligent men I ever met. If he'd come at the proper time he'd probably be senior to all of us."

Support came unexpectedly from Wheatley. "I happen to know the Head took him in as a special favour to his father. He's Sir Samson Curtis-Dunne's son, the Member for this division. They've got a big place near Steyning. I wouldn't at all mind having a day's shooting there next Veniam day."

On Sunday afternoons, for two hours, the House Room was out of bounds to all except the Settle; in their black coats and with straw hats under their arms the school scattered over the countryside in groups, pairs and occasional disconsolate single figures, for "walks." All human habitations were barred; the choice lay between the open door behind Spierpoint Ring and the single country road to the isolated Norman church of St. Botolph. Tamplin and Charles usually walked together.

"How I hate Sunday afternoons," said Charles.

"We might get some blackberries."

But at the door of the house they were stopped by Mr. Graves.

"Hullo, you two," he said, "would you like to make yourselves useful? My press has arrived. I thought you might help put it together." He led them into his room, where half-opened crates filled most of the floor. "It was all in one piece when I bought it. All I've got to go on is this." He showed them a wood-cut in an old book. "They didn't change much from Caxton's day until the steam presses came in. This one is about a hundred years old."

"Damned sweat," muttered Tamplin.

"And here, young Ryder, is the 'movable type' you deplore so much."

"What sort of type is it, sir?"

"We'll have to find out. I bought the whole thing in one lot from a village stationer."

They took out letters at random, set them, and took an impression by pressing them, inked, on a sheet of writing paper. Mr. Graves had an album of typefaces.

"They all look the same to me," said Tamplin.

In spite of his prejudice, Charles was interested. "I've got it, I think, sir; Baskerville."

"No. Look at the serifs. How about Caslon Old Style?"

At last it was identified. Then Charles found a box full of ornamental initials, menu headings of decanters and dessert, foxes' heads and running hounds for sporting announcements, ecclesiastical devices and monograms, crowns, Odd Fellows' arms, the wood-cut of a prize bull, decorative bands, the splendid jumble of a century of English job-printing.

"I say, sir, what fun. You could do all sorts of things with these."

"We will, Charles."

Tamplin looked at the amateurs with disgust. "I say, sir, I've just remembered something I must do. Do you mind awfully if I don't stay?"

"Run along, old Tamplin." When we had gone, Mr. Graves said, "I'm sorry Tamplin doesn't like me."

"Why can't he not let things pass?" thought Charles. "Why does he always have to comment on everything?"

"You don't like me either, Charles. But you like the press."

"Yes," said Charles, "I like the press."

The type was tied up in little bags. They poured it out, each bagful into the tray provided for it in the worn oak tray.

"Now for the press. This looks like the base."

It took them two hours to rebuild. When at last it was assembled, it looked small, far too small for the number and size of the cases in which it had travelled. The main cast-iron supports terminated in brass Corinthian capitals and the summit was embellished with a brass urn bearing the engraved date 1824. The common labour, the problems and discoveries, of erection had drawn the two together; now they surveyed its completion in common pride. Tamplin was forgotten.

"It's a lovely thing, sir. Could you print a book on it?"

"It would take time. Thank you very much for your help. And now," Mr. Graves looked at his watch, "as through some grave miscarriage of justice, you are not on the Settle, I expect you have no engagement for tea. See what you can find in the locker."

The mention of the Settle disturbed their intimacy. Mr. Graves repeated the mistake a few minutes later when they had boiled the kettle and were making toast on the gas-ring. "So at this moment Desmond O'Malley is sitting down to his first Settle tea. I hope he's enjoying it. I don't think somehow he is enjoying this term very much so far." Charles said nothing. "Do you know, he came to me two days ago and asked to resign from it? He said that if I didn't let him he

would do something that would make me degrade him. He's an odd boy, Desmond. It was an odd request."

"I don't suppose he'd want me to know about it."

"Of course he wouldn't. Do you know why I'm telling you? Do you?"

"No, sir."

"I think you could make all the difference to him, whether his life is tolerable or not. I gather all you little beasts in the Upper Dormitory have been giving him hell."

"If we have, it's because he asked for it."

"I dare say, but don't you think it rather sad that in life there are so many different things different people are asking for, and the only people who get what they ask for are the Desmond O'Malleys?"

At that moment, beyond the box-room, the Settle tea had reached its second stage; surfeited with crumpets, five or six each, they were starting on the eclairs and cream-slices. There was still a warm, soggy pile of crumpets left uneaten and according to custom O'Malley, as junior man, was deputed to hand them round the House Room.

Wheatley was supercilious. "What is that, O'Malley? Crumpets? How very kind of you, but I am afraid I never eat them. My digestion, you know," he said.

Tamplin was comic. "My figure, you know," he said.

Jorkins was rude. "No, thanks. They look stale."

There was loud laughter among the third-year men and some of their more precocious juniors. In strict order of seniority, O'Malley travelled from boy to boy, rebuffed, crimson. All the Upper Dormitory refused. Only the fags watched, first in wonder that anyone should refuse crumpets on a cold afternoon, later with brightening expectancy as the full plate came nearer to them.

"I say, thanks awfully, O'Malley." They soon went at the under-school table and O'Malley returned to his chair before the empty crate, where he sat until chapel silently eating confectionery.

"You see," said Mr. Graves, "the beastlier you are to O'Malley, the beastlier he'll become. People are like that."

IV

Sunday, Sept. 28th. Choral. Two or three faints otherwise uneventful. Tried to do the initial and border for "The Bells of Heaven" but made a mess of it. Afterwards talked to Curtis-Dunne in the library. He intrigues me. With Frank's approval we are agitating for library privileges. I don't suppose anything will come of it except that everyone will say we are above ourselves. After luncheon Tamplin and I were going for a walk when Graves called us in and made us help put up his printing press. Tamplin escaped. Graves tried to get things out of me about ragging Dirty Desmond but without success. In the evening we had another rag. Tamplin, Wheatley, Jorkins and I hurried up to the dormitory as soon as the bell went and said our prayers before Dirty D. arrived. Then when he said, "Say your dibs" we just sat on our beds. He looked frightfully bored and said "Must I repeat my instructions?" As the other men were praying we said nothing. Then he said, "I give you one more chance to say your dibs. If you don't I'll report you." We said nothing so off Dirty D. went in his dressing-gown to Anderson who was with the other house-captains at hot-air with Graves. Up came Anderson. "What's all this about your prayers?" "We've said them already." "Why?" "Because Tamplin got a late for taking too long so we thought we'd better start early." "I see. Well we'll talk about it tomorrow." So far nothing has been said. Everyone thinks we shall get beaten but I don't see how we can be. We are entirely in our rights. Geoghegan has just been round to all four of us to say we are to stay behind after first evening so I suppose we are going to be beaten.

After First Evening, when the House Room was clear of all save the four and the bell for Hall had died away and ceased, Geoghegan, the head of the house, came in carrying two canes, accompanied by Anderson.

"I am going to beat you for disobeying an order from the head of your dormitory. Have you anything to say?"

"Yes," said Wheatley. "We had already said our prayers."

"It is a matter of indifference to me how often you pray. You have spent most of the day on your knees in chapel, praying all the time, I hope. All I am concerned about is that you obey the orders of the head of the dormitory. Anyone else anything to say? Then get the room ready."

They pushed back the new men's table and laid a bench on its side across the front of the fireplace. The routine was familiar. They were beaten in the House Room twice a term, on the average.

"Who's senior? You, I think, Wheatley."

Wheatley bent over the bench.

"Knees straight." Geoghegan took his hips and arranged him to his liking, slightly oblique to the line of advance. From the corner he had three steps to the point of delivery. He skipped forward, struck and slowly turned back to the corner. They were given three strokes each; none of them moved. As they walked across the Hall, Charles felt a slight nausea turn to exhilaration.

"Was he tight?"

"Yes, he was rather. And damned accurate too."

After Hall, in the cloisters, O'Malley approached Charles.

"I say, Ryder, I'm frightfully sorry about tonight."

"Oh, push off."

"I had to do my duty, you know."

"Well, go and do it, but don't come and bother me."

"I'll do anything you like to make up. Anything outside the House, that is. I'll tell you what—I'll kick anyone else in another house, anyone you care to choose. Spratt, if you like."

"The best thing you can do is to kick yourself, Dirty Desmond, right round the cloisters." ▽

INTRODUCING SIR HAROLD ACTON AND BRIDESHEAD'S ANTHONY BLANCHE

Romans a clefs make the best reading, especially when you have the keys. The wittiest, snittiest worldling of Charles Ryder's Oxford day was Anthony Blanche. The big question: Who was the real Blanche, Waugh's true Oxford prototype chum?

Below, a Waugh drawing of Acton during their halcyon school days. Below that, Nickolas Grace, TV's Blanche. On the next pages, Sir Harold in his glorious Florence villa, La Pietra, a fantastic link between the expatriate fin-de-siecle world of James and Berenson and the Italy of today.

Says Waugh expert and editor Mark Amory, "The better characteristics of Anthony Blanche... are drawn from Acton." Says Waugh demurely, "The novelist does not come to his desk devoid of experience and memory. His raw material is compounded of all he has seen and done." —L.L.

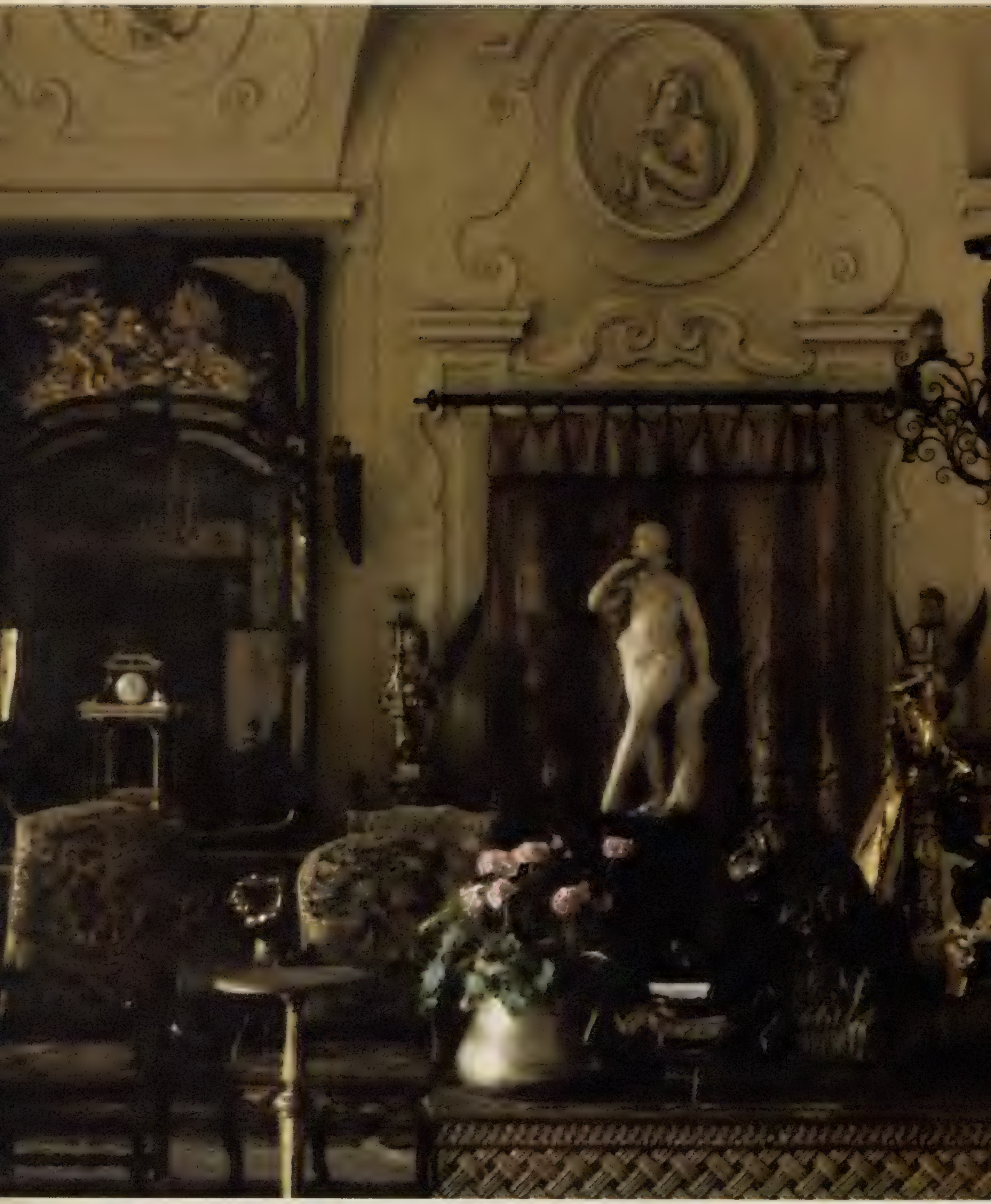
Where Present and Past Meet

In the time-warp splendor of Villa La Pietra, overlooking Florence, Sir Harold Acton, left—Anglo-Florentine Neapolitan-American poet, biographer, novelist, lecturer, bon vivant, esthete—lives surrounded by reminiscences among the glories collected by his father for over fifty years.

The Villa and its gardens are a reverie on the great periods of Italian life and art from the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries. Since his father's death, in 1953, Acton has been its owner, curator, guardian.

Right: Sun-dappled, cypress-lined drive leads from the ancient Via Bolognese to the entrance of La Pietra, as seen from a second-floor balcony.

On eight pages, a photo essay by Milton Gendel.



Villa La Pietra A golden glow of Tuscan light suffuses the Villa's huge rooms

The "gran salone," a typical La Pietra room, time-polished, sun-burnished, its vastness gentled by the quantity, and very personal mixture, of thirteenth- to eighteenth-century treasures: stately chairs, inlaid and curiously carved cupboards, Venetian blackamoors, part of the Villa's extraordinary collection of Italian primitive gold-ground paintings. Ten-foot-high doors lead out to the well-kept delights of the formal gardens.

The library, above, with its fringed "pool table" lights.
Says Acton, "This is my favorite room in the Villa." His visitor's book, a rich record of names—European nobility, heads of state, great artists and writers—is kept here. . . . Below: A deeply personal mix of Acton pasts: Sir Harold's decade in China, the family's long tenure at La Pietra.

In the grand entrance hall, above, a glassed-in courtyard with tall winding staircase added in the late eighteenth century, a guardian life-size bronze Venus admires herself in a hand mirror, eighteenth-century Venetian frescoes gracefully circle the walls, define the formal gaiety of the villa. . . . Below: Sir Harold with his dog in the great oval of the garden.

Villa La Pietra

Milton Gendel

Imagined songs frozen in place; remembered strains from some long-ago festa

In the "Teatro di Verdura," left, an outdoor theater where even the footlights and wings are made of greenery, a fantasy of Harold Acton's father, one of Paduan sculptor Francesco Bonazza's genre figures, left, a woman musician-singer, could be a character out of a Goldoni play. . . . In the ballroom, above, an enfilade of mossy green Venetian painted chairs, subtly banded in gold, delicately inlaid with enamel medallions. Here, in this magnificent party room, sliding panels revealed an orchestra while Sir Harold's American-born mother presided over her glittering guests at "thé dansants."

ON A FAST TRACK: RALPH LAUREN COMMUTING
Y HELICOPTER, EAST HAMPTON TO NEW YORK

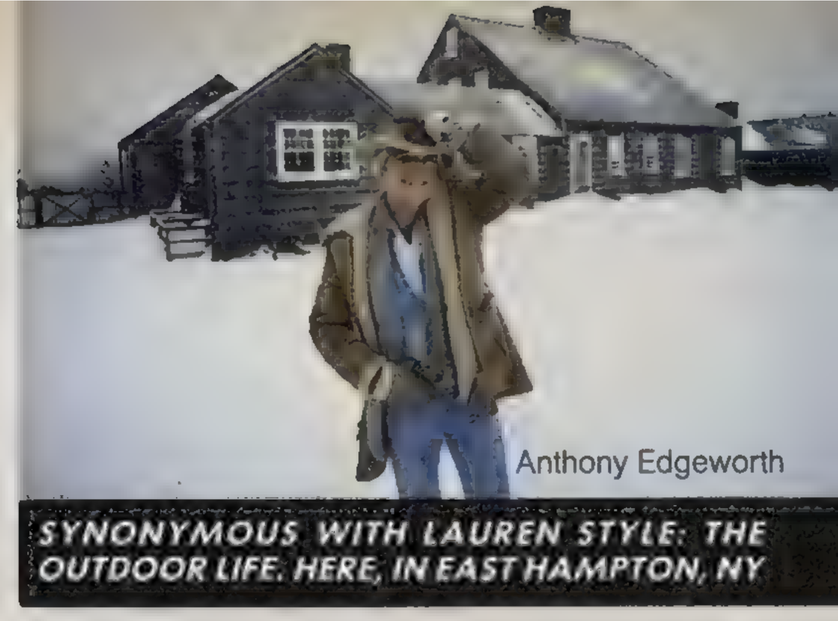
RALPH LA
SUCCESS,

From his prairie skirts,
Santa Fe sweaters, chamois, chambray,
and ruffled petticoats to luxurious cashmeres,
tweeds, and Shetlands, to sneaky-seductive
tuxedo dressing at night, Ralph Lauren
maintains a non-fashion approach to fashion.
Relaxed. Classic. Sophisticated but low-key.
Unmistakably American in its ease,
its casual attitude. And immediately appealing
to a modern woman whose own approach to fashion
is non-fashiony, who looks for that same kind
of easygoing sophistication and resists
"big messages" in favor of a more personal style.
On these eight pages, a look at two women,
two dynamic young actresses—
Candice Bergen and Charlotte Rampling—
who fit that description wearing
clothes from the new fall/winter
Ralph Lauren collection.
And an in-depth look
at the designer—and
his style—in action

Real-life relaxed style, above: Ralph, wife Ricky, and signature Lauren looks. His: the well-broken-in denims and cowboy boots that have become trademarks. Hers: charming Americana dressing from the fall/winter collection—the "rocking horse" sweater with a crisp linen blouse underneath, patchwork-quilt skirt, striped-and-ruffled underskirt. Hair, Alex Hilliard; makeup, Bonnie Maller. Fashion and accessory details, stores, see next to last pages.

Karen Radkai

UREN:
AMERICAN STYLE



SYNONYMOUS WITH LAUREN STYLE: THE OUTDOOR LIFE. HERE, IN EAST HAMPTON, NY

No question: the essence of classic American good looks. Candice Bergen (a longtime Lauren fan) and new Lauren tweeds: the longer jacket and narrow button-front skirt in brown herringbone. Underneath, the charm of a linen blouse with its own lace scarf, and white lacy legs. The constant—the attitude: caught, here, in a gesture . . . in the soft hat, and in the contrast of lace and pearls against tweed. Fashion details, stores, see next to last pages this issue.

CANDICE BERGEN

King

Ralph Lauren: living the dream

BY JESSE KORNBLUTH

Every time Ralph Lauren returns from a trip abroad, he is given an entry card to fill out. He writes, without hesitation, the name that he and his brothers shrewdly chose twenty-seven years ago. He indicates, without anxiety, that he is now forty-two. And then he comes to the question about his occupation, and suddenly, without fail, he freezes.

Ralph Lauren well knows that he's a designer. His problem is that he so despises the connotations of the word he simply can't bring himself to remember its proper spelling. Is there an *ei?* Or is it *ie?* I've done it so many times," he laments, "and I *still* can't spell it right."

This block against the term which has brought him recognition, wealth, and creative satisfaction could make an outsider wonder if Lauren might profitably benefit from a decade or two of psychoanalysis. Fashion insiders know better. An inability to spell out his occupation is, for Lauren, absolutely consistent with his inability to pin a dress, his refusal to cater to celebrities "so the clothes can be seen in *People,*" and his advice, to Woody Allen, that sneakers are acceptable foot wear with tuxedos. This is, after all, a man who once appeared in an advertisement for his menswear sporting a twenty-year-old Levi's shirt and faded Levi's jeans. This is, lest you forget, a man who likes to point out that he doesn't sell clothes, doesn't relate to clothes, doesn't like fashion, and can't relate to models.

What Ralph Lauren does relate to is contradiction. Waving the banner of anti-fashion, he has, first with men's clothes and then with women's, generated such support for his philosophy of design that anti-fashion has become a fashion of its own. A very appealing fashion at that: Lauren's clothes are not just footnotes on English tailoring, they're propaganda for good values, quality living, and, *mirabile dictu,* the nuclear family. And, surprisingly, a highly acclaimed fashion: Lauren has won more Coty Awards than any other designer and, in 1977, became the first designer in the forty years these awards have been given to win for both men's and women's clothes.

Lauren's ability to transform himself from a Brooks Brothers tie salesman to the embodiment of everything that Brooks represents has been so widely applauded that, this year, he has $750 million of retail products in American stores. So successful has Lauren become, in fact, that he has pulled off the nifty trick of operating thirty free-standing Polo stores while simultaneously forging deep and enduring alliances with some very finicky retailers. Along the way, he has designed jewelry, toyed with furniture, and developed a line of fragrances. With few empires left to conquer, he recently decided to design a line of home furnishings; they'll be manufactured next year by J.P. Stevens.

But what pleases Lauren most about his success is not that he has achieved so much in only fifteen years, but that he has succeeded on his own terms. And so, although he could easily pass his days jetting from his new six-thousand-acre ranch in Colorado to his new house (formerly Douglas Dillon's) in Jamaica to his weekend retreat in East Hampton, NY, he still spends most of his time commuting from his Angelo Donghia-designed duplex on Fifth Avenue to his unpretentious office on West Fifty-fifth Street. He is still married to Ricky Lauren, his one and only wife. He still spends his weekends with his three children, Andrew, David, and Dylan. And, most of all, he's still "in on every button."

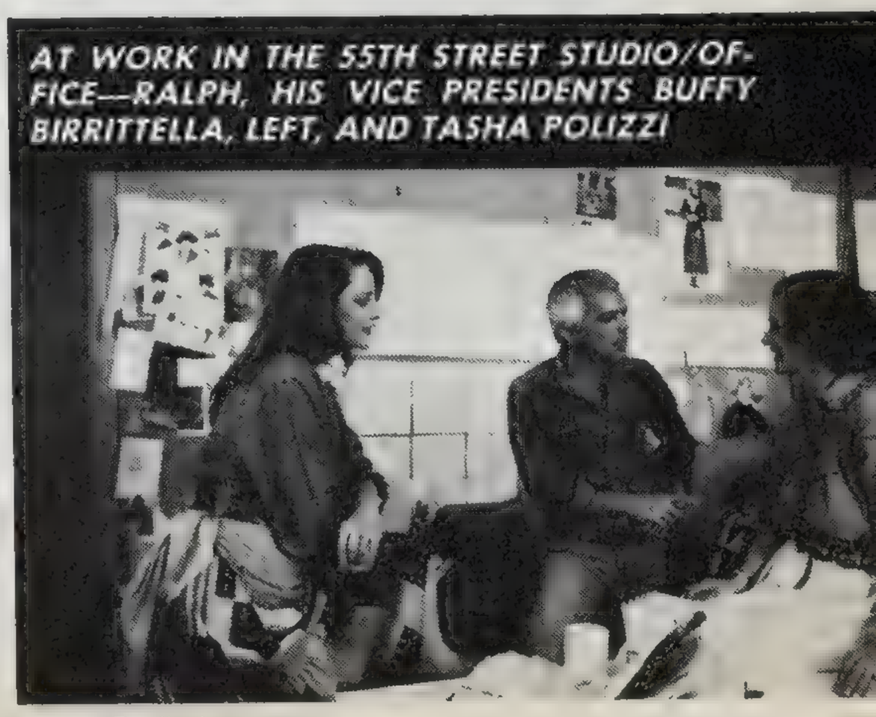
In that commitment to his loyal customers, Lauren demonstrates, as he does in each season's fashion shows, that he still has the boyish enthusiasm for goods of enduring quality which has characterized his work from the beginning. He may, these days, stalk through New York in a black T-shirt, ancient jeans, and gold-tipped cowboy boots, but it takes no great imaginative leap to see Ralph Lauren as he saw himself a decade ago—in grey flannel, having breakfast in the Palm Court of the Plaza Hotel with Stuart Kreisler, who licenses his women's wear, and wondering aloud what it would be like to *really* be there.

Ralph Lauren grew up in the same Bronx neighborhood that spawned Calvin Klein, and he designed, at fifteen, satin warm-up jackets for his sandlot baseball team; but he never imagined himself working in fashion, or even, for that matter, living in Manhattan. "My dreams were of how many shots I was going to hit over the fence, of making spectacular catches, landing on my backside and still holding the ball," he recalls. "In summer, I went to the country—Monticello. I didn't dream of a certain life, I wasn't obsessed. I was a happy middle-class Jewish kid in the Bronx."

The teenaged girls in his neighborhood were already clustering around him, but after he started rolling his shirt sleeves in imitation of his older brothers, he became even more popular. Thus encouraged, he moved on to button-down shirts, plaid Bermuda shorts, and white buck shoes. With his brothers, he culled the bins at Alexander's for tartan plaid shirts and gun shops for duck-hunting jackets. "I had a style," says Lauren, "that people always commented on."

Lauren's growing certainty about what bright young men ought to wear led him to sell sweaters in Bloomingdale's and ties at Brooks while he completed his business studies at The City College of New York. After graduation, he did six months in the Army. Then, reluctantly, he confronted the necessity of choosing a career. His father, an artist who'd painted murals when commissions were slow, suggested he find a job that would allow him to express his sense of color and texture—and his fierce honesty. Ralph signed on with a glove manufacturer, but he couldn't imagine himself becoming a salesman. He could see himself teaching history, not only because teaching had integrity, but because it had subsidiary benefits: tweed jackets and gum-soled shoes.

Just as he was about to drop out of the clothing business, a friend hired him to represent his *(Continued on page 306)*



AT WORK IN THE 55TH STREET STUDIO/OFFICE—RALPH, HIS VICE PRESIDENTS BUFFY BIRRITTELLA, LEFT, AND TASHA POLIZZI

Karen Radkai

CANDICE BERGEN

Casual with a difference—a prettier turn,

THE SPECTACULAR ULTRA-MODERN LAUREN NEW YORK APARTMENT DESIGNED BY ANGELO DONGHIA

Another look at Candice Bergen (whose next on-screen role duplicates her favorite off-screen role—she plays photo-journalist Margaret Bourke-White in the film, "Gandhi"). And another look at the casual side of Ralph Lauren—sweater-and-skirt dressing that's suddenly a whole lot more: the prettiest lace-edged linen blouse under a navy pullover with needle-point flowers, and soft brown tweed skirt. . . . The kind of makeup "designed" to go with this easygoing way of dressing—from Ralph Lauren's Day Collection: for soft cheek color, a shading of Brick. Sunrise shined with Butternut for the mouth. Here and the preceding two pages: hair and makeup, Colin Booker. Fashion details, stores, see next to last pages.

RALPH LAUREN IN CLASSIC POLO TRADITION, SHIRT TO SOCKS

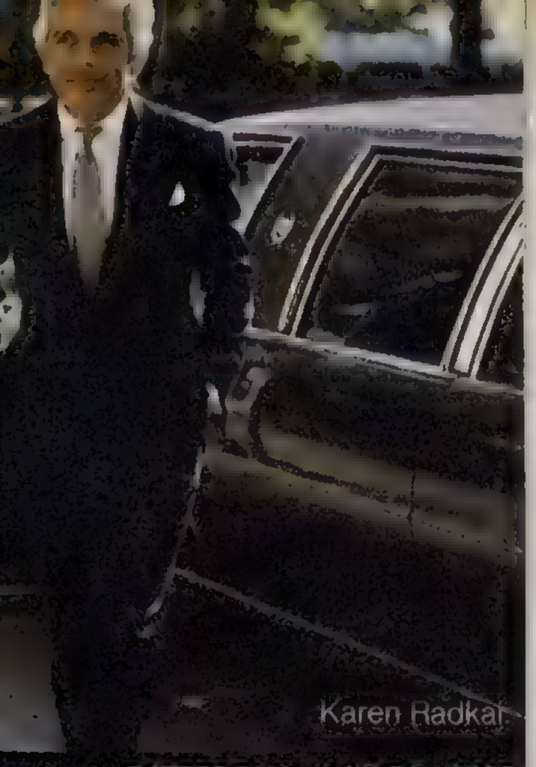
Karen Radkai

a faster beat

King

CHARLOTTE RAMPLING

The romantic



Karen Radkai

A DIFFERENT IMAGE: THE DESIGNER AS BUSINESS EXECUTIVE—OVERSEEING A 750-MILLION-DOLLAR OPERATION ("AND STILL IN ON EVERY BUTTON")

Modern romantics, near right, English actress Charlotte Rampling. And a romantic approach to coat dressing: Lauren's great belted "stormcoat" in black velvet—cut like a man's robe—over black velvet trousers, a beautiful high wing-collared blouse in white damask with a soft black silk tie. . . . Variation on the theme, far right: the same blouse in white linen with a navy silk tie under a soft, narrow navy flannel jacket; the trousers in grey flannel. Charlotte Rampling's next movie—"The Verdict" starring Paul Newman. On these two pages, her hair by John Sahag; makeup, Vincent Nasso. Fashion details, stores, see last pages.

side of Ralph Lauren— still easy, a little bit racier

AWARDS—BY THE SHELF—IN HIS OFFICE. INCLUDED: COTYS FOR MEN'S AND WOMEN'S CLOTHING—THE FIRST DESIGNER IN ITS FORTY-YEAR HISTORY TO WIN IN BOTH CATEGORIES

King

T

ITALY

THE BRAVADO SPIRIT

Bravado that's pure Italian, *left:* Mario Valentino longer cardigan jacket in three wide stripes, three wonderful colors of suède, banded with leather (about $1435), with leather gaucho pants that ride easy on the hip (about $730) and simple white cotton shirt (about $115) . . . The whole thing—easy, slouchy, very dashing. September at Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago; Capriccio, Scottsdale and La Jolla; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin. . . . *Right:* Missoni's always colorful approach to dressing—now, a plaid bubble raincoat with handknit dress and muffler. Coat of silk (Taroni), about $1135. Alpaca/wool dress (about $325) and mohair/wool/nylon muffler (about $260). Turnout at Barney's, NYC. Coat and dress at Sakowitz. Dress at Carol & Mary, Hawaii. Coat at Maas Brothers of Florida; Apropos, Southern California. These sixteen pages: Hair and makeup, Rick Gillette. Fashion details, see last pages.

On these sixteen pages, all the exuberance—the swagger, the larger-than-life scale, the casual sportif spirit—of Italian style: the essence of what the Italians do best... bringing a different attitude to the season's news; shown, in its natural—glorious—element, in and around the city of Siena...

Bravado: in a bigger scale . . . in the
in the gilded statuary and frescoes

As soft as a sweater—and totally unexpected: Gianfranco Ferre's wonderful mix of black leather and knitting in a funnel-collared, dolman-sleeved top (about $875) over a pristine white shirt and black wool trousers that draw in slightly at the ankle (about $610). Top of leather and wool/angora/nylon. Turnout at Bergdorf Goodman. Top at Pino's, Seattle. Pants at The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills.

dazzle of beautiful fabrics . . .
of Siena's Palazzo Pubblico . . .

Evening dressing from Giorgio Armani—very relaxed, very "vivace": his shimmering gold silk lamé jacket, cut as easy as a man's (about $860), with his white silk signature shirt (about $600), and black silk velvet gaucho pants that ride on the hip (about $570). Turnout October at Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago. Blouse and pants at Rich's; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour. Jacket and pants at I. Magnin. Fashion and accessory details, see last pages.

Bravado: in a different stance
handled with assurance;
the striking play in marble of Siena's Cathedral . . .

. . . in the strength of black

The authority of Gianfranco Ferrè's black leather jacket, *left*—easy at the sleeves, fitted at the waist, flourished across one shoulder and down the side with a stripe of gunmetal leather (about $1415) . . . very sleek with his lean black wool pants, about $610. Turnout at Bergdorf Goodman; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. Blouson at Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY. Pants at The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami.

Below: **The swagger of a man's trenchcoat, the raciness of a motorcycle jacket—Complice's black shearling-and-leather great-collared great coat (about $2200), over a shorter black leather skirt (about $725) and sweater (about $325) for a striking play of proportion. Late August at Jimmy's, Brooklyn; Claire Pearone, Troy MI; Ultimo, Chicago; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Details, next to last pages.**

Bravado: in evening looks that turn on a beautiful blouse, beautiful tailoring . . . in the brilliant gilded interior of Siena's Palazzo Pubblico . . .

Gianfranco Ferré's take on black-tie dressing: a ravishing blouse that's a singular triumph of tucking, in ivory silk crêpe de Chine with black collar and cuffs (about $945)—the show-stopper that opened his collection . . . with his black wool trousers (about $690). Turnout at Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus; Frost Bros. Blouse at Saks-Jandel; I. Magnin. Watch, Concord Collection. . . . *Beauty Note:* Beautiful-at-night makeup—smoky, Indigo eyes, soft Antique Plum lips by Maybelline.

The beautiful tailoring that you expect from Andre Laug: His dinner suit—a scallop-edged black velvet jacket and scallop-edged narrow black wool skirt, and a brilliant gold lamé jabot blouse that can stand on its own. Turnout, about $3495. Fabric: jacket by Gandini; skirt by Agnona; blouse by Abraham. Late August at Elizabeth Arden Salons; Nan Duskin; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Fashion accessories, additional stores, next to last pages.

The easy, slouchy man's attitude in clothing—the impetus behind Giorgio Armani's longer, squared-off jacket, and wrap skirt that "hangs" on the hip for a different, racier stance. Of wool gabardine, about $770. The pinstripe cotton blouse, about $245. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC and Boston; Saks-Jandel; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Frost Bros. Jacket and skirt at I. Magnin; Giorgio Armani Boutique, Ontario.

Giorgio Armani's way with a cotton poplin raincoat—drop-waisted for ease, yellow-banded and lined for a shot of color, perfectly proportioned for his wool cropped pants and matching longer jacket. Raincoat, about $860. Pants and jacket, about $840. The cotton blouse, about $220. Turnout at Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC. Raincoat at Rich's; Lawrence Covell, Denver. Suit and blouse at Burdines. Suit at Balliet's; Frost Bros. Fashion details, more stores, last pages.

Bravado: The relaxed ease borrowed
from a man's way of dressing . . .
the delight of Siena's Piazza del Campo . . .

Toscani

Bravado: a different scale—
roomier, rounded, more
relaxed—but always narrow on the body
. . . a different play of light on the
stones of Siena's Piazza del Campo . . .

Laura Biagiotti's puckered silk (Braghenti) cape jacket (about $600) *opposite*, held at the hip over the kind of relaxed knit dressing she's known for: cashmere and silk "jogging" pants and turtleneck, about $780. Bonwit Teller, NYC and Chicago (jacket, to order) Added Touch, Pittsburgh; Laura Biagiotti Boutique, Houston; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. Top and pants at Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour.

Fendi's wonderful suède coat, *this page*, so thin, so light, it could be a dress another time, another season. . . wrapped closed with a matching shirred suéde belt, trimmed with squirrel at the neck and cuffs, shirred at the shoulder, dolman-sleeved for even more roominess and still body-skimming! . . . about $4300. To special order at Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus. Fashion details and stores, see next to last pages of this issue.

Bravado: coat dressing with a distinctly Italian flavor
. . . with a bigger scale, a more sportif air
. . . the distinctly Italian setting—
the medieval town of San Gimignano . . .

Genny's great fur-lined leather jacket with a luxurious Australian opossum collar—a key look with its dolman-sleeve roominess (about $2550). And a matching leather skirt, about $375. Wool sweater, about $235. Late August at Bloomingdale's; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Grace Jones, Salado TX; Loretta Blum, Dallas; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills.

Toscani

The great coat from Krizia: the first sign of a knockout shape that turned up around the world. Here, an oversized take on a man's polo coat . . . big-collared, sleeve-strapped, belted, full of swagger in rich brown cotton corduroy with a knitted serape over one shoulder; a short leather skirt for a balanced proportion. And a soft oversized felt hat—the best anywhere! Coat, about $970. Serape, about $300. Bergdorf Goodman; Krizia, Palm Beach; Hattie, Birmingham MI; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus. Details, stores last pages.

Gianni Versace's inventive, signature treatment of a chocolate leather jacket, *below*—inset at the shoulders with brown chain mesh, band-collared, belted low and easy over tapered brown wool flannel pants. Jacket, about $1333; pants, about $400. Available late September. Jacket at Altman's; Marshall Field's; Robinson's, California. Jacket and pants at Gianni Versace Boutique, San Francisco. Pants at Claire Pearone, Troy MI.

Basile's longer, padded leather jacket, *right*, in the black-coffee color that's Italy's substitute for black, about $1450 . . . worn as a "suit" at its raciest with his calf-length slit skirt in black wool, about $395, and oatmeal dolman sleeve turtleneck, of mohair/polyester/nylon, about $595. Skirt fabric, Sarti. Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Hattie; Ultimo, Chicago. Pino's, Seattle. Skirt at Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco.

Bravado: the spirit, the dash, that comes from a menswear influence in dressing . . . the "spirit" of vineyards nestled at the edge of the town of San Gimignano . . .

Gerard Gentil

The definite pulled-together feeling, found first in the news
of a coat and matching, racier suit.
Opposite, an all-weather trench coat in navy pinstriped cotton poplin,
about $410. The suit: a striped charcoal wool long
tweed jacket, more tailored trousers
(about $570), a claret wool serge blouse, about $155.
All, Guy Laroche. Guy Laroche Boutiques, NYC, Boston, Washington DC, Houston. . . .

This page, left: Another polished suit classic, that
goes anywhere, from Dana Cote d'Azur—the soft beige herringbone
wool/cashmere longer jacket (about $456) and matching cuffed
pants, about $212. Dana Cote d'Azur Boutiques, NYC,
Palm Beach, Bal Harbour, Chicago, Ontario. . . . And, *below,* as pulled
together as any suit—a brown/slate/brick multistriped wrap
dress in brushed cotton challis . . . slim, tailored,
it even has "suit jacket" lapels. From soo Yung Lee, about $220.
Late August at Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Marshall
Field's; Balliet's; Lou Lattimore. Hair, Anthony DeMay;
for Garren at The Plaza; makeup, Wesley Dunn
for Garren. Details, last pages.

The Active Beat...

On these ten pages, starting with the kind of day dressing that makes sense for a fast-paced life: clothes with a sharper, more finished effect, all of them total looks...

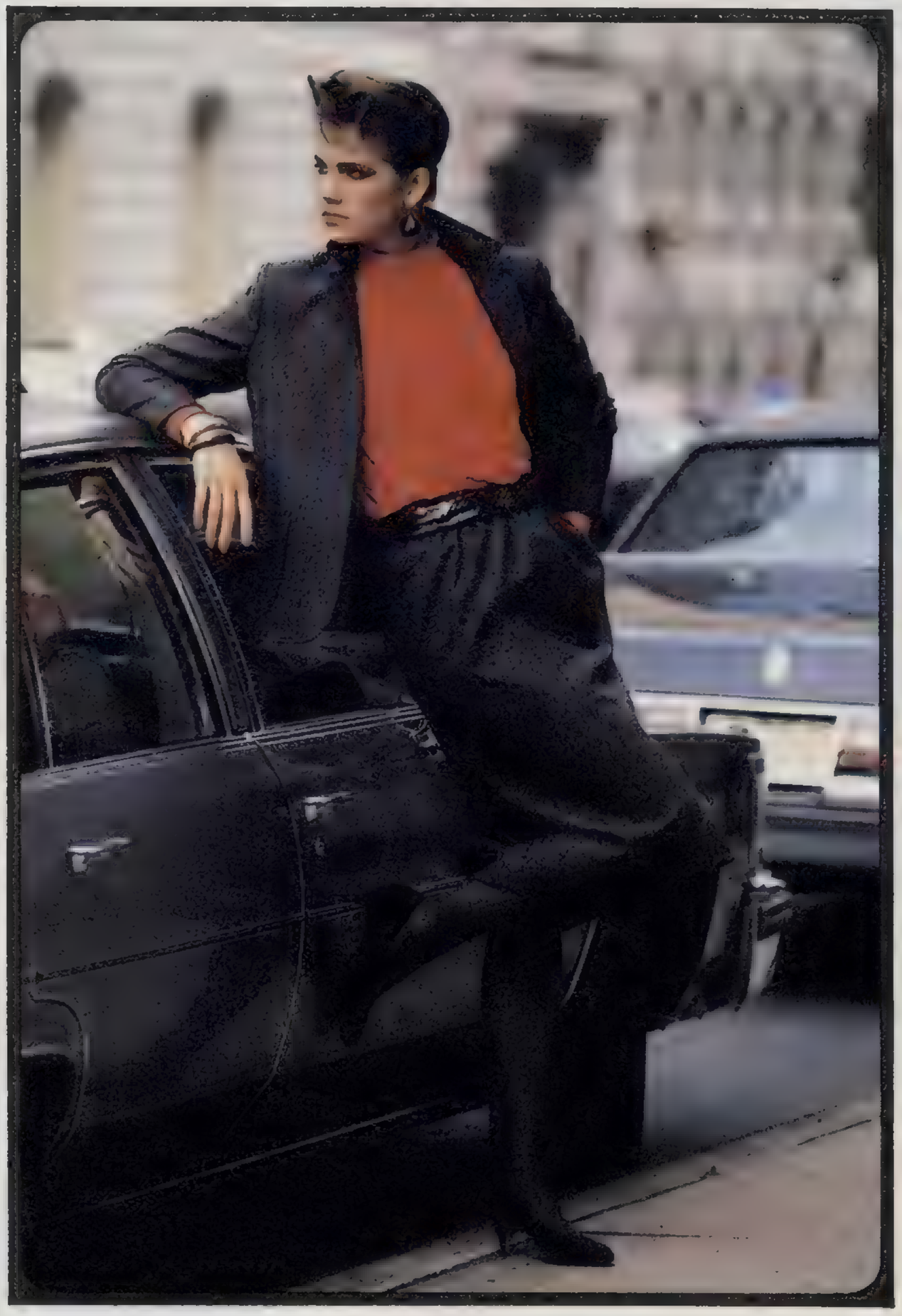
Unmistakably feminine . . . *Left:* A bright pink silk demi-bra and tiny bikini, shimmered with Lurex and trimmed in black. Bra, about $65; panty, about $40. By Ripcosa of America. Ultima Lingerie, NYC; The Basic Image, Pittsburgh; Lisa Norman Lingerie, Santa Monica CA. *Inset below:* A black lace demi-bra lined with sheer nylon (about $15) with a narrow half slip of textured Antron, about $14. Both by Vassarette. Goldsmith's, Memphis. . . . *Right:* The news—the flirtatiousness—extends to the legs—Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doon matte black lace stockings, about $8. Altman's.

Underpinnings of black-laced lingerie: a "wardrobe" of the new shapes in lingerie... iced with black lace for all-out allure...

More of the new range of underpinnings . . . more of the enticement of black.
Right: Very sleek—Vanity Fair's bodysuit that stretches for comfort and a bit of control. Of stretch lace and Antron/Lycra, about $20. Macy's, Herald Square; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Bullocks Wilshire, Southern California.
Above: Another, newer, option for a slip—the short black chemise. Of "Antron III" with polyester lace trim. By Maidenform, about $20. Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Hudson's. Hair, Stephane Lempire for John Sahag; Anthony DeMay for Garren at The Plaza; makeup, Angelica Novaes; Wesley Dunn for Garren. Manicure, Cecelia Chan. Details, next to last pages this issue.

Gerard Gentil

Uncomplicated, low-key looks on a more easygoing line...still, with a certain sense of "finish"...



Left: Prettier, easier than a "proper" suit, but just as polished—the suit in pieces here. From Rodier Paris, a navy wool gabardine wrap jacket (about $257), belted over an ivory ruffled wool blouse (about $114), and pleated classic pale-taupe wool gabardine trousers (about $169). Available late August at all Rodier Paris Boutiques. . . . *Above,* from Adolph Schuman for Lilli Ann, a clean-lined matching suit, narrowed, still soft: a grey/white wool jacket with a tweeded stripe, slim skirt, and the news of a tux shirt in red (suit, about $375). Bergdorf Goodman; J. P. Allen, Atlanta; Craigs, Houston; Goldwaters, Phoenix; I. Magnin. . . .

More of a pulled-together feeling, even in more casual turnouts like these . . . *Opposite:* a terrific loden-green zip-front jacket (about $126), matching classic pleated trousers (about $72), round-collared ecru blouse (about $36). All, Gordon of Philadelphia. Altman's; L. H. Rogers, Salem MA; Maison Weiss, Jackson MS; Helen Wolff, St. Louis MO; Walter Pye's, Houston. . . . And, *far right,* in a new unbulky blouson jacket in dark-navy wool blend (about $210), worn with pleated navy trousers (about $130), set off with a creamy neck-tied blouse (about $58). All, Dalton. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Jacobson's; Woolf Brothers, Kansas City MO. Hair, Anthony DeMay for Garren at The Plaza; makeup, Wesley Dunn for Garren. Details, last pages.

Gerard Gentil

THE ACTIVE BEAT...

"Gold" link bracelets: top, Bijoux Christian Dior by Grossé Jewels, $145; and below, Monet, $67.

For night: rhinestone on black leather gloves! By LaCrasia, $65.

Another link—gunmetal and stones . . . bracelets by Marla Buck, $110 each.

Jewel-color for day: Jeff Deegan Designs clean-lined purple snake belt, $145.

A softly-constructed clutch for day—in grape. By Barbara Bolan, $330.

For night: Yves Saint Laurent's bold gunmetal and rhinestone cuff, $125.

Yves Saint Laurent's "gold" and "jewel" cuff . . . makes any day look, $175.

Black or bright: Echo Scarfs smaller silk moiré mufflers, $26 each.

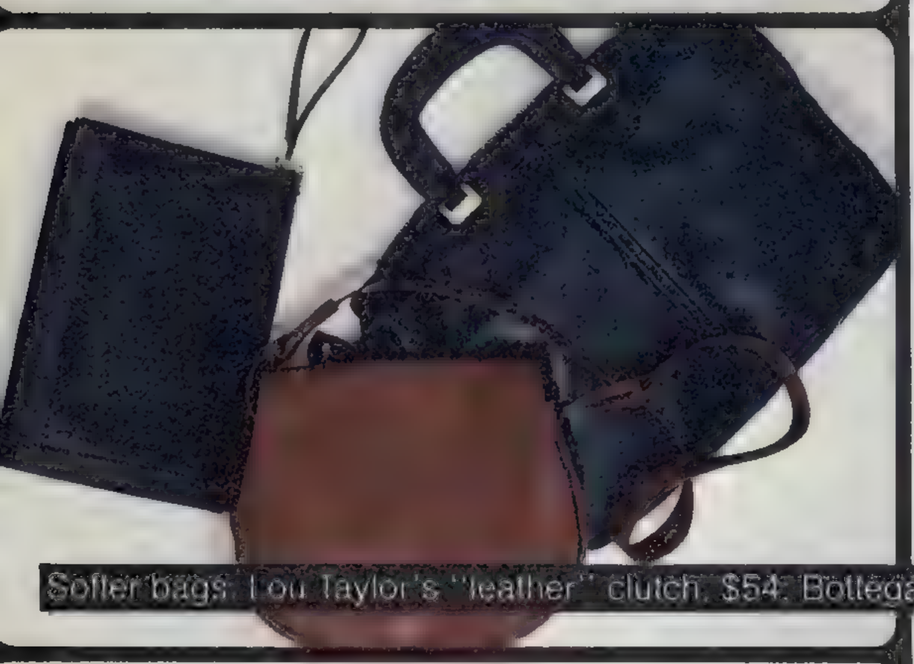
Kenneth Jay Lane's gunmetal chain studded with rhinestones, $80.

Perfect shape, color: Wine leather portfolio by Bottega Veneta, $185.

Shalimar's sleek leather gloves, in a range of rich jewel tones, $40.

High-impact accessories: often based on black, with the richness of jewel tones, with the dash of bold-cut stones. More news: the clean look of links, the softness of bags, the importance of gloves — day or night...

Knockout "jewel" choker for evening—Isaac Manevitz for Ben Amun, $250



Softer bags: Lou Taylor's "leather" clutch, $54; Bottega Veneta's leather shoulderbag, $305; Phillippe's leather briefcase, $123

"Jewels" to sit on the ear — color-mixed here—middle, Victor Carranza, $70; left, $38; right, $35; both by Yves Saint Laurent

A charming small flat shoulderbag, in black "napa-gator." By Meyers, $119

For day, a collection of stones on a chain, by Les Bernard, $45 each

Matte black with gunmetal grommets—Maud Frizon's racy shoulderbag, $280

All prices approximate. Details, stores, last pages.

Sandra Hataley

...ONE ACTIVE BUSY...

BUTTERICK
PATTERN
3998

Marco Glaviano

To sew: two knockout coverings. What changes: the bigger scale; the more relaxed attitude...

Left: A terrific 3/4-length coat—cut like a man's longer pea coat. The differences: the more generous scale—it's roomier, boxier, cut for more volume without excess fullness. Plus, the color—vicuña—one of the best go-with-everything neutrals around. Butterick Pattern #3998; wool primosa, Angle Fabrics. Acetate satin lining, Lucerne Textiles. . . . *This page:* Another standout covering—an oversized camel hair poncho, reversing to silk poplin, also vicuña colored. To throw on and wrap around—a great coat substitute that's unfussy, uncomplicated, sensational, very Easy Vogue Pattern #8147; camel hair fabric, Florham Textiles. Silk poplin, Maxine Fabrics. Sewing tips and fashion details, stores, last pages. Hair, Sean Hoskins for Garren at The Plaza; makeup, Wesley Dunn for Garren. *Beauty Note:* Playing up neutral colorings, try a softer, natural makeup, just accenting the eyes. Opposite, we used Germaine Monteil—Kohl Charcoal pencil and Cognac/Golden Fig eyeshadows, Pink Sherry cheek color, sheer Grape violet lip color.

VERY EASY VOGUE PATTERN #8147

VOGUE'S

Last Word

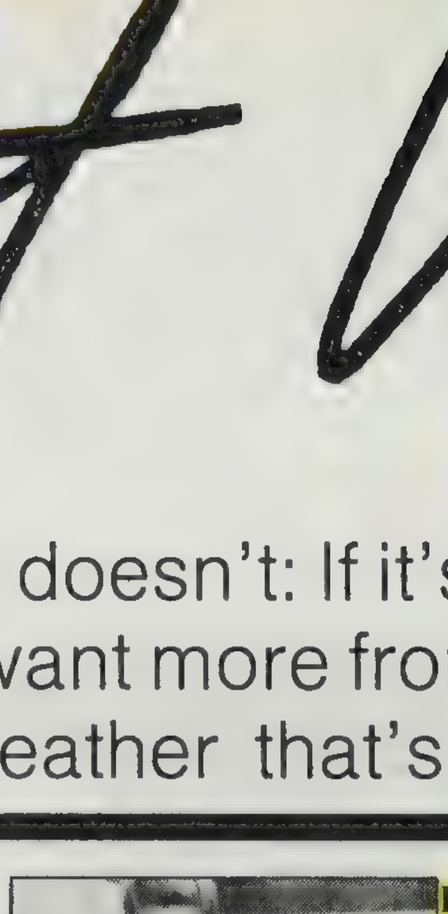
ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works and what doesn't: If it's a terrific suit and a new jacket shape . . . when you want more from dark-colored clothes, clearly costume jewels, or leather that's "dressed" enough for a city

What works? Obviously, in any number of cases, what works is a suit; it's something to depend on—for a day, a city, for cooler weather. **This season—in this issue—real suit looks exist . . . and often, you'll find, they come with one distinct jacket shape:** long narrow lapels, a single button, pockets, shoulder pads—something much like a man's sports coat. Most noticeably, these jackets are long (to top-of-thigh); and, for the most part (as *below*), you'll find them with a skirt that covers your knee by a few inches, a skirt with a long, lean line. **The jackets are tailored, but they're not as tough as you think.**

In part, that's a function of fabric: Calvin Klein's green-grey suit (*bottom left*) for example is gabardine—but a lighter weight, supple gabardine that's not stiff on your body. In terms of fit, you'll look for a jacket this season that falls easily—narrowly—from your shoulders; one that's long but not oversized. It may be shaped somewhat at the waist but that doesn't mean "fitted." This fall, you should be as comfortable in a suit jacket as you'd be in a long neat cardigan sweater.

There is something of a difference, now, in the way you'll wear a suit . . . and it has to do, mostly, with a sense of finish. One clue: A suit, this year unlike some other years, usually means a skirt and jacket in the same fabric, not odd unmatching pieces. When you wear them, instead of pushing up jacket sleeves and putting on a T-shirt top, you'll more likely add some neat leather gloves, a blouse, say, and a short lace-edged muffler. Most often, this month, what worked was some feminine detail at the neck: a soft bowed tie, for example, or a necklace of beads and a colored-stone Maltese cross—something with a degree of weight to it.



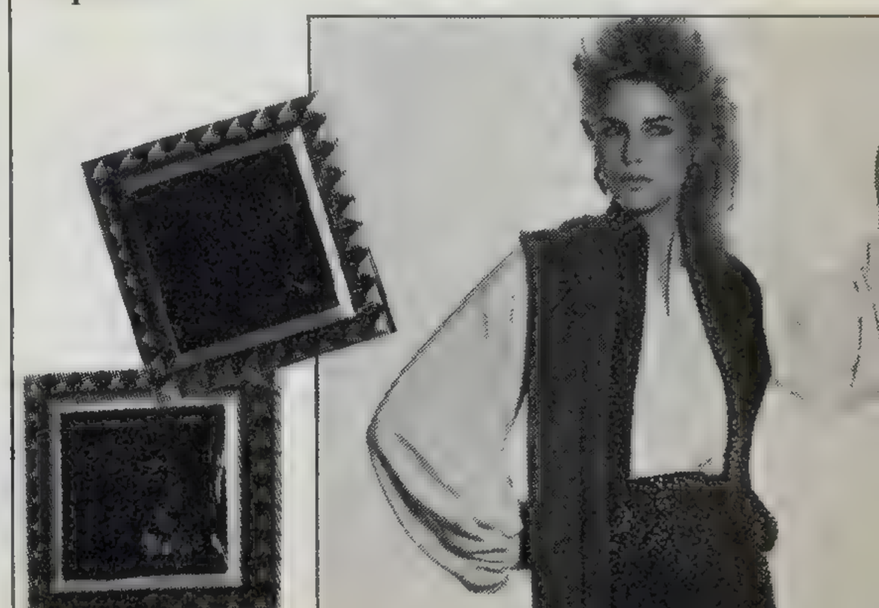
Lace, interestingly enough—when it's used as an edge, a small detail—is turning out to be one of the most attractive changes in dressing now: That can mean no more than a lace collar on a soft suede top . . . or a lace edge to a black charmeuse blouse . . . or some of this season's newest stockings—in lace wool—changing the look of a tailored wool suit. A bit of black lace on a body suit—lace others don't even see—makes a difference, you'll find, in the way you feel in clothes.

A polished suit, today, can be a dark leather jacket and wool pants: there are ways of wearing leather that give you that option. Look at Ferre's sleek black leather jacket, *above:* neat, belted, with narrow black pants, it's a pulled-together look, something you'd wear in a city. With a knee skirt, black stockings, a beautiful white blouse and alligator pumps, you'd wear it out—to any number of things—at night.

What you'll look for in leather now: on the whole, this season, more smooth leather than suede, more black and deep-dark colors than pales, more "design" than you find in just classic pieces. Black leather, on its own, can look definitely hard-edge—that's some part of its appeal; but there are tricks, too, in wearing it. With a black or dark leather top (as with the Ferre jacket, *above*) we'll add a white shirt, a white muffler—something that reflects light on the face. When you put a black leather jacket with pants in a soft black wool, that leather seems less tough as a single piece than it would as a total turnout. **Always, with black leather, there's one good rule: Your hair and makeup stay decidedly pretty.**

When Halston sent his studded black leather pants and vest (*below*) down the runway this fall, he softened the look of them with a large-sleeved poetic white blouse; what hit you—sold you—though was the splash of a bright fuchsia scarf that he threw over the model's shoulder. Look at the photograph of that Ferre leather jacket (page 274): what lightens it is a band of gunmetal grey. **With the abundance of black that's around now, a single shot of color—that you get from a scarf, a glove—can be an effective ploy, a way of personalizing what you're wearing. One way to get it: from jewelry with bright colored stones.** In terms of earrings, a necklace, a pin, these bits of color are easily at hand, now. But they require some attention.

Look at the "sapphire" and the "emerald" earrings, *below:* These colored-stone, almost-medieval kinds of jewels can be charming; they're clearly "costume" . . . and they can carry a strong impact. When earrings are this large (the ones, *below,* are each a good inch square) you need to try them on. For the most part, you'll find they require a certain degree of volume—and length—of hair to look good. They're generally not made for small faces. **When you wear earrings like these, you won't add other pieces of jewelry. You might wear them during a day, but you'll put them with tweeds not silk, with tailoring instead of dressmaking.** The charm of this kind of jewelry is surprise: You get that when your choice is unexpected. ▽



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2 ozs. Midori Liqueur 1 tbsp. Sugar, 2 ozs. Bourbon, 4 Chopped Mint Leaves. Dissolve sugar in mint, Midori and bourbon. Strain.

Midori Mimosa
2 ozs. Midori Liqueur, 2 tsp. Lime Juice, 1 Split Champagne. Mix & garnish.

Midori Paradise: 2 ozs. Midori Liqueur, 1 oz. Coconut Liqueur, 2 tbsp. Cream of Coconut, 1/2 cup Heavy Cream. Mix in blender with ice, garnish.

Midori Marathon
2 ozs. Midori Liqueur, 1 cup Plain Yogurt, 1 tbsp. Honey. Mix in blender with ice and garnish.

Midori Beachcomber
2 ozs. Midori Liqueur, 1 tsp. Superfine Sugar, 1 cup Grapefruit Juice Mix in blender, pour over ice.

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2 ozs. Midori Liqueur, 1 tsp. Minced Crystallized Ginger, Chilled Ginger Beer. Combine Midori & ginger. Add ginger beer.

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VOGUE'S

HEALTH style

GOOD MOVES: FOR GRACE, A STRONG BACK, OVERALL HEALTH . . . FINDING A DOCTOR . . . CUTTING DOWN ON CAFFEINE . . . THE COMPLETE MEDICINE CABINET . . . METABOLISM EXPLAINED . . .

. Arthur Elgort

The scene above: a reflection of the growing numbers of women getting their exercise on-the-go, walking to work, to appointments, for exercise, for health. . . . Making it easier: the New York Heart Association's series of maps pinpointing where to get aerobic workouts in NYC's five boroughs, and including general fitness and exercise advice. Specify which borough; send a self-addressed envelope with two 20¢ stamps to NY Heart Association, 205 East 42 Street, New York, New York 10017.

GO POWER

If you're confused about *metabolism*, you're not alone. It's probably the most used and least understood word in diet lingo . . . and blamed for everything from low energy to excess weight. Good news: your metabolism isn't totally outside your control.

Your basal metabolic rate (BMR) is the rate at which your body uses energy to keep itself going—it's spent mostly on essential functions like staying warm, circulating blood, and making new cells. But you increase your BMR with a higher level of voluntary activity. Play a vigorous set of tennis, and you not only burn calories during the game, you increase the amount of oxygen you use (the basis for determining your metabolic rate) for sometime afterward.

The surest way to increase the amount of energy you burn at rest is to increase the percentage of muscle you have. Muscle cells are always active—they're at work even when you're not. Fat cells, in contrast, don't use much energy at all since their main function is simply storage. Lean, muscular people have a higher metabolic rate than those of the same weight but with a higher percentage of fat than muscle.

Your basal metabolic rate decreases with age. What that means: You need fewer calories to maintain your body at its "idling" rate. The two best ways to counter this are to up your activity level, and to begin strengthening exercises that will increase your muscle ratio. Forget miracle diets—you lose pounds only when your daily metabolic rate is higher than your rate of caloric intake.

To estimate your BMR, take your weight in pounds, add a zero to the end of it, then add your actual weight to that number. If you weigh 120 pounds, your BMR is likely to be roughly 1200+120=1320. Eat more than 1320 calories in a day, and you gain weight. You can offset this with exercise: Walk to and from work for a brisk half hour each way, and you up your BMR by roughly 200 calories a day. If you're already very slim, your total BMR is probably at least 5 percent above the average for your weight.

Strongest motivator in making a change in your life: the desire to do so. Guilt, shame may work for a while but aren't strong enough in the long run.

Energy booster: a one-day fitness "mini vacation," hiking over a country trail, bicycle touring, working out at a gym/spa

RUSHING AROUND *to meet deadlines—in our personal and professional lives—has become a regular, stressful event for many women. One result: a spreading form of anxiety dubbed "hurry sickness," a feeling of never being able to catch up, of always running one step behind. The solution, according to Sandra Samaniego, Ph.D., staff psychologist, Lenox Hill Hospital: "Learn to put your obligations in perspective, to make realistic 'master plans' and delegate responsibility to family members and co-workers. Most importantly, recognize that no one can work at 100 percent capacity forever without doing physical and emotional damage to herself. Make time to relax, refuel, unwind."*

Above left: Fashion, Rebecca Moses . : . *right:* Mrs. H. Winter. Hair, Christiaan; makeup, George Newell. Details, stores, last pages.

Do you know the SECRET of giving
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For you to look younger, with a smooth and radiant face, it's important for your skin's natural fluids to be in a delicate balance. Yet each day, time and the environment conspire to upset this delicate balance, leaving dry areas that can make little aging lines too apparent. Now discover the secret of a mysterious beauty fluid similar to those essential fluids. Each cherishing drop softens everywhere. And, remarkably, the beauty fluid mysteriously seeks out drier areas, imparting precious extra fluids precisely where your skin needs additional softening and pampering. This mysterious beauty fluid, an integral part of the daily beauty ritual of youngerlooking women around the world, is known here in the United States as Oil of Olay.
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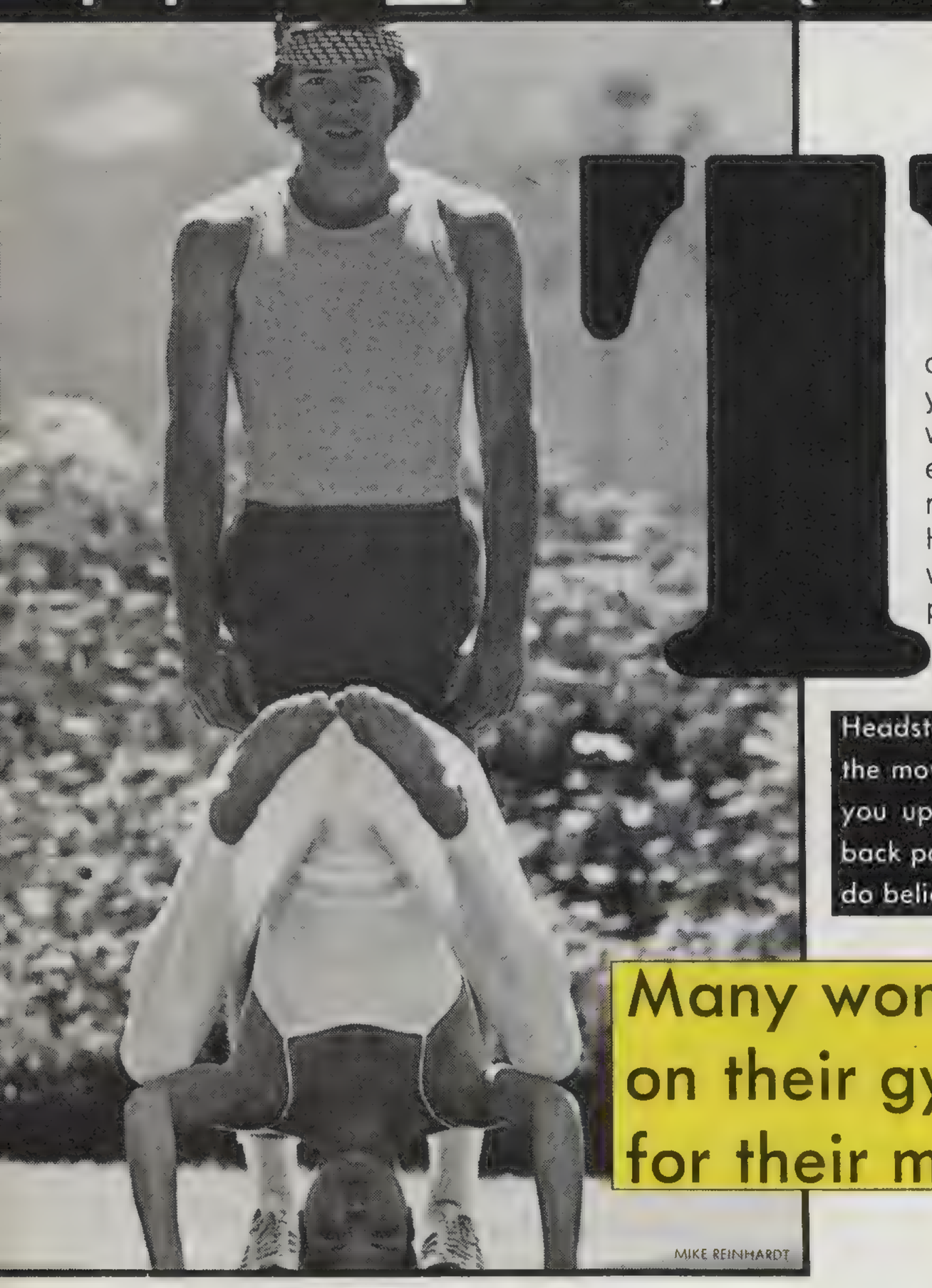
HEALTH *style*



MIKE REINHARDT

Using your head ...

o wake up, refresh—stand on your head! The blood that rushes to your brain causes a surge of clarity. "Standing on your head won't do you any harm if you don't have high blood pressure, any eye disease, or neck problems," says Willibald Nagler, M.D., director of the department of rehabilitation medicine, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. "But if you are unfit and/or overweight, it could be dangerous." To do: lean against a wall or ask a partner to "spot" you; let your hands form a triangle to support your head; rest knees on bent elbows, slowly lift legs.

Headstand variation: gravity "boots." Popularized by Richard Gere in the movie *American Gigolo,* metal boots attach to a bar, suspending you upside-down. Manufacturers claim this hanging relieves stress, back pain, may increase user's height. Most doctors are skeptical, but do believe gravity boots allow a full-body stretch, a tough sit-up.

Many women rely solely on their gynecologists for their medical care ...

Better idea:
A reliable general physician to help prevent illness, treat first symptoms. To find: consult friends, nurses, and a library's reference book like the *Directory of Medical Specialists* (Marquis Who's Who) that cites doctor's schooling, and any hospital and teaching affiliations. Phone to ask the doctor's secretary about services: e.g., does the doctor perform laboratory tests, contraceptive counseling? Is she/he easily accessible? After your initial visit, analyze the physician's manner; does she/he give clear answers to your questions? Explain diagnosis, treatment, medication? Do you trust her/him? If answers are not to your liking, keep looking.

caffeine

Cutting down on coffee, tea, colas to relieve the jitters, headaches, sleeplessness associated with caffeine? Low-caffeine options: ground decaffeinated coffee (tastier than instant), herbal teas, low-calorie hot drinks like Postum, and soft drinks (RC100, 7-Up, tonic water, Sunkist Orange). Or, more healthful: mineral and tap water, club soda, juice, low-fat milk. If you're not ready to swear off caffeine, reduce it by brewing weak tea, instant coffee (has less caffeine than ground), or a half-and-half mixture of regular ground and decaffeinated coffee.

A MEDICINE CHEST SHOULDN'T BE A SMALL DRUGSTORE

Cure medicine chest ills by evaluating overflowing cosmetics, vitamin, and drug supplies. "The bathroom's hot, humid atmosphere deteriorates the potency of products commonly stored in a medicine chest. For example, once used, cosmetics such as creams, lotions, and foundations have a shelf-life of six months, mascara from three to six months," says Ronald E. Sherman, M.D., senior clinical instructor, dermatology, Mt. Sinai School of Medicine, NYC.

Most medications last no more than six to twelve months, according to the *FDA Consumer.* To boost shelf-life and safety, keep in a cool, dry place—and out of children's reach. Destroy products that have changed color, odor, consistency, are outdated or label-less.

A typical family's medicine chest should include: analgesic—aspirin or aspirin-substitute; antacid; antiseptic solution; hydrocortisone cream; calamine lotion; petroleum jelly; anti-diarrhetic; cough syrup; decongestant; burn ointment; anti-bacterial topical ointment; emetic (to induce vomiting); adhesive bandages and tape; elastic bandages; small blunt-end scissors; tweezers; fever thermometer; eye cup; ice bag; dosage spoon. Other essentials include a hot water bottle; heating pad; vaporizer or humidifier; first-aid manual.

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SKIN CARE BAR

Q&A

Best and simplest advice for overall fitness, well-being: *movement*

Which is better—exercise or dance class—to improve my coordination as well as to help condition my body?

"The best way to develop a graceful, balanced style of movement is to engage regularly in an activity that requires it. While strong muscles can contribute to coordination, the activities that truly encourage fluidity of movement are ballet, figure skating, and, to a slightly lesser degree, gymnastics. Surprisingly, rope jumping can also improve coordination, as it requires symmetrical arm and leg movements," says Willibald Nagler, M.D., chairman and professor, rehabilitation medicine, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center.

Sports that can serve as supplements to these activities in helping to develop agility and coordination are basketball, hockey, skiing, tennis, and soccer, according to a survey of "sports performance factors" compiled by the staff of Lenox Hill Institute of Sports Medicine and Athletic Trauma, NYC.

"The important point," emphasizes Dr. Nagler, "is that you pay attention to technique, to the flow of movement."

I have been suffering from occasional low-back pain and am afraid that my posture is suffering as a result. Are there any exercises that can help?

The first step is to have a physician examine your back to eliminate the possibility of an organic cause of the pain. "In more than 90 percent of the cases, however, lower-back pain is not caused by a physical deformity or injury but by our increasingly sedentary life styles," says Dr. Nagler.

"The best prevention against low-back pain is to have strong abdominal muscles and loose hip muscles, both of which encourage proper posture and neither of which are encouraged by sitting for the majority of hours in a day. What's more, sitting in a chair that is not designed with the human body in mind can do even more harm. Ideally, you should sit with your knees one-quarter to one-half inch higher than your hips to eliminate stress on the lower back, but few chairs are engineered to make this possible. Also, sitting in a chair that is too high in relation to your desk can cause you to assume a round-shouldered position, which can easily become a habit."

Alignment classes can help to make you aware of proper posture, as can exercise classes that emphasize posture. Here, two exercises that Dr. Nagler suggests doing at home. The hip flexor: Lie on bed, knees bent, feet at foot of bed. Pull one knee to chest, holding it with your hands while you straighten the other knee until foot slides over the end of the bed and hangs down loose. Hold fifteen to thirty seconds; do five times each leg. Abdominal strengthener: Crouch on your hands and knees on the floor, arms in a straight line from shoulders, knees shoulder-width apart. Keeping elbows straight, exhale and, to a slow count of six, drop your head, pull in your stomach muscles and round your back in as high an arch as possible. Inhale as you raise your head and return to start. Do fifteen times.

For more advice on posture and the easing of back pain, see the new *The American Medical Association Book of BackCare* (Random House).

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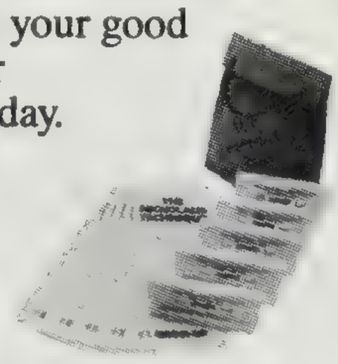

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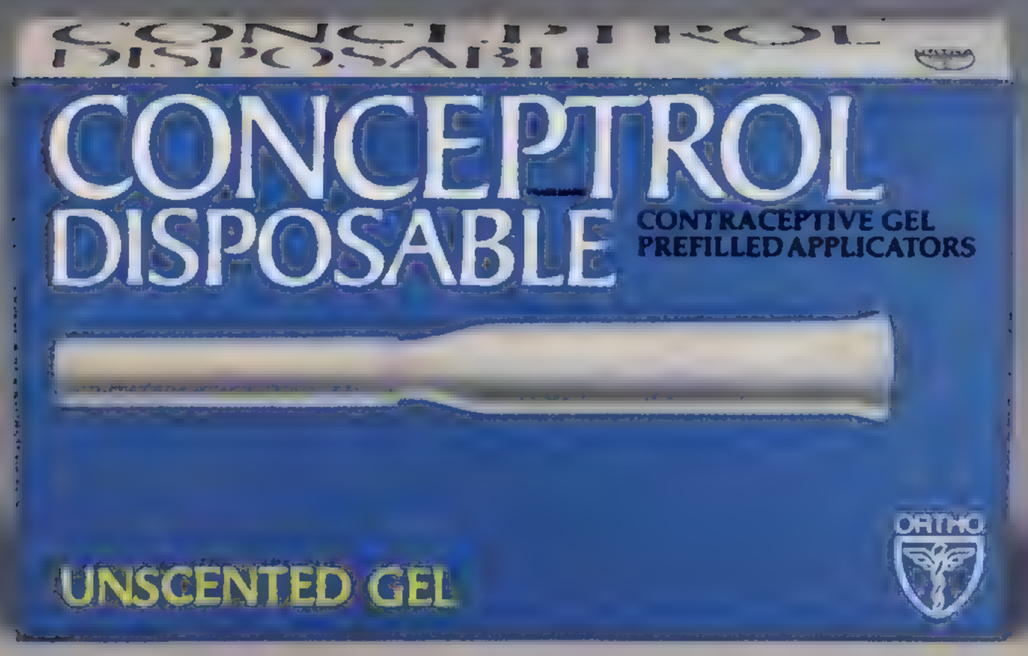

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HEALTH

FITNESS GADGETS

New wearable fitness devices measure success as you walk, jog, bike.

Among the best: The Coach, *above right,* a three-ounce battery-run computer pack, monitors heart, lungs, calculates calories burned, "beeps" when exercise is dangerous. The Genesis exercise computer, a watch/ring-like device, tells when you're exercising too little or too hard, how much "recovery time" you need. Injury insurance: a new stretch bandage with built-in cold pack that can be kept in the freezer between uses; from Ace.

EASY ON THE EYES

New faceted eyeglass lenses that fit into rimless wire frames make strong prescription glasses lighter weight, more attractive. From Tura, through opticians. . . . Chilled, it helps relieve puffy eyes, headaches; heated, aids a stuffy nose: European Aqua Pac, a gel-filled eye mask. At pharmacies.

DIET TRAP

Diets that require women to keep daily food diaries, logging every bite that's eaten—diets that should work—often don't. According to a group of studies published in "The American Journal of Clinical Nutrition," women who are "diet dropouts" may be habitual underestimators of the quantity of food and the calories consumed each day, calculating their daily food intake mistakenly by as much as 50 percent. Another problem, according to psychologists David Lansky, Ph.D., and Kelly D. Brownell, Ph.D., who conducted the studies, is "diary diets" ignore an important ingredient of weight loss: exercise.

Sugar, salt, shellac are often swallowed along with your medicines or vitamin pills. Sugar is used as a filler and flavoring agent in many over-the-counter (OTC) drugs, including vitamins and antacids. Classified as an "inactive ingredient," it need not be listed on the label. Sodium, on the other hand, is listed as an active ingredient in many antacids, according to an article in the *FDA Consumer*, although few people read the labels. Food-grade shellac coats not only some vitamin pills but jelly beans, other candies, fruits, and vegetables as well. On the FDA's GRAS (generally recognized as safe) list, food-grade shellac is now under review, following a report questioning evidence of its safety for human consumption.

LYDIA BACH

(Continued from page 223)

physical, whatever your fitness level. Whether it's walking, running, or an exercise class . . . or, twenty minutes in your own room, doing stretches and strengtheners (don't ever do just one or the other; they must go together). And learn something new every day . . .

EXERCISE I run sometimes, but I don't really like to. I don't feel it's a good or complete exercise. Even though my muscles are strong, I still feel discomfort in my knees.

The Lotte Berk Method is what I believe in. It's what my body tells me is best for me. I take class every day. When the class is over, I have perspective . . . resiliency. Sometimes something gets to me and I feel I'll never bounce back. It's the age—or my age—and I'm not as resilient. But, exercise gives me stamina every single time. I'm never tired. I sleep well at night (six or seven hours) but I don't collapse.

I tell women: go to a class with a spirit of play. It's your hour of fun. You need that hour. It's a cut-off. You're going to leave feeling less tense, less worried, relaxed.

One thing exercise has done for me, which I didn't appreciate in my thirties: the "feel" of fit muscles and skin . . . of putting your hand on a flat abdomen, a firm thigh.

Exercise gives me the feeling all things are possible. Being able to do physical feats gives you confidence. You feel you can change things, challenge bad habits. I experience—and enjoy—temptations, just as everyone does. But exercise frees me to eat what I want.

When I exercise, I feel in control. I, absolutely, see a relationship between how much I exercise, how good I feel about myself, how much I can take on . . .

SELF TIME For years, I'd go halfway around the world, to be where there were no telephones. Now, even though I need to get away, I'm not able to—my "getting away" has been working out. It's my cut-off.

DIET I don't diet. I don't believe in it. I eat anything I want—within reason. I don't measure portions—the body regulates itself. I eat what I want; when I'm full, I stop. But, I have less appetite, less *need* to eat when I exercise.

I have an eating regimen that I learned from my husband, Mino Argento, who taught me the healthful purity of Italian cooking. My "core" foods are chicken and turkey—staples in my diet—boiled with peppercorns, celery, carrots, lots of parsley and one big onion. When tender, I skin the bird, separating dark meat from white because dark meat is fatter . . . although I don't eliminate it from my diet. The broth goes in the refrigerator overnight; the next morning, I skim off the fat and use the broth for everything—as a base for fresh vegetable soup, which I have every week; to boil pasta with a bit of broth and fresh-ground Parmesan cheese gives me "instant" energy.

I eat a lot of rough country-style or whole-wheat bread, but I don't use butter. And I grow five kinds of lettuce. Mixed with arugula, and tossed with dressing—a teaspoon of Italian olive oil, fresh-ground pepper, very little salt, juice of a quarter of a lemon—it's my salad; sometimes it's crudités. That's my basic diet: chicken, turkey, salad, pasta, and lots of fruit. Once a month: steak or hamburger; but I find them heavy; I don't exercise well the next day.

Breakfast is a banana—it's not too acidic, is easily digested—one-half hour before exercise. If I'm up early, Grape Nuts with skim milk.

I believe everyone can have the feeling of "youthfulness." If you're honest, that's feeling free of pain, being resilient, powerful. That's more important than a wrinkle-free face. I don't care about that: I want only to feel good. So I try, without being a fanatic, to eat as wisely as I can—most of the time, not all the time because I think that makes you unhappy—and exercise as much as I can, so I can be the best I can be in my forties. —DOROTHY SCHEFER

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Lydia Bach's fitness program suits her very well, but each body is different. Before embarking on any new exercise or nutritional program, check your doctor first.*

CHRIS SILKWOOD

(Continued from page 220)

For breakfast: Nutri-Grain or Shredded Wheat and half a cup of skim milk, with fresh fruit on top—raisins, sliced peaches, or bananas. I'm also a big oatmeal eater—with skim milk, raisins, no sugar. Sometimes, half a papaya with half a cup of low-fat yogurt.

I always have a mid-morning and -afternoon snack. In the morning, usually a tablespoon of sunflower seeds or a few almonds or half a cup of skim milk, so I get some protein with carbohydrates. Afternoons: fruit juice, maybe a small piece of low-fat cheese.

For lunch, I'm big on salads. Once in a while: a whole-wheat sandwich with turkey, mustard or low-fat yogurt but no fat (i.e., no mayonnaise). And a glass of skim milk.

For dinner: Sometimes, a baked potato with vegetables inside, and a dressing of low-fat yogurt, mustard, and horseradish. Or a chicken breast with steamed vegetables, brown rice, spinach or whole-wheat noodles, and a large garden salad. I rarely eat red meat.

For dessert: fresh fruit. Every once in a while: ice cream—you can't give up everything!

GET-AWAYS I believe in one vacation by myself and one with my husband every year. This year: running and reading on the beach—a real escape. Then, with my husband, a week of cross-country skiing in New Mexico. It's very important to have some time and space to yourself.

SELF TIME It's crucial every six months, to reevaluate where you are. A year ago, when we were getting the spa started, it was much more important for me to be working extremely long hours; now that we're stable and doing well, I work a normal work week—about a ten-hour day—with weekends off . . .

My greatest concentration is on my career, but it's important to do something totally unrelated to your field. I read. I take pottery classes. That's a pretty good balance. I have to have a lot of energy to maintain my schedule. But I pace myself. Overstress fatigues me. I've learned the most important thing is to pace your activity and to learn how to channel your stress in a very positive way. That keeps my energy high. *(More fitness thoughts from Chris, page 113.)*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Chris Silkwood has designed a fitness program that works well for her, but it is wise to check with your doctor before changing your exercise or nutritional habits.* ▽

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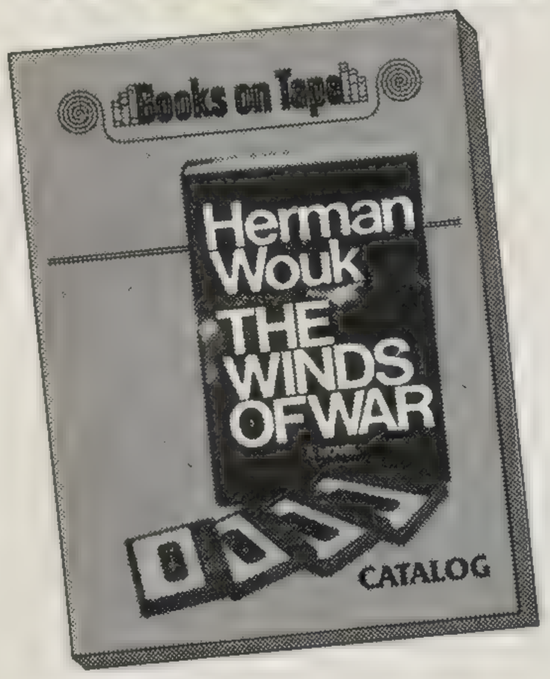

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RALPH LAUREN

(Continued from page 265)

company's line of gloves. Lauren bought a used Morgan, strapped the gloves into the passenger's seat, and crisscrossed Long Island. He soon forgot about teaching. "I was twenty-two, and I was wearing custom-made suits," he says. "I thought I was Douglas Fairbanks."

A frustrated Fairbanks, as time went on. "I started to see that I had ideas about clothes, that what I imagined was a marriage of Fred Astaire and Brooks Brothers. And I'd see these ideas turn up in the stores six months later—not that anyone was copying me, but because I was on the wavelength."

So Lauren designed some ties. "I didn't know how to make a tie," he confesses. "I didn't know fabric, I didn't know measurements. What did I know? That I was a salesman. That I was honest. And that all I wanted was quality."

Two companies he approached dismissed him, not surprisingly, as an upstart. In 1967, Beau Brummel agreed to back his line of ties, on one condition: Lauren was to handle everything from design to delivery. Ralph and his brother Jerry sat around one afternoon, trying to think of English-sounding names. They rejected "Cricket." They rejected "Rugby." Once Jerry suggested "Polo," they stopped brainstorming.

Roland Meledandri was the first to sell Lauren's unique four-inch-wide ties—without Lauren's label—in his custom-tailoring shop. They sold out. In his leather jacket and old jeans, Lauren delivered more. They also sold out. Soon he got his ties into the Paul Stuart store, and there was only one more assault to make: Bloomingdale's. The buyer loved the ties. But he wanted them narrower and he wanted to sell them under the store's label. With his heart in his throat, Lauren said he couldn't do that.

Six months later, Bloomingdale's offered Lauren any arrangement he wanted. And once again, even though his ties were now selling for what was, in 1968, the unheard-of price of fifteen dollars, they sold out. Lauren was soon copied, but by then it didn't matter. "I used to take my ties home and knot them, and they were *perfect,*" Lauren recalls. "They represented what I stood for: quality, realness, specialness. I *loved* them, and everything I did from then on, I loved. Because I made what I loved; my life was there."

Once the ties started selling, Lauren had a problem. Men were stopping him and asking him to design shirts, suits, and sportswear; and here he was, working out of two drawers in a small office. Fortunately for Lauren, Norman Hilton was looking for a designer to do a line of men's furnishings and Lauren's name came up in every conversation with retailers; unfortunately for Hilton, Lauren wasn't interested. All he wanted was backing for his Polo clothes. Hilton was willing, and they became partners. But after several successful years, Lauren found a manufacturer who could produce his clothes *exactly* the way he wanted, and he dissolved the partnership.

By 1972, Polo was grossing $10 million, Lauren was just launching his women's line, he'd won a Coty award—and his business was failing. "I saw the film *Save the Tiger;* and two weeks later, I was looking at the same scenario," Lauren says. "It was the summer, Ricky was out at the Beach, the rumors were starting, and I was so scared I was shivering. Designers usually don't start a company and then try to run it—I'd done it all backwards."

He threw his savings, which amounted to $100,000, into the business. It wasn't enough, so he licensed his women's wear to Stuart Kreisler; and, desperate for someone who could reorganize and manage his business, he implored Peter Strom to leave Norman Hilton and become his partner. His brother Jerry joined them, and the foursome set out to save Ralph Lauren from the humiliation of working for someone else.

For his part, Strom took drastic steps to put the business on a regular schedule of payments and deliveries. "I saw that Polo had six hundred accounts," he explains, "and so I announced that if they wanted to carry the label, they had to be able to sell the Polo suit, which was going for $350. That eliminated two-thirds of our accounts. But those who stayed with us experienced our commitment to them, and it wasn't long before we felt their loyalty in return."

Stuart Kreisler did more or less the same thing in women's wear. "Ralph always felt we should be building our base," he says. "He kept telling me, 'Don't be afraid to give that order up' and 'Look for longevity.' And I just bought that philosophy totally."

When Ralph Lauren started Polo, tie makers made ties, shirtmakers made shirts, and the twain never met. Even more *verboten* was a crossover from menswear into women's clothes; if any designer crossed over, he was someone who'd first made his reputation in women's clothing. And if he did add a second sex to his collection, any resemblances between his men's and women's clothes were accidental.

"I changed all that," Ralph Lauren says, less to boast than to state what seems to him an indisputable fact. "I changed this entire industry." Once again, his method was instinctual. "I loved Garbo and Hepburn, and I wanted to see my wife in good, tasteful clothes."

His first creation was a man-tailored woman's shirt. It was an instant smash. He followed it with a skirt pleated like a man's trousers. It flopped. So, according to *The New Yorker,* did the rest of Lauren's women's wear in 1972: "Lauren's first complete collection for women . . . is a phenomenon to bewilder anthropologists . . . . It appeals to those purists among fashionable women who are not content with mere adaptations of men's clothes and demand exact replicas of corduroy bags and flannels. . . .None of the husbands of Lauren women would wear such old-fashioned, rustic clothes."

To Lauren's credit, he never wavered from his made-to-be-worn credo. "Our Shetland sweater sells for more than anybody else's," says Peter Strom, "because it was conceived by Ralph to have a seamless shoulder, a seamless body and a hand-linked neck. It took us a year just to get the weight right. We made two trips to Scotland to finalize the manufacturing standards, only to learn they couldn't do it without seams. Nobody said, 'Ralph, you've got to have seams.' We went to Hong Kong and put someone in business to make it for us.

"And everything Ralph does is like that. I can honestly say that in the eight and a half years I've been here I've never been asked one question about design. It's one of the reasons

for Ralph's success: he doesn't ask his people if they can produce something, he just tells them what he wants."

Lauren agrees with that assessment. Not, he says, because he has Napoleonic fantasies but because clothes are merely manifestations of personal style for him, and the day he compromises on quality or lets the influence of other designers creep into his work is the day when his customers desert him en masse. "My clothes sell because *I'm the consumer* and I haven't lost touch with that."

And yet, because his clothes represent understatement and natural beauty, their designer has come to feel that, if he's appreciated by his peers and the fashion press, it's for his business acumen, not for his design skills. "When I got two Coty Awards, that was like Mickey Mantle," he says. "And what happened? They wrote about everybody else." Lauren thinks he knows why. "I have Polo shops all over, but I don't have a store on Madison Avenue. If I did, people would have a totally different sense of what I do."

Lauren's not self-pitying about that. He is still, at heart, the youngest, shortest player on the junior varsity basketball team; and so he takes all slights as fresh impetus to win those recalcitrant customers and make that symbolic jump shot—though not, he's quick to add, at the price of his integrity.

When Lauren started to think about going into home furnishings, his second thought was of Angelo Donghia, who was not only an old friend but the survivor of three grueling years as the designer of the Laurens' gleaming white apartment. "I always think I haven't accomplished anything great since I gave up smoking," Donghia says, "and then I remember the Lauren apartment." Lauren remembered that, too; and, even more, he remembered how their friendship had been miraculously strengthened by their discussions and disagreements.

The more Lauren thought about it, the more bothered he was by the idea that he was horning in on Donghia's turf. "If Angelo went into clothes, I know I'd have some feelings about it; but I knew I had ideas of my own. So I called him, and we talked about it." Donghia gave Lauren his blessing. In fact, the only problem Donghia sees, as he starts work on Lauren's house in Jamaica, is that "I don't know if we're going to use Ralph's sheets or mine."

What makes Ralph Lauren's sheets different from anyone else's? "The difference is that you'll want to buy them," Lauren says. "It's like the clothes. I didn't go into this to do sheets. I love homes and the things that go into them, and once I saw that I couldn't find some of the things I wanted, I was hooked."

Lauren sees no strain in this dramatic expansion of his business. He runs five miles a day; and, although he says he sometimes feels shaky afterward, he mostly feels energized. When he wants to go riding, there's the ranch; when he craves the beach, he has summer and winter houses. And through it all, there's his family, an American fantasy come true.

"I'm inspired by America," he says. "When I do the shows, it's all a dream. It's looking good and feeling good and being intelligent and standing for a good way of being in the world. There's a vibration I'm expressing, as if I'm a writer. When that model came down the runway in the patchwork skirt and the pictorial sweater with the school and the kids and the tree across the front, and Neil Diamond was singing 'Hang on to the dream'—that was everything I believe in, everything I am." ▽

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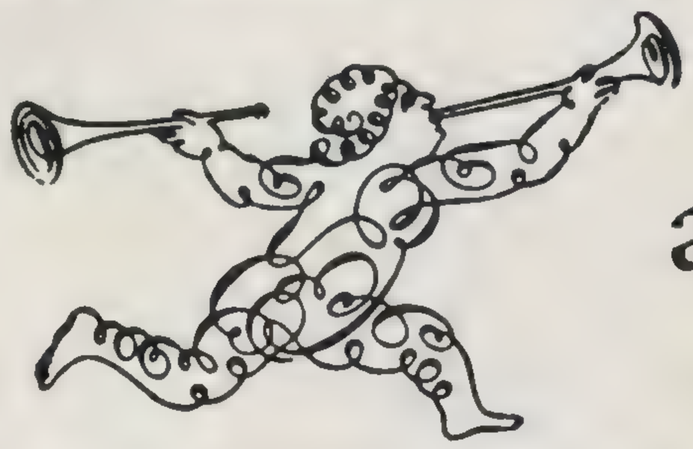

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Am I Getting Paid For This? A love story about work

The passion and persistence behind the scenes of TV news

DOMINIQUE NABOKOV

BY BETTY ROLLIN

Television journalist Betty Rollin, author of "First, You Cry," former editor at Vogue and "Look" magazines—is a self-described "happy bigamist," married both to her career and her husband. This month, Little, Brown and Company publishes her career autobiography, "Am I Getting Paid For This?" Here, an excerpt sketching the effort and affection that go into a short, intimate human-interest story—five seamless minutes toward the end of a news show that take invisible weeks of work.

As a journalist, I've spent a large portion of my years trying to get people to talk, and they keep talking, and I keep being amazed when they do. I think part of the reason is, simply, that most people like to talk about themselves and a reporter is one of the few people they're likely to run across who seems to want to listen. On one occasion, if that's the word, *NBC Nightly News* gave me an assignment to do an abortion story. It was the first anniversary of the Supreme Court's decision to legalize abortion and, in addition to covering demonstrations or whatever else happened on the day itself, they wanted a feature story from me, to be prepared in advance, about the kinds of women who were getting abortions and why.

After a lot of telephoning, I began to get the picture, and it wasn't the picture I expected. Many, if not most, of the women getting abortions were white, middle-class, middle-American, church-going, God-fearing, conventional, and married.

Pretty interesting, I thought, not to mention underreported. But how to do a story? In television, I knew perfectly well by this time, you don't *tell* a story. You show it. And in order to show it, you have to find it and shoot it. And where the hell was I going to find a white, middle-class, middle-American, church-going, God-fearing, conventional, married woman who would talk about her abortion on national television?

I was sitting, I knew, in the middle of the classic feature-story sand trap, the sort that (almost) makes you long for a stakeout. You get an idea, you love it, they love it, then you remember that without a star, the play doesn't even open in Philadelphia. And the hitch is, the kind of star you need who, of course, will work for no money (even if we wanted to, paying interviewees on news shows is illegal) has neither an agent nor an eight-by-ten glossy. Nor, except for the phone book, is she on a list. She is, in short, invisible and possibly un-findable. But you know she's there. So you start looking.

Which means you start calling. If it's an abortion patient you're looking for, and you want her to represent Middle America, you start calling Middle America. That is, you call the national office of an abortion organization, get some telephone numbers of clinics in the Midwest and begin by dialing, say, Illinois. When someone answers, you ask to speak to the director and, slowly and carefully, you try to explain the kind of story you're trying to do and you ask for his or her help in finding a woman.

You can usually tell right away whether the person on the other end (1) gets it, and/or (2) wants to help. (Usually they want to help more than they get it, which you find out later when you start getting call-backs from unmarried teenagers.) When you've called all of Illinois, you move on to Minnesota, and when you've called all of Minnesota, you do the same in Ohio, then Iowa. Then you look at a map and see what else is out there in the middle. And you call *it.* And you keep calling until your right ear has turned bright pink and you feel that you cannot do the spiel one more time. Then you do it five more times. Then you hang it up for a day and wait. And when nothing happens, you start again.

Weeks of this.

When we were about to throw in the towel (that's, at least, what you *say* you're about to do; in truth, once you've gone this far, you throw in nothing), Iowa calls: Someone is due in for an abortion next week who is married, has three children, goes to a Presbyterian church (by now I am listening so hard I have stopped breathing), is "definitely middle-class—not rich or poor—and the girl who sits at the desk here says she didn't look weird or anything—just normal. The only thing is . . ." (I feel my face turning blue from a lack of oxygen) "she's not really *sure* she wants to do it. She says she wants to talk to you first."

"OF COURSE!" I say, not meaning to yell. "Ask her to call me collect."

Then you stare at the phone the way you did when you were seventeen and waited for a boy to call. And when the phone rings, you pick it up before the first ring is over and it's who you want it to be and her voice is whispery and nervous, and your voice is whispery and nervous, too. Very gently, then, you explain the story you're trying to do—how the law is affecting women like her, and how important it is to tell that story, and that she will make it possible for you to be able to tell it.

You also remind her—trying, all the while, not to push too much—that it's NBC News after all, and that the story will be tasteful and discreet. Then you spell out exactly what you will need from her: film of her going to church, film of her walking into the abortion clinic, some covering shots of the actual abortion—nothing close up, only enough to suggest that the procedure is happening—and a short interview. Pause . . . Then you tell her you understand how this must be a trying time for her, even without the television coverage—she whispers, yes, it is—and that you and the crew will try to make it as easy for her as you possibly can.

And even though everything you've said is true, you feel like a con artist. But you pay no attention to that feeling, because you have a job to do. And when you're through, when you can't think of one more thing to say, you ask her—carefully, quietly—if she understands what you have said and if she is willing to do it. And, incredibly, she says yes. And you hang up the phone and let your head fall on your forearm. Then you race over to *Nightly* and scream, I found her! to no one in particular. And then you race back to your office and get yourself on a flight, that is, several connecting flights, to Clinton, Iowa.

I arrive at twilight during a light snowfall. It

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has taken longer to get here than it would have taken to fly to Mexico. The producer and crew, all from Chicago, have come to the airport, bless their hearts, to meet me. We drive to the hotel or motel or whatever it is, where they have already checked in, and I check in and go to my room. I hoist my suitcase up on the bed and unsnap the lock, and the phone rings. That, I said to myself as I reach for it, will be the cameraman, with a report on the local restaurant situation.

It is not the cameraman. It is the head of the abortion clinic, who tells me that the woman has changed her mind and doesn't want to do it and could we possibly find someone else; and, trying hard not to let my voice get shrill—and not altogether succeeding—I ask the clinic director to tell the woman that no, we cannot possibly find someone else and that we have come all the way from New York (partial white lie) and that it is very late for her to change her mind, that we are counting on her and why doesn't she call me directly so that I can find out what is troubling her.

Now I am feeling oddly calm. She calls. "It's not me so much," says the woman in her whispery voice, but . . . her husband doesn't like the idea. She had talked him into it, sort of, but he still doesn't like it. "He's kinda worried about the men at work, y'know," she says. I refrain from asking her why she/he didn't think about that before, but I don't, because I am the wooer and she is the wooee and although I thought the wooing was over, clearly it's not. I am thinking on my feet now—literally; I am standing next to the bed, my eyes fixed for no reason on the night table on which there is a multiple-choice quiz about the motel services: Maid Service, (1) Excellent, (2) Good, (3) Fair, (4) Poor—and I'm thinking she will do it, she must do it, she just needs soothing.

So I soothe. I tell her it's natural to feel jumpy, but that once we begin, she will be *fine*. I try not to beg. I beg. I cajole, I babble. I tell her she is doing a service. I tell her that being interviewed on television is interesting—yes!—and that her husband will find it interesting—fascinating!—you should *see* the wires and cables and the camera, oh, the camera! Okay, she says, Okay, with an enormous sigh, sounding more worn out than convinced. And I am more worn out than convinced she will do it.

I hang up the receiver and I lie down on the bed and read the rest of the questionnaire. Room Service, (1) Excellent, (2) Good, (3) Fair, (4) Poor. Then I call the producer and report the recent event and tell him I'm too tired to eat. He asks me whether she will be going to church the next morning, I tell him I forgot to ask and that I don't want to call her back because I'm afraid she'll change her mind again, and he asks if I mind if *he* calls, and I say of course not. He calls back later to say he called her and she is, indeed, going to church, and the next day he shoots it. I stay away and have room service, which is (3) Fair, and take a walk and watch politicians yammer on a Sunday afternoon panel TV show and read the local paper and wait for it to be bedtime and finally it is.

The original plan was that she would meet us at nine the next morning at the abortion clinic. The abortion itself had been scheduled for ten, but she was coming an hour early so that we could do the interview first. We were there at eight. At 9:05, I began getting nervous. By 9:15, everyone was nervous. The producer said he felt pretty sure she'd show up, eventually, for the *(Continued on page 310)*

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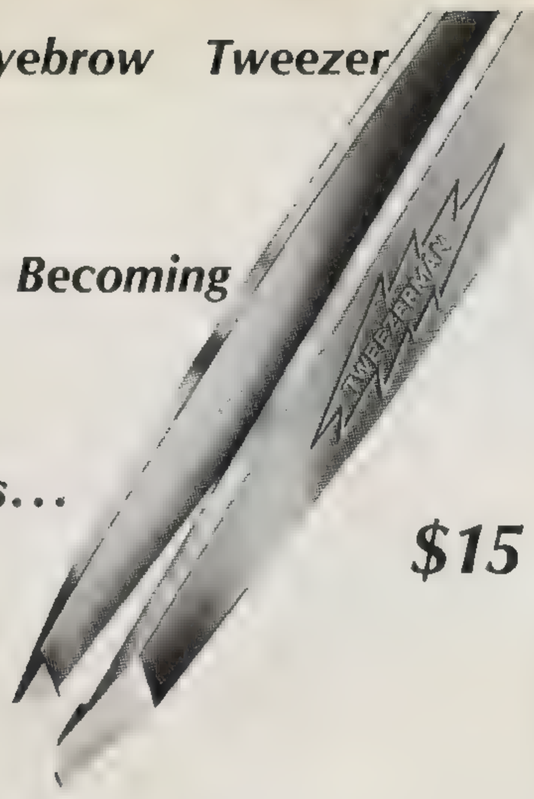

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AM I GETTING PAID...

(Continued from page 309)

abortion. He did not go on to say what we all knew—that if a lot more time passed, the abortion would be *all* she'd show up for.

She didn't arrive until 9:35, but as soon as she walked in, I knew, by looking at her head, that she was going to do it. I nudged the producer. "Relax," I whispered in his ear. "She had her hair done." Her husband, who looked faint, was also, in his way, gussied up. He had on a dark three-piece suit with striped necktie and from the way he held his body (as if it didn't bend) it was obvious that these were not his every-Monday clothes.

I decided not to say much. One funny move, I kept thinking, one wrong word, and we'll blow it. Everyone else—the clinic director, the doctor, the nurse, the crew, and the producer—seemed to have gotten the same message, and for the next few minutes we worked with the quiet tense efficiency of a SWAT team. Gently, we eased the subject and her husband into the interview chairs and we began.

She was wonderful. He was wonderful. They were wonderful. And I was so relieved and grateful that even I was wonderful (which is to say I asked the right questions and knew when to keep my mouth shut). She talked about her decision movingly and with dignity. She said—in the same small, whispery voice she had used on the telephone—that she already had three children, that neither she nor her husband wanted another child, that her doctor had told her it would be dangerous for her to give birth again because of some condition in her uterus. But—and here her voice got *very* low—she said that if abortion weren't legal, she would have the baby. Because, she said, she would be too frightened to go to "a back-alley person" and they didn't have the money for her to go to another country where abortion was legal, and besides, she added, she would have been too frightened to do that. (I didn't entirely understand the last part, until she went on to say that she had never been out of the state of Iowa.) Then I asked her if she felt guilty. She looked at me for a moment before she answered. "This is hard on me," she said, "but the other way it would be hard on me *and* my husband *and* my children. So I had to pick. Didn't I?"

Cut. ▽

BEAUTY IN ACTION

(Continued from page 234)

and the realization that "age preventive" products were feasible *and* attainable, women's thinking changed again. Wistful words like "rejuvenation" and "resuscitation" were discarded; down-to-earth practical words such as "maintenance" and "protection" took their place.

Revlon was more than ready for the "emancipated" woman of the early 'seventies. Early on, their new colors began to take on a noticeable "non-makeup" look. There were more lipglossers, more subtle eyeshadow and blusher shades. There was the introduction of a new kind of no-nonsense skin-care product, CHR Moisture Concentrate, with a new ingredient and a new word for the beauty vocabulary—collagen. But, above all, Revlon's keenest response to those dramatically changing times was Charlie, carefully developed to "fit" the liberated aura in scent, name, and package. It took off to become—as it still is—the world's top-selling fragrance.

Surprisingly, Jontue, the Revlon fragrance that followed, was almost 180 degrees away from Charlie's jaunty, independent image: an ethereal model was accompanied by copy proclaiming Jontue to be "sensual . . . but not too far from innocence." Revlon was right again. Jontue rocketed up to become number two in world fragrance sales, right behind Charlie.

Sensing subliminal desires, you might think, is what it's mainly all about, but chairman of the board and chief executive officer (since 1974) Michel Bergerac would be the first to deny a cosmetics company's success is predicated solely on imagination. A "good idea," in fact, is simply not enough. Disciplined, well-reasoned scientific knowledge *has* to be behind every cosmetic product sold, particularly in this country where stringent regulations protect the consumer (regulations, incidentally, that Revlon has imposed upon itself in the form of strict quality control since the opening of its major research center in 1947).

Today—as yesterday—underlying any product introduction is Revlon's knowledge of the consumer. In its usual, meticulous way, Revlon has interpreted and acted on this information with a never-ending stream of innovative, fast-acting, easily used formulations and it is because of the company's huge size, they say, that they are able to deliver high-quality products at affordable prices. Revlon lipstick, selling for $1 in the 'forties, for instance, is still only $2.90 today, an amazing achievement.

Since 1974, mainly through careful acquisition, Revlon has also become a force in the health-care area; and perhaps the most outstanding example of the company's response to what is happening around them was its recent decision to use the Revlon name for one of its new health-care divisions, introducing its new extended-wear soft-contact lenses with a Revlon Vision Care label.

A company spokesman points out, "It is important to note that this is a 'first,' that the Revlon name, an acknowledged authority in cosmetics, will be used only where appropriate in our health-care divisions. Obviously, it will never be used where there is no relevant relationship—it would never be used for our Technicon division, for example, which makes clinical and diagnostic instruments, or for Hygroton, a pill made by another division for reducing hypertension."

The expansion into health-related businesses, however, is already benefiting Revlon Cosmetics in direct ways, not the least being the great expansion of its research facilities as well as the funding of a number of research programs at Emory, Harvard, and Rockefeller Universities.

Next month, *Revlon Art of Beauty* (Doubleday) will be published. Apart from a brief introduction that states, "Revlon has been making women beautiful for five colorful decades," there is very little looking back.

As a company official states, "Although it's our fiftieth birthday, there hasn't been an official celebration because it's really like any other year; we continue to respond creatively to change."

His point was well taken . . . for how has Revlon managed to keep that "one step ahead" of the consumer?

By spending fifty years looking ahead—that's how. ▽

LISA DOBLOUG

(Continued from page 219)

day. I think we all have a weight problem.

There's no doubt about it: if you exercise regularly it helps control weight. Then you can splurge—not every day, but occasionally. But if you do nothing, you have to eat very, very carefully. Frequently, I eat only salad and an appetizer; very rarely when I go out do I order a main course.

I'm a great fan of eggs—they're one of the most complete foods we can eat; and because I'm a woman and am so active, I can just about eat an unlimited number. When I get home late, often I fix myself an omelet—it's easy and it's done in five minutes. I love breakfast—but not at breakfast time. I like it at dinner time: I'm very happy to come home after a hard day's work and eat two scrambled eggs and toast for dinner.

I make sure to include: whole-wheat or -grain bread or a whole-grain cereal—for fiber. And I drink milk or eat yogurt every day . . . as we hit our forties, we have to be concerned about calcium. I don't consider myself a vegetarian, but I limit certain foods. And I do take vitamin supplements.

SELF TIME For the past two years, I've averaged four to six hours of sleep a night, not enough with the amount of work/stress I go through each day. I try to steal extra leisure time. Even if it's after work, I take time, I think of myself: How do I *feel* today?

But I pace myself. When I can, I take off a few hours or a half day . . . I force my body to relax. It's important. I vacation in Norway and spend at least five days alone in the mountains—hiking, eating natural foods; I go on a very strict regimen . . . for spiritual rejuvenation. Sometimes, it's nice to stop the clock.

It's always a battle, but you have to know your limits. You have to be aware of—and sensitive to—your own needs. Learn to be more quality oriented. You don't have that much time to yourself; make the most of it.

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FITNESS AND AGE We seek the fountain of youth, but it's right at our finger- and toetips. The best anti-aging tool we have is exercise. Jogging is not the total answer, but it's part of it. I'm talking about an overall fitness program, an activity that incorporates everything, that challenges your mind as well as your body. You have to devote yourself to it—and do it every day. Then it becomes anti-aging effective . . . then you see improvement.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: *Lisa Dobloug's exercise and eating habits are just right for her; but it is a good idea, before embracing any new fitness, exercise or nutritional habits, to get your doctor's okay before you begin.* ▽

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FASHION INFORMATION

Page 80: Earrings and necklaces at Henri Bendel; Chacker & Wolpe, Philadelphia. **113:** *Above left:* Unitard, see information pages 218–219. Lavender ripstop nylon pants, Bodywear by Danskin. $18. **207:** Wool coat and skirt. Handbag, Bottega Veneta. Bottega Veneta, NYC and Beverly Hills. Halston gloves. Boots, Halston for Garolini. **208:** Wool jacket, skirt, blouse also at Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Hat, Patricia Underwood at N.L. Kaplan. Attaché, Hunting World, NYC. Grandoe gloves. Boots, Walter Steiger. Henri Bendel; Lou Lattimore. **209:** *Right:* Turnout also at Madeline Bloomfield, Birmingham MI. Hat, Maggie Vall at Myra Hogan. Barney's, NYC; Garfinckel's; Sakowitz. Earrings, Kai-Yin Lo. Bergdorf Goodman. Grandoe gloves. Calvin Klein Belts. Bloomingdale's. Handbag, Lou Taylor. Hanes Hosiery. Boots, Charles Jourdan. Bloomingdale's; K. Barchetti, Pittsburgh PA. **210:** *Inset left:* Maud Frizon bag at Maud Frizon, NYC. . . . *Large photo:* Wool flannel skirt. Bag, Fendi. Bloomingdale's; Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Claire Pearone, Troy MI. Gloves, Fownes. Altman's. Boots, Bally of Switzerland see page 238. . . . *Inset above:* Earrings, Marc Levine. Artwear, NYC; Shelly Guggenheim, Washington, D.C. Kayser-Roth/Burlington Leg Looks. Lord & Taylor. Shoes, Bruno Magli. Saks Fifth Avenue. **211:** *Inset left:* Salvatore Ferragamo bag at Salvatore Ferragamo, NYC; I. Magnin. . . . *Photo above:* Earrings, Yves Saint Laurent at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Robinson's, California. Gloves, Grandoe. . . . *Inset right:* Barry Kieselstein-Cord at Henri Bendel. Porsche Design watch at Bloomingdale's; Smart Jewelers, Chicago. Gloves, Halston for Kayser-Roth. **212:** *Inset, above left:* Briefcase, Salvatore Ferragamo. Salvatore Ferragamo, NYC; I. Magnin. Gloves, Fownes, Altman's. . . . *Inset, above right:* Bracelets, Paulo Salvador for H.V. Studio. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Ultimo, Chicago. Panty stockings, Pierre Mantoux by I.L.C.A.T. Shoes, Charles Jourdan, NYC and Beverly Hills. . . . *Inset below:* Wool jacket and skirt. Hanes Hosiery. **213:** *Large photo:* Turnout also at B. Forman; Kaufmann's; Montaldo's; Rich's. Earrings, Yves Saint Laurent. Saks Fifth Avenue. Necklace, LaLaounis, NYC. Gloves, Shalimar. Macy's, NY. Anne

(Continued on page 312)

FATALE
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FASHION INFORMATION

(Continued from page 311)

Klein boots for Schwartz & Benjamin. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Sakowitz. . . . *Inset below:* Red gloves at Bottega Veneta NYC and Beverly Hills. Black scarf at Henri Bendel. Necklace with cross, Terry at Jimmy's, Brooklyn; Cohoes, Cohoes NY. Bracelet and necklace at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. **214:** *Inset, above:* Gloves, Shalimar Macy's, NY. . . . *Middle inset:* Briefcase at Bergdorf Goodman; Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Claire Pearone, Troy MI. . . . *Inset below:* Sunglasses, Le Specs for Riviera. Gloves, Grandoe. Briefcase, Salvatore Ferragamo. Salvatore Ferragamo, NYC; I. Magnin. Tights, Andrea Pfister, Lord & Taylor. Shoes, Andrew Geller, I. Miller, NYC. **215:** Wool sweater, jacket & skirt. Hat, Patricia Underwood at N. L. Kaplan. Bonwit Teller, NYC; Saks-Jandel; I. Magnin. Earrings, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Henri Bendel; Chacker & Wolpe, Philadelphia. Bag, Maud Frizon, NYC. Panty stockings, Perry Ellis for Trimfit. Boots, Peretti Palmroth of Finland. Taha of Cambridge and Boston; Bally Shops, Canada; Brown's, Quebec and Ontario. **217:** *Left:* Unitard, by Danskin. . . . *Middle:* Flexatard designed by Gilda Marx. Macy's, Herald Square. . . . *Right:* Capezio leotard. **218–219:** *Inset:* Earrings, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. Altman's; Robinson's California. . . . *Large photo:* Flexatard designed by Gilda Marx, $38. Antron/Lycra. Macy's, Herald Square. **220:** Earrings, Kai-Yin Lo. Bergdorf Goodman. Watch, Seiko Lassale. Echo Scarfs. **221:** Antron/Lycra unitard by Danskin. **222–223:** Nylon leotard by Capezio. About $11. At all Capezio stores nationwide. **224:** Hat at Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin. Earrings at Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago; Sakowitz. **225:** Gloves to order at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, New York, Philadelphia, Coconut Grove FL, San Francisco. **226–227:** *From left to right:* Bag, Coach Leatherware at Bloomingdale's; Daytons. . . . Calvin Klein Belts at Bloomingdale's. . . . Bag, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Manhasset NY; Short Hills NJ; San Francisco. . . . Gloves, LaCrasia. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's; I. Magnin. . . . Large and small bag, both Carlos Falchi at Bergdorf Goodman; Saks-Jandel; Elaine, Bal Harbour FL; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus. Small bag also at I. Magnin. . . . Belt, Ruza for Elegant at Altman's; Bobbi Baker, Chestnut Hill MA; The College Shop, Durham NC; Frances Wright, Memphis TN; Bullocks Wilshire. **230:** Vest, pants, shawl. Late Sept. at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Sakowitz; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Turnout to order at Halston Boutique, Detroit. Earrings at Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago. **231:** Necklace at Saks Fifth Avenue; Saks-Jandel; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Hattie; Frost Bros.; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Dress at Bergdorf Goodman. Manicure by Helda of Clive Summers. **232:** *Left to right:* Body suit at Altman's. Panty stockings at Peress of Madison Avenue, NYC; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Julius, Sacramento CA. . . . Teddy at Macy's Herald Square. Panty stockings at Bergdorf Goodman. Shoes, Stuart Weitzman for Mr. Seymour. Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz. **233:** *Left to right:* Teddy late Aug. at Macy's; Hechts, Washington DC; Rich's. Panty stockings at Samantha Jones Lingerie, NYC; Enchante, Chicago; Jezebel's, Durango CO. . . . Teddy late Sept. at Lord & Taylor; Goods, Boston; Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus; Susan Barry, Seattle WA. Panty stockings at Bergdorf Goodman. **235:** Earrings at Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago. **236:** Hat, Marsha Akins for Makins Hats. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field's. Earrings, Michele Leight. Scarf, Bill Blass. Gloves, Fownes. Altman's. Bag, Fendi. Bloomingdale's; Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Claire Pearone, Troy MI; Neiman-Marcus. Boots, see information page 238. **237:** Calvin Klein Scarves. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Hanes Hosiery. Shoes, Yves Saint Laurent. Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. **238:** Wool jacket, $290. Wool sweater, $150. Wool skirt, $360. Turnout, late Sept. at Saks Fifth Avenue; Saks-Jandel; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's; I. Magnin; Creeds Canada. Earrings, Michèle Leight. Henri Bendel. Scarf and gloves, Perry Ellis. Boots, Bally of Switzerland. Bally of Switzerland, NYC; Swansons on the Plaza; Nordstrom, Seattle. **239:** Blouse and pants, Ralph Lauren. Earrings, Victor Carranza. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. Shoes, Julianelli. **240:** Earrings, Stephen Dweck. Henri Bendel. Belt, Alex & Lee. Martha, NYC; Lou Lattimore; Obiko, San Francisco. Gloves, Chloe. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Boots, Joan & David Couture. Ann Taylor, NYC and Beverly Hills. **241:** Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. cashmere cardigan, $500, silk faille tuxedo shirt, $270 and wool crêpe trousers, $200. Barney's, NYC; Harzfelds; Sakowitz. Earrings, Susan Cohan & Kim Snyder. Kruger Gallery, NYC. Scarf, D. Cenci at D. Cenci, NYC. Belt, Alex & Lee. Martha, NYC; Hattie; Lou Lattimore; Obiko, San Francisco. Shoes, Walter Steiger at Henri Bendel. **262–263:** Wool sweater, $398; blouse, $278; skirt, $1396; and cotton underskirt, $268. Bloomingdale's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Haverford PA; Bullocks Wilshire, Los Angeles. Sweater, blouse and underskirt at Polo/Ralph Lauren, Dallas & Houston. **264:** Wool jacket & skirt ($598) and blouse ($258). Sept. at Bloomingdale's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Atlanta; Hudson's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Aspen; Garys & Co., Marina del Rey and Newport Beach CA. Pearls at Fortunoff, NYC; Westbury NY; and Paramus Park, NJ. Ralph Lauren Hosiery. Saks Fifth Avenue. **266-267:** Wool sweater, $398; blouse, $378; and wool skirt, $278. Sept. at Bonwit Teller; Kaufmann's; Garfinckel's; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros.; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Salt Lake City. Sweater & blouse at Polo/Ralph Lauren, Honolulu. **268:** Silk/rayon coat, $796; silk/rayon pants, $258; and cotton/linen blouse, $218. Sept. at Henri Bendel; Balliet's; Perkins Shearer, Denver; Polo/Ralph Lauren at Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Earrings, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. Altman's. Bow tie, sold with blouse. Necklace, Andrea Pfister. Panty stockings, Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doon. Shoes, Charles Jourdan. Mr. Jay, Millburn NJ. **269:** Lamb's wool jacket, $430; lamb's wool pants, $278; and blouse, $218. Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; I. Magnin; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Palo Alto CA. Jacket at Dayton's. Late Sept. at Polo/Ralph Lauren, Kansas City. Bow tie, sold with blouse. **270:** All accessories, Mario Valentino. **271:** Wool tights, Missoni. **272:** Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Bracelets, wrist to cuff: Cathy & Marsha for Catherine Stein. Tess Shalom for Tess Designs. Boots, Gianfranco Ferre. **273:** Hat, Giorgio Armani. Earrings, Bill Duncan for Bonwillum. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. **274:** Earrings, James I. Murphy. Bonwit Teller, NYC. Belt, gloves and boots, Gianfranco Ferre. **275:** Bracelet, Detail at Detail, NYC. Tights by Complice. **276:** Blouse and pants also at The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. Blouse, satin collar & cuffs. Earrings, Eileen Aubi. Henri Bendel. **277:** Blouse, silk. Jacket, cotton velvet. Earrings, Andrew Spingarn. Henri Bendel. Bracelet, Kate Hines. Artwear, NYC; Quadrum Gallery, Chestnut Hill MA. Panty stockings and shoes, Andre Laug. **278:** Turnout also at Furs by Weiss, Beachwood OH; Lazarus, Columbus OH; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills. Accessories, Giorgio Armani. **279:** Blouse, jacket and pants also at Added Touch, Pittsburgh PA. Jacket and pants also at Harzfelds; Lou Lattimore; Giorgio Armani Boutique, Ontario. Accessories, Giorgio Armani. **280:** Laura Biagiotti turnout at Linea Pitti, Washington DC. Pants only at Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. **281:** Shoes, Bruno Magli. Saks Fifth Avenue. **282:** Hat and gloves, Genny. Shoes, Diego Della Valle. Barney's, NYC; Joseph, Chicago and Beverly Hills. **283:** Coat fabric by Visconti Di Modrone. Mohair/wool/acrylic shawl. All accessories, Krizia. **284:** All accessories, Gianni Versace. **285:** All accessories, Basile. **286:** Earrings, James I. Murphy. Shoes, Andrew Geller. Jordan Marsh, Boston; I. Magnin, Chicago and San Francisco. **287:** *Inset left:* Earrings, James I. Murphy. Bracelet, Detail. Shoes, Andrew Geller. . . . *Inset right:* Earrings, Terry Felper. Belt, Ruza for Elegant. Henri Bendel. Bracelets, Bill Duncan for Bonwillum. Henri Bendel. Panty stockings, Kayser-Roth/Burlington Leg Looks. Shoes, Joan & David Couture. Ann Taylor, NYC and Beverly Hills. **288:** *Left:* Earrings by Trifari. . . . *Inset:* Earrings, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. Panty stockings, Evan-Picone Leg Fashions. Lord & Taylor. Shoes, Pancaldi. Mr. Jay, Millburn NJ. . . . *Right:* Panty stockings at Altman's; Montaldo's. **289:** *Inset:* Panty stockings, Evan-Picone Leg Fashions. . . . *Large photo:* Earrings, Gale Rothstein Designs. Gindi, NYC. Panty stockings, Evan-Picone Leg Fashions. Lord & Taylor. **290:** *Inset left:* Earrings, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. . . . *Inset right:* Blouse, polyester crêpe de Chine. Earrings, Cathy & Marsha for Catherine Stein. Bracelets, Robert Lee Morris. Belt, Ruza for Elegant. Henri Bendel. Christian Dior Legwear. Shoes, Yves Saint Laurent. Bloomingdale's. **291:** *Inset left:* Cotton/polyester blouse. Wool/polyester jacket and pants. Earrings, Stephen Dweck. Saks Fifth Avenue. Calvin Klein Belts. Macy's, Herald Square. Shoes, Andrew Geller. . . . *Large photo:* Polyester blouse. Wool/camel's hair jacket and pants. Earrings, Esther Gallant. Bracelet, Detail, NYC. Shoes, Joan & David. Ann Taylor, NYC and Beverly Hills; Sept. at Burdines. **292:** *Large photo left:* Kenneth Jay Lane necklace at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. . . . *Insets left, top to bottom. Top:* Bijoux Christian Dior by Grossé Jewels at Lord & Taylor, NYC. *Bottom:* Monet bracelet at Bloomingdale's. . . . Jeff Deegan Designs belt at Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin. . . . Yves Saint Laurent bracelet at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Neiman-Marcus. . . . Echo Scarfs at Lord & Taylor, NYC; Garfinckel's. . . . Shalimar Gloves at Macy's, NY; John Wanamaker. . . . *Right, top to bottom:* LaCrasia gloves at Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. . . . Marla Buck bracelets at Bergdorf Goodman; Bullocks Willshire, La Jolla. . . . Barbara Bolan bag at Bloomingdale's; Burdines, Dadeland and Galleria. . . . Yves Saint Laurent bracelet at Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's. . . . Bottega Veneta bag at Bottega Veneta, NYC and Beverly Hills. **293:** *Large photo right:* Maud Frizon bag at Maud Frizon, NYC. *Insets top to bottom:* Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun choker at Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz. . . . Lou Taylor bag at Lord & Taylor, Bottega Veneta bag at Bottega Veneta, NYC and Beverly Hills. Phillippe bag at Carson Pirie Scott; Bullock's, Sherman Oaks CA. . . . Yves Saint Laurent earrings at Lord & Taylor; Bullock's. Victor Carranza earrings at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. . . . Meyers bag at Altman's. . . . Les Bernard necklace at Altman's; Jacobson's. **294:** Anglo Fabrics at Marshall Field's. Earrings, Steve Brody for Cadoro Jewels. George Rech, NYC; Gidding-Jenny. **295:** Florham Textiles at Jerry Brown Fabrics, NYC. Silk poplin, to order at Maxine Fabrics, 417 Fifth Ave., NY, NY 10016. Hat, Hermès, Paris. Earrings, Designed for Trifari by Marcella Saltz. Sept. at Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; Bullocks Wilshire, Southern California. Christian Dior Legwear. Shoes, Geoffrey Beene. **298:** Rebecca Moses shearling coat, $1110; and wool dress, $290. Late Sept. at Bonwit Teller, NYC (coat to order); The Avenue, Omaha NE (coat to order). Mrs. H. Winter wool jersey dress, $230. Wool/nylon coat, $400. Macy's, Herald Square; Roz & Sherm, Birmingham MI. Sneakers, Athlete's Foot, NYC. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

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VOGUE PATTERNS

Back views, yardages, details of pp. 294-295.

Coat. Butterick #3998. Sizes S,M,L. Size S: 3½ yards, 58/60" fabric. $2.75. Canada, $3.40. Poncho. Very Easy Vogue Pattern #8147. One size. 2½ yards, 58/60" fabric. $4. Canada, $4.90.

SEWING TIPS *Coat.* Cut one size larger for fullness; enlarge collar 2½" all over. For double-breasted look, move foldover 2" from jacket center. Omit toggles. Add six 1" buttons; use top line of pockets for lowest set, breast seam for top. *Poncho.* Cut lining exactly as pattern. Sew lining and poncho right sides together; leave neck opening to turn right side out. Top-stitch 1" from edge all around.

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